A

NEW VERSION

OF THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

Together with all the

CHURCH-HYMNS,

INTO

METRE,

Smooth, plain and eaſie to the Moſt ordinary Capacities:

And yet as cloſe to the Original Languages, and the laſt and beſt Engliſh Tranſlation, as the Nature of ſuch a Work will well permit.

By *SIMON FORD*, D. D. and Rector of *Old Swinford* in *Worceſterſhire*.

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ALEXANDER
1883
GARDYNE

TO THE

Right Reverend FATHER in GOD, FRANCIS Lord Biſhop of ELY.

My Lord,

IT would be an offence ſo unpardonable in the Judgment of all others, that I ſhould never be able to forgive it to my ſelf, if I ſhould give way in my own thoughts to the leaſt apprehenſion, that theſe mean lucubrations of mine, in this *Verſion of* David's *Pſalms and the Church-Hymns* (the laſt efforts of a faint and feeble Vein of Poetry, eſpecially at ſuch an Age as that

of mine, wherein the floridneſs of fancy is wont ſenſibly to wither even in ſuch as have had far more of it then ever I durſt pretend to) are any way qualified to lay the leaſt claim to your Lordſhips acceptance (or, indeed to the favourable inſpection of any Perſon of your Lordſhips Character in this Church) on the account of any intrinſecal value in the compoſure of them.

But, though (in the *great Apoſtles Phraſe*, as *Eraſmus*, and *Druſius*, and other Interpreters render the original words [σοφοῖς, καὶ ἀνοήτοις] *Rom.* 1. 14.) I cannot preſume, to pretend to the payment of any *Debt* hereby *to the Learned:* Yet I may hope, that what I have done therein, will in ſome meaſure free me from the charge of dying in arrear *to the Unlearned*; whiles I thus endeavour to promote their Edification by furniſhing them with ſmooth and plain Expreſſions for the aſſiſtance of their devotion in the praiſes they offer to God; which, I think I may ſay, I have, for the moſt part, ſo done, as to

give

give no juſt occaſion of nauſeating any Perſon, either by the too much bluntneſs of the Phraſes, or obſoleteneſs of the Words I have uſed; which were the faults ordinarily complain'd of, in the Metrical Tranſlations in common uſe among us.

And under this conſideration onely (my Lord) I embolden my ſelf (yet with all humility) to offer the Work it ſelf to the Teſt of your Lordſhips judicious candour; and withall to beg your acceptance of its Dedication to you as its Patron: Which adventure of mine, I intreat you to interpret, as a ſmall Teſtimony of the honour I have for your exemplary perſonal Piety and Devotion, which very much ſets off your other Epiſcopal Qualities, together with your ſteady adherence, (at this Time eſpecially,) to the true Intereſts of a Church for which you have always had ſo great affection and eſteem, and wherein you now make ſo great a Figure: And withall, of the gratefull ſenſe I have of your Lordſhips humble condeſcenſion to own

own a small Relation, (upon the account of one, who is now (I am strongly confident) singing Hymns to God in the Choir of Angels and Souls of just Persons made perfect) unto my self, who am,

(*My Lord*)

Your Lordships most humble,

and most dutifully devoted Servant,

in the Lord's, our great Master's Service,

Simon Ford.

A PREFACE TO THE READER.

Christian Reader,

IT hath been usual with most Persons who have formerly attempted any thing Poetically upon this Book of the Psalms, *to preface something either concerning the* great Antiquity, singular usefulness, and excellent advantage *of that way of praising God, which is performed by tuneable voices, in sacred* Songs, Psalms and Hymns; *or else, concerning the great* Serviceableness *of the* Art of Poetry *to that noble end, both to assist the invention of the Composers, and the devotion of the Singers of them. Whose labours in this Argument, render it the less needfull for me to insist much upon those Heads, to prepare thee for the entertainment of what I here put into thy hands of that Nature: and therefore I design to say very little of either now; farther then it may serve for an introduction to what I am more especially obliged to acquaint thee with, in reference to this version of mine which follows.*

I think, (in the first place) that it needs no proof to any one that is but ordinarily conversant with ancient History, that the Praises of God, and famous Men, *were the most Primitive Themes of Poetical composures: and that accordingly the Poetry of all Nations hath been most anciently employed, towards the assistance and improvement of that general inclination of mankind to admire and extoll the divine, and humane Authours of any eminent good to them, in that way, with the most elevated Notions and Expressions.*

Nor is it (secondly) less clear to any considering Persons, that the declination and debasement of that noble Art, to the service of those propensions of humane Nature which are more allyed to sensuality, is a meer perversion, and notorious abuse of it; contrived and promoted by the Artifice of Satan, the sworn Enemy of God's Glory, and mans greatest good which in this life he is capable of (the entertaining of it with an exercise, and imployment much of the same Nature with that of blessed Angels and glorified Saints,) with design to turn the stream of its noblest faculties out of that pure channel, into the foul and nasty Sinks and By-gutters, of lust and intemperance, flattery and malice; and every thing indeed, that tends to the immersing the humane soul the more deeply into all manner of viciousness and debauchery, by the means of that pleasure and delight, which Poetical measures commonly contribute to those Arguments about which they are imployed.

Whence

Whence, (thirdly) it follows, (as a conſequence of eaſie deduction from theſe Premiſſes,) that there can be no better ſervice done to God, or Man, in this World than that, of attempting to recover this Original inclination of mankind to its firſt perfection, by aſſiſting its nobleſt affections in that which is their moſt proper and pleaſurable intertainment; ſo, as that it may be reclaimed from vice, and reduced again to a love of God and Vertue, by a kind of holy guile: to wit, by ſupplanting and undermining its corrupt propenſions by the right uſe of that Art, by the abuſe whereof they were firſt ingendred and nouriſhed. And this I take to be the proper import and deſign of thoſe Apoſtolical Exhortations *of St.* Paul *to the* Epheſians, *and* Coloſſians, *wherein they are ſtirred up, to* ſpeak to themſelves, *and* to teach and admoniſh one another, in Pſalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, making melody in their hearts to the Lord: *as alſo of that of St.* James, *wherein he directs thoſe that are* merry, *or* cheerfully diſpoſed, *to vent their mirth in* ſinging of Pſalms. Eph. 5. 19. Col. 3. 16. Jam. 5. 13.

And to this end, it is not to be doubted, that the gift of Pſalmody, *whatever it were, was peculiarly beſtowed on ſome Perſons in the Apoſtolical Churches. For the* Apoſtle Paul *telling us (in* 1 Cor. 14. 26.) *that among the reſt of the eminent Gifts of the Holy Spirit in thoſe Times, that was one; and in his directions for the uſe of that, as well as the other there mentioned, appoin-*

ting it to be managed ſo as might beſt promote Edification: *it is hardly to be conceived, how that way of one gifted mans ſinging alone, could edify many, except, by exerciſing the brisk and airy inclinations of mens ſouls in an holy and ſpiritual manner, and turning thoſe paſſions on which they are wont to operate into their right channel, and thereby rendering them more ſpiritual, heavenly, and divine.*

Baſil. Hom. de laudibus Pſalm. *And this notion, the great St.* Baſil *had of the uſe of* Pſalms *in the Church, many Ages ſince: and from him I have it. He takes it to be the* ſpecial Artifice of the H Ghoſt, to endeavour the cure of the proneneſs of humane nature to the charms of vicious pleaſure, by inſpiring holy men with ſacred Poetical raptures, wherein they mix the delights of muſick, with the precepts of Religion and Vertue: that they might thereby tempt men (as we ordinarily do children to ſwallow unpalatable medicines, by tempering them with honey,) to admit into their minds and hearts the unpleaſant Doctrines, which conduce to the healing their ſouls, by the pleaſure they find in the harmonious meaſures wherein they are conveighed to them.

This is alſo, the Reaſon, why our Church *in all its ſervices, mixeth* ſinging, *at convenient Periods, with the other* offices *of* Liturgy: *to wit, that thereby the tediouſneſs of ſacred Exerciſes may, to the generality of men, be alleviated, b*

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the mixing of that which pleaſeth the ear, with that which conduceth to the ſanctifying of the heart.

And from the great uſefulneſs *of this ſacred Exerciſe to edification in holineſs and vertue, it is, that* Divine Poems *have been in all Ages of the Church ſo greatly eſteemed: and eſpecially the* Pſalms of David; *which have therefore been always admitted, in large proportions, into* all offices of publick worſhip. *And thence alſo, to make them more uſefull to that great end, divers great men have not contented themſelves with the rendering them into the* Languages *of their own Countries, that ſo the* matter *of them might be underſtood by the Congregations where they were read; but they have endeavoured alſo, to reduce them to ſuch kinds of* Metre, *as were moſt acceptable in their Times, that the* ſpirit *of them likewiſe might be diffuſed among Chriſtians, and raiſe their affections by their harmonious compoſure: The advantage of which undertaking, was notably ſeen in the early days of the Church; in the diverting the natural inclinations of the younger ſort to ſongs of a worſe conſtitution, into that current, in which St.* James *before quoted, directs holy mirth to run. A great aſſiſtance whereunto, was, the facility of receiving into, and retaining in memory, thoſe devout compoſures of holy Men, which were then in eſteem in the Church, by means of* Poetical Meaſures: *So that they had generally at all times a ſtock of ſacred Hymns ſtored up in their minds; and were thereby enabled to give vent to the gayety of humour which*

their age and conſtitution furniſhed them withall, in a ſerious and holy manner. In ſo much, that St. Baſil *before-mentioned, in the ſame* Homily, *tells us, that the* ordinary Chriſtians in his time, ſung David's Pſalms, at home in their houſes; and whenever they went abroad alſo, they muttered them to themſelves, as the ſolitary entertainment of their minds, in their travels and other imployments. *And the* Romiſh Prefacer *to the* Commentary *upon the* Pſalms *attributed to* Arnobius, *ſpeaks more largely concerning the Time of his Authour, and tells his Reader, that the* Pſalms *then*, were ſung by the Plough-man over his Plough, the Pilot at his Helm, the Rowers over their Oars, the Digger whiles he handled his Spade, the Weaver in his Loom, the Spinſter at her Diſtaff, and very Infants that could not ſpeak plain, upon their Nurſes Laps: *and withall, makes a ſerious complaint of his* Catholick Church, *for being ſo far degenerated from the ancient uſage in this particular*, that this holy exerciſe was not onely diſuſed, but alſo, even diſdained among them, *which was, certainly, the Reaſon, why, when the* Reformation *began in divers parts of* Europe, *the vulgar People, who had been long uſed to no devotions, but ſuch as they underſtood not, were ſo much taken with ſinging the* Pſalms of David, *poetically tranſlated into their own languages, as finding that inward warmth in that exerciſing of Religion, which they never felt in any before.*

Ren. Laurentius de la Barre.

And

And this, no doubt, upon the Reformation *of this our* Church, *in particular, was one of the things which very much promoted it. For as the principal Inſtruments in that* Reformation *compoſed the* Book of Common-Prayer *ſo, as to reduce all* publick offices *therein to as near a conformity to the primitive Order as might be; and eſpecially in making the whole worſhip intelligible to the vulgar, and taking care that not onely the* Scriptures *appointed to be read, ſhould be tranſlated into Engliſh, but alſo the* Pſalms *of* David; *and theſe laſt (though in Proſe,) yet ſhould be ſo* pointed *as that they might be* ſung, *as they have been ever ſince in* Cathedral, *and* Collegiate Churches, *by all that can read: So divers Perſons uſed the beſt skill which thoſe times afforded, to diffuſe that part of God's publick ſervice, more largely among the common people, by a* ſecond verſion *of them into* Engliſh verſe, *in that tranſlation which ever ſince hath been bound up with our* Bibles, *and* Common-Prayer Books, *and is uſually ſung in Parochial Congregations to this day.*

Of the Perſons, *who then did the* Church *of* England *that remarkable ſervice, I can give little account beyond their Names: and thoſe, (as to three of them) the very Book informs me of,* (viz.) Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, *and* Robert Wiſedom. *Onely, concerning the firſt of them* (Tho. Sternhold) *Mr.* Fuller, *in his* Church Hiſtory, *tells me, was firſt,* Groom *of the* Robes, *to* K. Henry the VIIIth. *and after-*

wards, of the Privy-Chamber (as he ſays in one place, but in another of the Bed-Chamber) to Edw. VI. He had, (as appears by his Will) a Legacy given him by King Henry. He tranſlated for his part, 37 Pſalms, by Fuller's account; John Hopkins, 65; and the reſt were done by W. W. W. K. R. W. (that is, Robert Wiſedom) and others, whoſe Names deſerved not to be loſt in oblivion, nor their labours to be mentioned with ſo much ſcorn and contempt, as they are by too many Perſons of a profane humour amongſt us, for the baldneſs and flatneſs of the Style, and ſome Phraſes which ſound odly in the ears of this Age, uſed to a ſort of more refined Engliſh. It ought rather to be remembred to their honour, that they ſerved the Church with the beſt they had, and probably, as well as the Poetry of that Age would afford: and that God hath received a great deal of praiſe, and the ordinary ſort of Chriſtians a great deal of Edification and Comfort, by the uſe of that Verſion of theirs, for above an hundred years in this Church.

And therefore, though it be to be deſired, that as both Engliſh, and Poetry, are very much improved ſince that time, ſo theſe holy Poems ſhould partake alſo of that improvement, by being rendred more ſutably to the Genius of this Age: yet it were (in my judgment) but decent, to bury that former Tranſlation with honour, for the ſervice it hath done, when ever it ſhall be, if ever it be, exchanged for a better.

And

And now, having ſaid ſo much in general, by way of Preface *to this* Tranſlation *of mine; I think fit, in the next place, to deſcend to ſome* particularities *in reference thereunto, which I judge neceſſary the Reader ſhould take notice of, in order to the judgment he makes of the ſutableneſs thereof, to the deſign aimed at by me therein.*

The deſign *aimed at, by me in this* verſion, *was not to vaunt my skill in Poetry, for had that been my aim, I ſhould have choſen a ſubject, wherein I might have given my ſelf greater liberty both of fancy, and language, then the* verſion *of a* book of Holy Scripture *will allow me: nor was it, to entertain the devout inclinations of the more ingenious ſort of Chriſtians, with ſtrains of* elevated invention and expreſſion, *ſuited to their Genius, for this, I know is already done by many, better then I can ever hope to do, ſhould I undertake it. But, that which I at firſt deſigned when I undertook this work, was meerly to render theſe pieces of holy writ, which are thought fit to be made parts of God's publick worſhip, in ſuch a tolerable manner, as they might be for the uſe of all Chriſtians; gratifying the more ingenious and learned Parts of all Congregations, with that ſmoothneſs and cleanneſs of ſtyle, which might make them not to nauſeate it; and the more ordinary ſort of thoſe holy ſocieties with that eaſineſs and clearneſs of expreſſion, which might not ſhoot over their heads, whiles I endeavoured to affect their hearts in ſo religious a ſervice.*

For I considered, that most of the versions *extant in this kind (at least, of those that I have seen) were peccant, either in the* one, *or the* other, *of* two extremes: *That is, either they were* too Poetically *done, above the reach of ordinary capacities, and adapted onely to the gust of persons of scholastical breeding, who onely are able to relish those high flights of fancy, and that elaborate richness of language with which divers of them are so luxuriantly endowed, as (it may be) is hardly to be found in any of the* Translatours, *either ancient, or modern, in any other Tongue, but the* English: *or else, performed (by those who have pretended to amend that fault)* so flatly and slovenly, *to accommodate their Versions to the capacities of the vulgar, that how gratefull soever they were to such palates, yet they as much disrelished those of all others, whose breeding had elevated their understandings above the ordinary level.*

Wherefore, I thought it expedient, to attempt something in the midle, *betwixt both these* extremes; *by avoiding those* heights *of* fancy, *or* language, *on the one side, as might render the Translation unintelligible to persons of ordinary capacities; and also, all such* flatness *and* dulness *of* invention, *and* expression, *on the other, as might make it subject to disgust those of more learned palates in the use thereof.*

This, therefore, being my professed design, *I must next acquaint those that are pleased to be my readers, what* course *I have taken in pursuance of it.*

I. *And*

I. *And (first) as to the* Words *and* Phraſes *of this* verſion, *I endeavoured to keep as near to the* New Tranſlation *of the Pſalms, made in the Time, and by the command, of* K. James I. *as conveniently I could, ſometimes taking its* very expreſſions *where they would handſomely fall into verſe; and, where they would not, I laboured to give the full ſenſe of them in other words; except now and then, where the* Original words *or* Phraſes *had ſomething of* Emphaſis *in them, which I thought fitter to comply withall. And this I did, both becauſe* that Tranſlation *is confeſſedly the beſt, which is extant in the* Engliſh Tongue: *and alſo, becauſe it is now generally in the hands of all perſons, and the* other, *by diſuſe (for the moſt part) in a ſort ſuperannuated.*

Wherefore, I judged it moſt expedient, not to give any occaſion to any perſon of doubtfull apprehenſions concerning the meaning of any Pſalm, or any verſe of a Pſalm, by variety *of* Interpretations. *Which is alſo the true Reaſon, why, (though I think their labours of great uſe to thoſe who expound the ſacred Text in a way of inſtruction to others,) yet I have waved the ſenſes given by the reverend and learned Dr.* Hammond, *and others: and choſen rather, in ſuch Texts, as by reaſon of their difficulty, may admit of different expoſitions, to render them in words expreſſing the ſtrict literal ſenſe of that Tranſlation; then to expound them, either according to theirs, or mine own apprehenſions; that ſo, thoſe that ſhall ſing any part of* this verſion,

verſion, *where ſuch Texts occur, may rather apply their own ſenſe to what they ſing, then be reſtrained, and confined to a determinate ſenſe, in which, it may be, they are not ſatisfied.*

II. *I have alſo declined all running out into* Paraphraſe, *beyond what, either the* Scope *of any* Text, *compared with the context, or the general evident* deſign *of the* Pſalm, *or the apparent* occaſion *of penning it, or the* Emphaſis *of the* words *themſelves, or the* reference *they have to* other Scriptures, *wherein the things uttered in any* Pſalm *briefly and obſcurely, or it may be barely glanced at, are more largely, and profeſſedly handled; or the like conſiderations, will well allow. So that, I think, I may ſafely averr, that* this verſion, *is as* cloſe *to the* Text *it renders, as any of this kind extant; not excepting even thoſe, whoſe Authours pretend to tye themſelves the moſt ſtrictly and even ſuperſtitiouſly to the* words *and* phraſes, *either of the* original Hebrew, *or the* Engliſh *Proſe-Tranſlation. For even the exacteſt of thoſe Authours, who, to the mangling the Syntax of words, to the making incoherent ruptures in the ſenſe, and the deſtruction of Meaſures and Rhythm, have ſo fettered themſelves: yet are fain, ever, and anon, to inſert ſome ſuch Particles, or Parentheſes, or Synonymous expreſſions, as really make Paraphraſes upon the Text, though they endeavour as much as may be to hide their ſo doing. And ſure I am, it is cloſer a great deal to the Text which I render, then that very verſion which hath*

been

been ſo long uſed in this Church: the Authours whereof (as might appear by ſeveral inſtances,) have often altered the Texts they paraphraſed, into quite a different ſenſe from what they naturally will afford: and made the holy Pen-men ſpeak what they never intended.

III. *As to the* manner, *wherein I have performed this work, take theſe particulars following, to enable you to make a clearer Judgment of it.*

(1.) *That I have* waved, (*for the generality of* this verſion) *all* learned words, *other then ſuch as are by common uſe make familiar to Engliſh ears: and I think, that it will be hard to find any particular Pſalm, or verſe of a Pſalm throughout the Book, where I have overlooked any ſuch in my review of it. As,*

(2.) *On the other ſide, I have avoided all* obſolete, courſe, *and* unhandſome words, *or* phraſes, *ſuch as are beneath the dignity of the matter expreſſed, as alſo, all* tautological expreſſions, *or* inſignificant words, *that are onely ſerviceable to aſſiſt the* Rhythm. *Inſomuch, that if there be any ſuch, they have very narrowly eſcaped both mine own obſervation, and that of many others who have done me the favour, on that deſign, to examine the Copy, and to whom I have particularly made it my requeſt, that they would mark all of that kind, and inform me thereof, that I might alter them.*

(3.) *Next,*

(3.) *Next, I have denyed my ſelf, and mine own inclination, very much, in many places the uſe of thoſe* flights *of* elevated fancy, *which offered themſelves to me in the compoſure of the work: and ſince, upon frequent reviews of it, expunged many* Words, *and* Phraſes, *which ſeemed to me too* Poetical *for ordinary capacities, to which height of fancy is as unintelligible, as learned language. And though in ſome* Pſalms, *where, in the* original language *it ſelf, there is more* Poetry *then ordinary, in the compoſure, ſutable to the matters treated of in them; it ſeemed but equal to me, that there ſhould be ſomething of extraordinary in the rendring of them: yet I have endeavoured ſo to govern my invention, and language, in the tranſlation of them, that, though there be more loftineſs of ſtyle in them then in others, yet, I think, there is not a line difficult to be underſtood, even by the meaneſt Perſon, that is not altogether a ſtranger to ſmooth and polite Engliſh.*

(4.) *I have, (as I muſt ingenuouſly confeſs) contrary to the advice of divers of my learned and judicious friends, whom I conſulted when I undertook this task,* made uſe of Rhythm at leaſt twice in every four lines; *whereof, I think my ſelf obliged, to give them, and others, this ſhort account. Thoſe that diſſuaded me from it, laid before me the danger of being* too much fettered in my invention and expreſſion *by ſtudying to make ſo frequent a* chime *of words, and the occaſioning the drawing in of many* uſeleſs and impertinent words *for* cadencies *ſake.*

But

But I was prevailed withall to act otherwise then they adviſed; by conſidering (on the other ſide) (1.) That our Engliſh Poetry for many Ages, hath been conſtantly (excepting ſome few inſtances of the contrary) managed in that manner. (2.) That the greateſt Poets this Nation hath afforded, have made uſe of the frequent Rhythm as an ornament, rather then a diſparagement to their Poems; and have been ſo happy in it, as that the moſt critical Readers, if they will ſpeak truth, muſt confeſs, they cannot mend their conceits, (or language, ſo fettered) in other expreſſions left at their own liberty. (3.) That there are divers peculiarities in the Engliſh Tongue (which, if this were a place for it, I could eaſily here aſſign) ſeeming to direct to the choice of ſuch frequent Rhythms in our Poetry; and making it more eaſie to us to write in that way, then can be done in moſt other languages. (4.) That Engliſh ears generally entertain it with great ſatisfaction and delight, and diſreliſh all Poetical compoſitions, (though never ſo excellent for all other ornamental requiſites) that are without it. (5.) And laſtly, *that it affords a great aſſiſtance to memory (which in ſuch Poems as are penned for devotional Uſes, ſhould be much regarded) whereby, when men have loſt one part of a* ſtanza, *they are enabled more eaſily to recover it, by running over in their minds ſuch words as chime to the periodical ones of that other, which they remember. Theſe things, and the like, being taken into my conſideration, I choſe rather, to run the risk of the dangers, and diſad-*

vantages

vantages ſuggeſted, in the moderate uſe o Rhythm, *then to take the contrary courſe I wa adviſed to. I ſay,* moderate uſe; *becauſe I judg the proportion I have generally made uſe of, to b ſo: whereas, the crowding it into ſhorter periods, as ſome have done, too much emaſculates a grav Poem, by ſpreading the matter too thin, and occa ſioning indeed the drawing in many uſeleſs an impertinent words to perfect the chime, which m diſſwaders were afraid, (though I hope it will ap pear, cauſeleſly) my uſing it at the diſtances I de ſign'd, would conſtrain me to. I muſt confeſs, the recurring of Rhythms ſo frequently, has given me ſome trouble in* ſome Pſalms, *and* Verſes *of* o thers: *But I perſuade my ſelf, that I have, in a competent meaſure, overcome it; at leaſt, that I can, in caſe any one will be ſo friendly, as to let me know in what particular Inſtances the Rhythm hath enervated the ſenſe, with no great labour, a mend it, and yet not vary from my intended mea ſures in that particular.*

(5.) *As to the* Tunes, *to which I have adapted each* Pſalm, *they are ſuch as are moſt in uſe among us. Such* Pſalms *as are compoſed of* eights *and* ſixes, *will fall into any of the* ordinary Tunes, *ſuited to that proportion of ſyllables, in the* old Verſion. *The reſt of the* Tunes *that I have made choice of, are theſe. Firſt that of the Old* 100th. *Pſ.* [All people, *&c.*] *To which all the Pſalms that are compoſed of* 4 eights *to a* ſtanza, *may be ſung; or (according to the matter of the Pſalm) may be varied to that of* Pſ. 51. *or the*

Lamen-

Lamentation, *in the* old Pſalm Book. *Then to the meaſures of Pſal.* 113. [Ye children, *&c.*] *I have turned divers of mine; that being a Tune eaſily ſung, and withall, ſufficiently grave and ſolemn, as well as pleaſant, and very muſical. Among thoſe that are rendred in that* Tune, *is the firſt Metre of Pſalm* 119. *wherein, according to the meaſures therein required, every three lines make up a verſe, which reduceth all of its Parts to an equality. I have not omitted that of the old* 25th. Pſalm; *nor that of the* 148th. *to both which, divers of theſe are adapted. And ſome few are ſo ordered, as that they may be ſung to the Tunes of the old* 111th, 112th, *and* 127th. Pſalms; *but thoſe have commonly others in eaſier Tunes to attend them.*

(6.) *I have deſignedly, for the moſt part, ſuited the* Matter *of each* Pſalm, *to proportionable* Metre, *and* Tune. Heroical Pſalms, *(thoſe I mean, whoſe matter is more lofty, and the ſtyle in which they are penned, more ſtately, and majeſtical, if I may ſo ſay, in the original Language,) I have not onely endeavoured, as far as my deſigned plainneſs would permit, to fit with a ſutable* ſtyle *in the Engliſh: but have alſo in the meaſures accommodated them with the graveſt and moſt ſolemn* Tunes. *And the like I have done to the* Penitential Pſalms, *and generally, to all ſuch as are penned in a* querulous *and* lamenting *ſtrain: which as I have endeavoured to expreſs more pathetically, ſo have I ſuted them to ſuch* Tunes, *as moſt aptly comply with the* Paſſions *delineated and repreſented in them.* (7.) *In*

(7.) *In moſt of the* Pſalms, *which are com-*
monly ſung, in the old verſion, *if they be tolerabl*
there tranſlated, I have waved the meaſures *i*
which they are therein compoſed, and put them i
this of mine into other Meaſures, *and* Tunes
that ſo, thoſe that are uſed to ſing them, may tak
their own choice of the one or the other: which
choſe rather to doe, then to undertake, in all, (as
have done for trials ſake, in one, or two, of them
onely, to amend the ſenſe, and words, where they
ſeemed moſt to need it, and let the main ſubſtance
of them ſtand in my verſion: becauſe I found it
by experience, more eaſie to my ſelf, and thought it
would be more acceptable to my Readers, as well as
more civil to the Authours *of the* former verſi-
on, *to raiſe a new frame altogether, then to patch*
up an old one with ſuch pieces, as, when all was
done, would not exactly ſuit with the building
they were intended to beautify.

(8.) *I have made a* double verſion *of* divers
Pſalms, *ſome of them quite differing each from o-*
ther; and ſome, by addition and ſubtraction, or
alteration of ſome few words onely: that ſo it may
be at the choice of the ſingers, if they affect one of
the Tunes, rather then the other, in ſuch pairs, to
take which of them they pleaſe.

(9.) *I have* ſubjoyned *to the* Pſalms of Da-
vid, *the reſt of the* Hymns *uſed in our Church:*
to wit, that excellent one of St. Ambroſe, *uſually*
called, Te Deum, &c. *the* Magnificat, *or Song*
of the bleſſed Virgin, Mother of our Lord; thoſe
of Zacharias *and* Simeon, *entituled,* Benedictus,

and

and Nunc Dimittis, &c. *That of* Gloria Patri, *I have adapted to all the* Tunes; *that it may (at choice) be ſung at the end of every* Pſalm. *So that thoſe, who cannot ſing them in* Proſe, *as in* Cathedral *and* Collegiate Churches *they doe; may have them at hand for their uſe, in better verſe, I hope, then that in which they are tendred to them in the* Common Pſalm-Book.

(10.) *Laſtly, (for the different opinions of pious and learned Men engage me to a* concluſive Apology *in this matter)* I have taken in the whole Book of Pſalms into my verſion: *and not confined my ſelf (as ſome would have confined me) to ſome* few Pſalms, *and* parcels *of* Pſalms, *the* Matter *of which is of* common concern *to all* Chriſtians; *becauſe the reaſons urged for ſuch curtailing of them, ſeem not to me to be cogent; yea rather, I think, I have weightier grounds to move me to the contrary. For I know not, why* thoſe Pſalms which expreſs the troubles which *David* lay under; or the perſonal mercies which he received; or, refer to the particular political State of the *Jews*, or their peculiar Worſhip; or contain promiſes of ſuch mercies as God determined to beſtow on them, or Hiſtorical Relations of their miraculous preſervations and deliverances; or (laſtly) ſuch as tax them for their infidelity, ingratitude, Idolatrous worſhip of falſe Gods, or Apoſtaſie from the true God, *&c. may not be ſung with advantage by us, though they do not immediately or directly concern us. Conſidering, that* (1.) *the*

State

State *of* David, *both as to his troubles and mer*cies, *generally, was* Typical, *and bare relation t*o Christ, *and his Circumstances: Especially, such of them, as he mentions in those remarkably* Prophetical Psalms, *which are accommodated to our Saviour, as being fulfilled in him, in divers Instances noted by the* Evangelists. *And* (2.) *the* Jewish occurrences *are by the Apostle* Paul (1 Cor. 10. 6, 11.) *said* to befall them for examples to us: *And* (3.) *their* Rites, *and* Ceremonies, *were notably significative of the* spiritual worship *of the* Gospel; *as the Epistle to the* Hebrews *every where shews us: And* (4ly.) *the* Prophesies *made to them, are eminently* fulfilled *to us: And* (5ly) *the* miraculous deliverances *wrought for them by God, are of use to encourage our faith in like cases*; *yea* (*lastly*) *the* charges *and* aggravations *of the* sins *charged on them are* warnings (*as we are told* Heb. 4. 11.) *to us, that* we fall not after the same examples of unbelief, or disobedience.

And, as for those Psalms, *which contain* Imprecations *against* David's Enemies; *the most of our People understand, that, as he was a* Type *of* Christ, *so, under* his Enemies *names,* Christ's Enemies *are cursed, or prayed against, in the* Psalms *that are of that nature. And they are often told, that* David *himself allowed not himself to call for God's vengeance upon them, but onely, as they were looked on by him, as* Enemies to God *rather, and more, then to him: and that those* Imprecations *themselves which he*

he diſchargeth againſt them, are rather Propheſies *of what evil would befall them, then* Prayers, *that ſuch evils might befall them. And as for the reſt, that are* properly imprecating, *they are (ſecondarily, at leaſt) directed againſt* Chriſt's Enemies, *as well as* God's, *and* David's. *Of which nature, (for inſtance) are thoſe againſt* Doeg, *and* Achitophel; *which are in the* New Teſtament *appplied to* Judas, *and his* Complices, *the* Betrayer, *and* Murtherers *of the* Lord Jeſus. And ſurely, *it is not at all (whatever ſome imagine)* unbecoming the Goſpel-temper, *for Chriſtians, with holy rejoycing to* repeat thoſe fulfilled Imprecations: *and curſe the memories of* Judas, *and the* Murtherers *of our* Lord Jeſus.

Other Pſalms *there are, wherein* David, *indeed, prays againſt his* Perſonal Enemies, *as (for inſtance) againſt* Saul, *and* Abſalom: *but then, the* matter *of his imprecations againſt them, onely amounts to requeſts that God would* divide, and infatuate their Counſels, and diſſipate, and overthrow their forces, and convince, if not convert them, by the remarkable out-goings of his providence againſt them. *All which, ſurely, we may pray for alſo, without tranſgreſſing againſt the* meekneſs and gentleneſs, *which the* Goſpel Spirit begets *in the hearts of Chriſtians; whenever we have to doe with profeſſed Enemies of the ſame temper with them. So that,*

in

in ſumm, the evil of uſing ſuch Pſalms *o theſe, lies onely in the danger of* miſapplyi *them to* ſuch Perſons, *and in* ſuch caſe *wherein they ſuite not the* Deſign *of the* Ho ly Ghoſt, *in deriving them down to us which we are to endeavour to prevent, b inſtructing our People, when occaſion is offe red, in the* right uſe *of them, and not t debar them the uſing of them* altogether.

Thus much may ſuffice for the particula Anſwers *to the particular* Topicks *of* Argu ment, *urged uſually in this* matter. *Bu there is* one conſideration *more, whic reacheth to the full vindication of the* law fulneſs *and* expediency *of* Chriſtians ſingin all the Pſalms indifferently; *which (becau it is, to us of this Church, at leaſt unanſwe rable) I muſt not omit. And that is, tha the* Catholick Church, *for ſo many Ages i all parts of the world, hath thus practiſed without ſcruple, or contradiction, in its* Pub lique Congregations. *And* our Church, *i particular, makes the* Pſalms indiſcriminate ly, *a part of its daily* Liturgy: *Dividin them into ſuch parcels, as they may be ſaid or ſung, interlocutorily, (as they are in Ca* thedral *and* Collegiate Churches, *as well a* other Congregations *of eminent* Note) *through out, once in each Month. And I know n warrant given to any one, that officiates o partakes of thoſe devotions daily, to pick an chooſe, to uſe and omit or skip over, any* Pſalm

or Pſalms, *upon any of the accounts before mentioned. Nor can I imagine, what good reaſon can be given, why they may not be ſung in* Metre, *as indiſcriminately, as the Church commands them to be in* Proſe.

And now, Chriſtian Reader, having given thee ſo large an account of my deſign, and the particulars of my performance in this undertaking; it is but meet, that I detain thee no longer in the Porch *of the* Edifice, *but give thee free entrance into all the* Rooms *of it, and leave thee to paſs thy Judgment upon the* contrivance *and* furniture *of them all. In the paſſing of which Judgment, I will embolden my ſelf to preſume ſo far upon thy candid Interpretation of my endeavours, as to reckon my ſelf ſecure from that keen cenſure at thy hands which a* great Poet *of our own, (too* Poetically, *I think)* Mr. *Cowley paſſeth upon all the* former Tranſlatours *of theſe* Holy Poems, *that they do their holy Authour neither* honour *nor* juſtice, *and (to his thinking)* revile him worſe then Shimei. *For all that I deſire of thee, is, to conſider, before thou paſs too ſevere a ſentence on this Work, that I deſigned not in this* Tranſlation: *(what he requireth in ſuch a Tranſlation as he affecteth) to wit, to imitate, or repreſent to thee the true* Genius *and* Spirit *of that* excellent vein of Poetry, *with which the royal Pſalmiſt wrote: But onely to tranſcribe the* Piety *and* Devotion *of his heavenly*

heavenly Poems, in words proper, and meet
beget like religious ſentiments to thoſe wh
he felt when he wrote, in the hearts a
ſouls of ſuch as ſhall with well diſpoſed min
vouchſafe to bear a part in theſe Divine Son
here tendred to them, by

(Chriſtian Reader)

Their unworthy Authour,

but thy ſervant for the

furthering of thy Edification.

S. F.

A Pſal

Pſalm I.

[*To the Tune of the old* 113. *Pſalm*] Ye children, &c.

1 THAT man's an happy man indeed,
Whom ill advice doth not miſlead:
Nor doth he in that way remain,
Which men to ſin accuſtom'd beat:
Nor ſit, where haughty ſcorners treat
Both God, and goodneſs, with diſdain.

2 But the Lord's Law is his delight,
Whereto with pleaſure, day and night,
His meditating Soul repairs.
3 Whence like the thriving tree, whoſe roots
Are drench't by parted ſtreams, he ſhoots,
And kindly Fruit in ſeaſon bears.

And as that tree preſerves its leaves,
When drought all other trees bereaves:
So all ſpeeds well which this man does.
4 Thus doth not the ungodly thrive,
But is like chaff, which from the ſive
Is toſs't by every wind that blows.

5 Wherefore, when God as Judge ſhall ſit,
Th' ungodly he will not acquit;
But ſinners from the juſt divide.
6 For juſt mens ways the Lord will own;
But thoſe ſhall quite be overthrown,
To which th' ungodly turn aſide.

[*The ſame in other meaſures.*]

1 THE man is bleſt, to ill advice
Who hath not bent his ear:
Nor made the ſinners way his choice,
Nor ſate in ſcorners chair.

2 But calls the Lord's pure Law his joy,
And reads it with delight:
So as, in ſtudying it, t' imploy
His thoughts both day and night.

3 He ſhall be like the tree, that grows
Where parted ſtreams are near:
Which ſeaſonable fruit beſtows
On him that ſet it there.
Whoſe leaf no weather makes to fall;
In greateſt ſtorms it ſtands:
So providence doth proſper all
The works of this man's hands.

4 Whereas th' ungodlie's pains and care
Shall never proſper ſo:
He ſhall be like light chaff, in th' air
By winds toſt to and fro.

5 Therefore ſhall not the wicked men
Stand in God's judgment clear:
Nor ſhall rebellious ſinners then
Among the juſt appear.

6 For ev'ry juſt man's holy way
Unto the Lord is known:
But that wherein th' ungodly ſtray,
Shall quite be overthrown.

Pſalm II.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 WHY do the heathen nations rage?
What madneſs fills their furious
Why do the people thus engage [brain?
Their fooliſh thoughts in projects vain?
2 The earthly Kings and Rulers joyn
Againſt the Lord with vile intent:
And his Anointed t' undermine,
Their plotting heads are wholly bent.

3 Shall we ſubmit to them? (ſay they)
Let's break their ſervile bonds aſunder;
And caſt th' uneaſie cords away,
Wherewith they ſeek to keep us under.
4 But he that ſits in heav'n above,
Shall laugh at their rebellious pride:
Both what they plot, and how they move,
He ſees, and doth with ſcorn deride.

5 Then, from his breaſt with anger ſtir'd,
He ſhall at laſt his ſilence break;
And with a voice, not only heard,
But felt, will thus in anger ſpeak.
6 Though mine Anointed you diſown,
And vainly ſtrive againſt my will:
I'll fix him an unſhaken throne
Upon my *Zion*'s holy Hill.

Part II.

7 Hark, what to me the Lord did ſay;
What I proclaim, is his decree:
Thou art my Son, and on this day
Thy Father hath begotten thee.
8 Ask, and to thee, as lawfull heir,
The heathen lands I will aſſign:
And where earths utmoſt limits are,
I'll give the Nations to be thine.

9 Thine iron rod ſhall ſorely bruiſe
Such Rebels as thy Law contemn:
And, as men leaking pitchers uſe,
So ſhalt thou knock and ſhatter them.
10 Now, therefore, O ye Kings, be wiſe,
Mind that which is your true concern:
All ye that judge the earth, adviſe,
And from my mouth your duty learn.

11 Serve ye the Lord with awfull love,
And all your joys with fear allay:
12 Kiſs ye the Son, leſt ye him move,
And periſh from his ſaving way.
Stir not that wrath, whereof the leaſt
Effects, will to your coſt declare,
That onely they who on him reſt,
For ever truly bleſſed are.

Pſalm III.

1 AH, Lord, the troublers of my peace,
How they do multiply?
How thoſe rebellious troups increaſe,
That hate me mortally!
2 They grow in numbers every day
Who ſcoffing fret me ſore:
And to my ſouls vexation ſay,
God will him help no more.

3 But thou, O Lord, my glory art,
Thy favour is my ſhield;
My head, when men forſake my part;
Is by thy arm upheld.
4 Unto the Lord I cry'd aloud,
(For great my dangers were:)
And from his holy Hill he bow'd
To me his gracious ear.

5 Securely then, I laid me down,
And quietly I ſlept:
And when I wak'd again, I found
God had me ſafely kept.
6 Whence, though ten thouſand mortal foes
Should me alone ſurround;
No fear ſhould break my minds repoſe,
Or make my ſleeps unſound.

7 All my old foes have felt thy rod;
Thou haſt diſarm'd their jaws:

Lord, ſtill appear my ſaving God,
And own my righteous cauſe.
8 'Tis proper to the Lord alone,
In greateſt ſtraits to ſave:
The people, whom thou call'ſt thine own
Thy bleſſing, Lord, ſhall have.

Pſalm IV.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, &c.

1 O God, that art my righteouſneſs,
Unto my call incline thine ear:
Thou that haſt freed me from diſtreſs,
In mercy my petition hear.
2 O Sons of men, how long will ye
Thus turn my glory into ſhame?
How long ſhall lying vanity
Your fooliſh hearts with love inflame?

3 Know ye, the Lord himſelf doth chuſe
To take the godly to his care:
To anſwer me hee'l not refuſe,
When I to him preſent my pray'r.
4 Within your boſomes let the dread
Of him, all ſinfull motions kill:
Conſult your hearts upon your bed,
And all tempeſtuous paſſions ſtill.

5 The Sacrifices of the Juſt
On the Lord's holy Altars lay:

And on him with believing truſt
Your fearfull ſouls ſecurely ſtay.
6 This worlds chief good, who'll ſhew us? thus
Do earthly-minded men enquire:
But ſhew thy pleaſed face to us;
Its light alone, Lord, we deſire.

7 For, when on me thy face doth ſhine,
More ſolid joys my heart poſſeſs,
Than e'er they felt from corn and wine,
In the moſt fruitfull years increaſe.
8 Then will I lay me down in peace,
And with great ſoundneſs take my ſleep:
For thou alone in quietneſs
My dwelling-place, O Lord, ſhalt keep.

Pſalm V.

1 THY gracious ear, O Lord, incline
To my petition:
And let thy heart, what comes from mine
With favour think upon.
2 My King, and God, unto my cry
Do thou attentive be:
My prayer, on all occaſions, I
Will ſtill direct to thee.

3 Each morning, Lord, with earneſt cries,
My pray'r to thee I'll ſend:
And heav'n-ward my up-lifted eyes
Shall my requeſts attend.

4 For wickedneſs to thee, O God,
Can never pleaſure bring:
And where thou dwell'ſt, there's no abod
For any evil thing.

5 Ungodly fools before thine eye
Shall never ſtand, O Lord:
And all that work iniquity,
By thee ſhall be abhorr'd.
6 To ruine, thoſe that ſcatter lies,
By thee ſhall be purſu'd:
The Lord moſt perfectly defies
Men of deceit and blood.

7 But I into thy houſe will goe,
Through thy abundant grace:
And with moſt humble rev'rence bow
Before thy holy place.
8 In thy juſt paths conduct thou me,
Becauſe men watch me ſo:
The ſtreighteſt way that leads to thee,
Lord, make me know, and goe.

9 For there's no faith in what they ſay,
Falſe hearts within they have:
And flatter, that they may betray;
Their throat's an open grave.
10 Their wicked plots, O Lord, defeat,
And take them off in ſin:
For frequent againſt thee, and great
Have their rebellions been.

11 But may perpetual ſhouts proclaim
Their joys who truſt in thee;
And glad may all that love thy Name
In thy protection be.
12 For, Lord, upon the righteous, all
Thy bleſſings ſhall deſcend:
And, as a ſhield, thy favour ſhall
On all ſides them defend.

Pſalm VI.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 51. or, *the Lamentation.*]
O Lord conſider, *&c.*

1 LORD, when thy kindled wrath is hot,
Let not its fury light on me:
And thy poor ſervant chaſten not,
When ſore diſpleaſure ſtirreth thee.
2 Have mercy on a ſinner, Lord,
That under grievous weakneſs groans:
And let my loſt health be reſtor'd,
For vext with ſickneſs are my bones.

3 My bodies pain my ſoul dejects
With grief, too much for me to bear:
Long have I felt thy wraths effects:
When ſhall it long to thee appear?
4 Thine ancient kindneſs, Lord, revive,
And let my ſoul deliver'd be:
And, though I merit no reprieve,
Advance thy grace in ſaving me.

5 For the forgetfull ſtate of death
Keeps no remembrance of thy name:
And in the ſilent Vaults beneath, [fame
What thankfull tongue ſhall ſpread th
6 Tir'd out with groaning, all the day;
I hope for eaſe when night appears:
But night doth not my grief allay,
For then my bed doth ſwim with tears.

7 I wept, and wept, untill mine eyes
Quite drained, no more tears could raiſe:
Becauſe of all mine enemies,
My ſight with very grief decays.
8 But now, ſith God doth kindly bend
His ear unto my mournfull cry:
Hence, hence, ſay I, your triumphs end,
Ye workers of iniquity.

9 The ſupplication I prefer'd
To him, an hearing did obtain:
And I'm aſſur'd I ſhall be heard,
When I apply to him again.
10 Let all my foes though forth they came
Swoln big with rage, and hopes as great
Be ſent home quickly, vext with ſhame
Of diſappointment and defeat.

Pſalm VII.

1 O Lord my God, ſith I do put
Such confidence in thee:

Fro

From thoſe that do me perſecute,
Save and deliver me.
2 Leſt, while there is no Saviour near,
That can my foe controll;
He, like a cruel Lion, tear
My poor and helpleſs Soul.

3 O Lord, my God, if ever I
Have done ſo vile a fact:
If ſuch a foul iniquity
My hands did ever act:
4 If him that liv'd with me in peace
So ill I did requite:
(Yea, that bad man did I releaſe
That bare me cauſeleſs ſpite.)

5 Then, I my ſelf will own, 'tis juſt
My life ſhould be his prey:
Yea, life, and honour both, in duſt
Let my purſuer lay.
6 O Lord, awake, thine anger rouſe,
Becauſe my foes do rage:
And, ſith thy Law my cauſe allows,
With me do thou engage.

7 By devout crowds of holy men
Then ſhalt thou be ador'd:
That they may ſee thy glory then
Return on high, O Lord.
8 Judge of all people, I preſent
My cauſe before thy bar:
Where, as thou find'ſt me innocent,
Or guilty, let me fare.

Part II.

9 Blaſt, Lord, bad mens unjuſt deſigns;
But juſt men ſtay and guide:
For by the righteous God, all reins
And hearts are throughly try'd.
10 My buckler is God's Providence;
'Tis he that doth me ſave:
All upright hearts a ſure defence
In his protection have.

11 'Tis true, the Juſt feels now and then
The righteous Judge's ſtrokes:
But againſt proſp'ring wicked men
God's anger daily ſmokes.
12 Except the wicked man repent,
His ſword th' Almighty whets:
His bow for execution bent
In readineſs he ſets.

13 To cut him off, he doth diſpoſe
The Inſtruments of death:
Againſt the perſecuting foes,
His ſhafts he ordereth.
14 Behold, the heart where malice reigns
Conceives iniquity:
But, after all its trav'ling pains,
It bringeth forth a lie.

15 Much pains his active malice ſpent,
To dig a fatal pit:

But fell himſelf (for thoſe he meant,)
Into the midſt of it.
16 Thus, the deſtructive plots he laid,
Fall on the plotters head:
And wrong to him ſhall be repaid,
From whom it did proceed.

17 I'll give unto the Lord the praiſe,
Which he doth juſtly claim:
And with my thankfull ſong will raiſe
The higheſt Lord's great fame.

Pſalm VIII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 O Lord, Our Lord, how excellent
Through all the earth is thy great name!
Yea th' heav'ns themſelves of vaſt extent,
Too narrow are, to bound thy fame.
2 The mouths of babes and ſucklings, thou
Inſpired'ſt to defend thy cauſe:
That thou might'ſt make thoſe foes to bow,
Who with deſpite oppoſe thy Laws.

3 When to thy heav'ns I lift mine eye,
(The Palace thine own hands did rear:)
And the bright Moon and Stars eſpy,
Ordain'd by thee to ſparkle there:
4 What's Man, that ſorry thing, ſay I,
That thou ſhould'ſt have him in thy mind?

Or what is his posterity,
That thou to them shouldst be so kind?

5 For next to Angels, in degree
He is, by his creation, plac't:
With honour, and great dignity,
By thy rich bounty is he grac't.
6 O'r all the works thy hands have made,
He is, as thy Lieutenant, set:
And all things, by thy gift, are laid,
With low submission, at his feet.

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7 Tame flocks, and herds, and beasts, tha
In th' open fields at liberty:
8 Fowls of the air, and fish, whose ways
In the untrodden Seas do lie.
9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent
Do all these proofs declare thy name?
Through all the spacious earths extent,
Thy noble works do spread thy fame.

Psalm IX.

1 O Lord, my heart is wholly set
Thy praises to declare:
And shew forth all thy works, how great
And marvellous they are.
2 O God most high, with joyfulness
Thy praise I will proclaim:
And with my cheerful song express
The glories of thy name.

3 My

3 My foes before thy preſence ſhall
Be quickly put to flight:
And when their backs are turned, fall,
And be deſtroyed quite.
4 For thou my righteous cauſe didſt own
When 'twas before thee try'd:
And ſeated on thy righteous throne,
Gav'ſt ſentence on my ſide.

5 The Heathen fell, rebuk'd by thee,
Deſtroy'd the wicked were:
So that in future memory
Their names ſhall not appear.
6 And thou, proud foe, that haſt ſubdu'd
Great Cities heretofore,
And left it doubtfull, where they ſtood,
Henceforth ſhalt raſe no more.

Part II.

7 But evermore the Lord ſhall be,
When Time it ſelf is flown:
And then, in Judgment ſit ſhall he,
On his prepared throne.
8 Before his bar th' whole world ſhall come,
And he ſhall ſentence paſs;
With Juſtice he each man ſhall doom,
According to his caſe.

9 The Lord likewiſe ſhall be a fort,
Oppreſſed men to ſave:
To which in ſtraits they may reſort,
And ſure protection have.

10 Thoſe,

10 Thoſe, Lord, that know thy name, therefore,
Shall thee their refuge make:
Sith thoſe that do thy help implore,
Thou never did'ſt forſake.

11 Come, to the Lord your voices raiſe,
Who dwells in *Zion*'s Mount:
Before all people to his praiſe
Let us his deeds recount.
12 He will remember, whenſoe'r
He maketh ſearch for bloud,
The meek and humble ſufferer,
Whoſe cries to him are loud.

Part III.

13 In mercy, Lord, conſider, how
By mortal foes I'm griev'd:
(From gates of death, time was, when thou
Did'ſt raiſe me, and I liv'd:)
14 Then I, in *Zion*'s Gates, O Lord,
Will ſhew forth all thy praiſe:
The ſafety thou doſt me afford,
My joyfull voice ſhall raiſe.

15 For me, the heathen dig'd a pit,
Wherein themſelves ſunk down:
They hid a net t'intrap my feet,
Which juſtly caught their own.
16 Strong proofs the Lord's juſt Judgments are
To prove him God moſt high:
When wicked hands do twiſt the ſnare,
Wherein entrapt they lie.

17 The

17 The wicked ſhall be ſent to hell,
The place for them aſſign'd:
And there ſhall all the nations dwell,
That keep not God in mind.
18 God will not ſtill the poor forget,
(Though oft they ſo complain:)
And though they ſeem quite periſht, yet
Their hopes ſhall not be vain.

19 Riſe, Lord, do not thy ſervant leave,
To be oppreſt by might:
And let thy heath'niſh foes receive
Their judgment in thy ſight.
20 Put them in fear, O Lord: bring down
Their daring pride; and then
The nations of the world will own
Themſelves to be but men.

Pſalm X.

1 WHY ſtand'ſt thou, in our woefull caſe,
So far, O Lord, from us?
And wherefore doſt thou hide thy face,
Whiles we are troubled thus?
2 The wicked, proudly inſolent,
Do hunt the needy down:
But, by the plots themſelves invent,
Let them be overthrown.

3 For of his ill deſigns ſucceſs
The wicked man doth boaſt;

And

And covetous oppreſſours bleſs,
Whom God abhorreth moſt.
4 He lifts his haughty looks ſo high,
Ev'n God he doth deſpiſe:
And the eternal majeſty
Each thought of his denies.

5 His ways ſtill grievous are, his ſight
Can't view thy Judgments high:
With ſcornfull puffs he thinks to fright
Away each enemy.
6 His heart hath ſaid, I am ſecure,
Unmov'd ſhall be my peace:
To me adverſity, I'm ſure,
Shall never find acceſs.

7 With bitter curſing, in his mouth,
Deceit, and fraud abound:
Miſchief, and lies inſtead of truth,
Under his tongue are found.
8 In obſcure hamlets cloſe retreats
He keepeth huſht, and ſtill:
Where, for poor innocents he waits,
To aim, and ſhoot, and kill.

9 The cruel Lion in his den
Thus for his prey doth watch:
As he lies cloſely lurking, when
His net the poor doth catch.
10 He croucheth low on miſchief bent,
And doth cloſe ambuſh lay:
That he may catch the impotent,
And make their lives his prey.

11 In

11 In his vile heart thus thinketh he;
God doth not keep in mind,
Or hides his eyes, as loth to ſee
The actions of mankind.
12 Ariſe, O Lord, thou God of might,
Lift up thy hand on high:
And when the wronged ſue for right,
Forget not thou their cry.

Part II.

13 Why ſhould ungodly wretches thus
Th' all-ſeeing God deſpiſe?
Saying in heart, God minds not us,
Our deeds eſcape his eyes.
14 But thou malicious wrongs doſt ſee,
Which thy hand will requite:
Thou Orphans guardian, unto thee
The poor themſelves commit.

15 The wicked's pow'r do thou ſuppreſs,
That thus doth cruſh the poor:
And ſearch out all his wickedneſs,
Till thou canſt find no more.
16 The righteous Lord's exalted throne
Eternally ſhall ſtand:
Till of the heathen there be none
Remaining in his land.

17 The humble their deſires diſcloſe,
And thou, O Lord, doſt hear:
Their hearts to pray thou wilt diſpoſe,
And then incline thine ear.

18 The

18 The Lord will judge the fatherleſs,
And doe th' oppreſſed right:
That earthly men no more oppreſs
The righteous cauſe by might.

Pſalm XI.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, &c.

1 SIth in the Lord my truſt is plac't,
Vex not my ſoul with impious vaunts
Nor bid us to our Hill to haſte,
As birds fly to their ſecret haunts.
2 Say not the wicked bend their bow,
Their arrow's ready on the ſtring:
That by an unexpected blow
Their points the upright heart may ſting.

3 Say not we groundleſs hopes retain,
Hopes, whoſe foundation's undermin'd:
Nor ask us, why we toil in vain;
For where can juſt men ſhelter find?
4 Know ye, God's heav'nly throne is free
From plots which earthly Kings annoy:
And in his holy temple, we
His gracious preſence do enjoy:

From whence he ſees the ſecret mines
Ungodly plotters hide from day:
His eye-lids try the cloſe deſigns
Which ſons of men in darkneſs lay.

5 And

5 And that, when juſt men are oppreſt,
The Lord doth but their patience prove:
But wicked men he doth deteſt,
And thoſe that violence do love.

6 On wicked men entrapping ſnares,
And flaming brimſtone he will rain;
With horrid tempeſts: He prepares
This cup his foes to entertain.
7 For, as the Lord moſt righteous is,
So righteouſneſs he doth affect:
The upright he doth highly prize,
And with his favour them protect.

Pſalm XII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 113.] Ye children, *&c.*

1 HElp, Lord, for godly men are vaniſht,
The faithfull from the earth are baniſht;
Amongſt mankind few ſuch are found:
2 Each, to his neighbour utt'reth lies,
Which their deceitfull hearts deviſe,
And with keen tongues they cloſely wound.
3 But flatt'ring lips, and tongues that vaunt,
And with proud words profanely taunt,
The Lord will ſurely cut away:
4 Thoſe tongues that ſay we will prevail:
The lips are ours wherewith we rail;
Who ſhall controll us in our way?

5 Be-

5 Becauſe the poor oppreſſed ſighs,
Now, ſaith the Lord, I will ariſe,
And ſave him from th' inſulting foes.
6 The Lord's word's pure, as ſilver try'd,
And by refiners purifi'd,
Which ſev'n times through the furnace goes.

7 From ſuch oppreſſours furious rage,
In this, and ev'ry future age,
The righteous thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſave:
8 For 'twill too often ſo be found,
The bad in numbers will abound,
When vileſt men promotion have.

Pſalm XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Shall I ne'r minded be?
How long, as if I were abhor'd,
Hid'ſt thou thy face from me?
2 How long ſhall I ſad counſel take,
Oppreſt with daily woes?
How long ſhall they ſuch triumphs make,
Who are my mortal foes?

3 Hear, Lord, what thy poor ſervant ſaith,
Think on my mournfull cries:
And, leſt I ſleep the ſleep of death,
Enlighten thou mine eyes.
4 Leſt my fall raiſe th' inſulting voice
Of my prevailing foe:

And

And thoſe that trouble me, rejoyce
To ſee my overthrow.

5 But, Lord, on thee my ſoul is ſtaid,
I on thy mercy reſt:
When thou doſt ſend me ſaving aid,
Great joys ſhall fill my breaſt.
6 Then with a thankfull Song to thee
Due praiſes I will give:
For thy great bounty, Lord, to me,
Hath kept me yet alive.

Pſalm XIV.

1 THE fooliſh man within his ſoul
Hath ſaid, no God I own:
Vile thoughts! whence iſſue works as foul;
But good is done by none.
2 The Lord upon corrupt mankind
From heav'n did caſt his eye:
One wiſe religious man to find,
But none he could eſpy.

3 In vices ſtinking mud they wallow,
And vertues paths forſake:
None, no not one, its rules doth follow,
Or better courſes take.
4 Is reaſon with religion
From all ill-livers fled;
That whiles the Lord they call not on,
They make my flock their bread?

5 Yet

5 Yet even where they act ſo high,
Great fear their courage quells:
For why? the heav'nly majeſty
Among the righteous dwells.
6 In vain your ſcoffs have ſought to ſhame
The poor man when he pray'd:
As if his wiſedom were to blame,
For making God his aid.

7 Would God that doth in *Zion* dwell,
His peoples prayers hear:
So that from thence to *Iſrael*
Salvation might appear!
8 For when the Lord ſhall ſet them free,
That lie in bondage ſad:
His *Jacobs* ſeed ſhall joyfull be,
And *Iſr'el* ſhall be glad.

Pſalm XV.

1 WHom in thy tent doſt thou account
Fit, Lord, to lodge with thee?
Or, who ſhall on thy holy mount
A conſtant dweller be?
2 The man that uprightly doth live,
That worketh righteouſneſs:
And what he doth in heart conceive,
Doth with his mouth expreſs.

3 That ſpitefully backbiteth not,
Nor doth his neighbour wrong:

No

Nor takes up a reproach to blot
His Neighbour with his tongue.
4 Who honours thoſe that fear the Lord;
But doth vile perſons ſcorn:
Who to his dammage keeps his word,
And hates to be forſworn.

5 Who to oppreſſing uſury
His money hath not lent:
Nor can be bought by bribery,
To wrong the innocent.
6 The man who thus his courſe doth ſteer,
By God and men approv'd,
Is in good caſe, and out of fear
Of being ever mov'd.

[*The ſame, to the Tune of* Pſ. 100.]

1 WHom in his Tabernacle will
The Lord with welcome entertain?
Or, who, upon his Holy Hill
A conſtant dweller ſhall remain?
2 The man that uprightly doth live,
That ſtrictly worketh righteouſneſs:
And what in heart he doth conceive,
Doth truly with his mouth expreſs.

3 That ſpitefully backbiteth not,
Whereby to doe his neighbour wrong:
Nor takes up a reproach to blot
His neighbour with a ſland'rous tongue.
4 Who honours thoſe that fear the Lord;
But doth vile perſons treat with ſcorn:

Who, to his dammage keeps his word,
Nor is in any caſe forſworn.

5 Who to oppreſſing uſury
Hath not for gain his money lent:
Nor can be bought by bribery,
To wrong a man that's innocent.
6 The man that God approves, may be,
By theſe, and ſuch like tokens known,
And who makes theſe his practice, he
Is certain, ne'r to be o'rthrown.

Pſalm XVI.

1 WITH dangers when I am inclos'd
O Lord preſerve thou me;
For I have conſtantly repos'd
My confidence in thee.
2 Unto the Lord, my Soul profeſt,
My Sov'reign Lord art thou:
My goodneſs will not pay the leaſt,
Of what to thee I owe.

3 But to the Saints on earth that dwell
That thought my love excites:
And thoſe in vertue that excell,
Engroſs my Souls delights.
4 Thy vengeance with all ſorts of woes
Apoſtates ſhall purſue;
Who a ſtrange God make haſte to chooſe,
And quite renounce the true.

The blood they ſhed in Sacrifice,
To offer, I'll not joyn:
My very Lips ſuch Deities
To mention, ſhall decline.
5 My portion is the Lord alone;
My cup by him is fill'd:
And whatſoe'r I call mine own,
Is by thy hand upheld.

Part II.

6 The place thou haſt by lot aſſign'd
To me, contents me well:
And in mine heritage I find
All pleaſures that excell.
7 I thank the Lord, who did direct
My ſoul to chuſe aright:
Whereon my ſecret thoughts reflect
With comfort ev'ry night.

8 To ſet the Lord before my face,
I do my ſelf enure:
At my right hand he takes his place;
Whereby I reſt ſecure.
9 Great gladneſs thence ſhall fill my breaſt,
My tongue its joys ſhall vent:
My fleſh likewiſe in hope ſhall reſt,
With death it ſelf content.

10 For, Lord, my ſoul thou wilt not leave
Where ſouls departed are:
Nor quit thy Saint unto the grave,
To ſee corruption there:

11 But ſhalt me raiſe to live with thee,
Where full joy overflows:
And I at thy right hand ſhall be,
Where endleſs pleaſure grows.

Pſalm XVII.

1 REgard my righteous plea, O Lord,
My cry with pity hear:
And audience to my pray'r afford,
Which comes from lips ſincere.
2 My cauſe at thy tribunal try,
And paſs my ſentence there:
Judge thou, with thine impartial eye,
What things moſt equal are.

3 Found in my heart no guilt there is,
Though by thee nightly try'd:
My mouth too, not to ſpeak amiſs,
My ſolemn purpoſe ty'd.
4 As others do ſo did not I;
Thy word did me reſtrain:
From the deſtroyers paths, thereby,
My feet I did refrain.

5 My goings in thy holy ways
Do thou ſupport, and guide:
For whiles thy grace thy ſervant ſtays,
My footſteps ſhall not ſlide.
6 I heretofore have call'd on thee,
Aſſur'd my God would hear:

Now

Now alſo, when I ſpeak, to me
Incline thy gracious ear.

7 Thy wondrous kindneſs, Lord, extend,
As thou art wont, to thoſe
That on thy ſaving hand depend:
And ſave them from their foes.
8 Defend me, as thou would'ſt defend
The apple of thine eye:
And over me thy wings extend
To hide me ſecretly.

Part II.

9 My wicked, and oppreſſing foes,
That deadly hate my ſoul,
Though round about they me incloſe;
Yet let thy pow'r controll.
10 As beaſts with fatneſs wanton grow,
Wealth makes them inſolent:
Out of their mouths proud ſpeeches flow,
And haughty things they vent.

11 They hunt us by the foot, and round
Our ways they gath'red are:
Their eyes they ſtill bend to the ground,
To trace our footſteps there.
12 Each, like an hungry Lion is,
That hunts, his prey to catch:
Like a young Lion, which for his,
In thickets cloſe doth watch.

13 Ariſe, his greedy hopes deceive,
And caſt him down, O Lord:
From bad mens plots my ſoul relieve,
Who are, indeed, thy Sword.
14 From men that in this world are chief,
But thy hand makes them ſo:
Their portion in this preſent life
On them thou doſt beſtow.

Their bellies thy hid ſtores do fill;
They want nor wealth, nor heirs:
Their Children ſpend on't what they will
And leave the reſt to theirs.
15 As for me, in this world, my All
In thy juſt favour lies:
And when I wake, thy likeneſs ſhall
Fill me with endleſs joys.

Pſalm XVIII.

A Pſalm of David *in the day that the Lord delivered him from the hand of all his Enemies, and from the hand of* Saul. [To the Tune of Pſalm 100.]

1 O Lord, that art my ſureſt Fort,
My deareſt love I vow to thee:
2 The Lord's the rock of my reſort,
My fortreſs, that protecteth me:
My God, and ſtrength, to which I truſt:
The Horn, that ſaves me, when aſſail'd:
My ſhield, to break each mortal thruſt;
My Tower, never to be ſcal'd.

3 I purpoſe on the Lord to call,
Who worthy is all praiſe to have:
For thus, his ſuccour ſhall not fail
Me from mine enemies to ſave.
4 Deaths dolefull pangs, me round about,
Cloſe ſiege unto my vitals laid:
And like a floud, th' ungodly rout
Combining, made me ſore afraid.

5 In ſorrows, like to thoſe of Hell,
Bound faſt, as with ſtrong cords, I was:
And into ſnares of death I fell,
Before I knew my wofull caſe.
6 Upon the Lord, my God, aloud
I called with diſtracted cryes:
His ears he from his Temple bow'd,
And ſet my caſe before his eyes.

7 Then trembling earth felt God was near;
The very hills foundations ſhook:
For, firmly rooted though they were,
They could not bear his angry look.
8 His noſtrills too, which wrath enlarg'd,
A ſmoky cloud ſent to the sky:
Devouring flames his mouth diſcharg'd;
That coals were ſet on fire thereby.

9 The Heavens, when their Lord came down,
Did in an humble poſture bend:
And for the foot-cloth of his throne,
Vaſt darkneſs did it ſelf extend.

10 His ſteed a glorious Cherub was,
Whoſe wings did ſwiftly him conveigh;
As ſwiftly, as the winds do paſs,
When through the air they force their way.

Part II.

11 In darkneſs was his ſecret place;
His Tent was in deep waters ſpred:
With them incompaſt round he was,
And clouds that in the sky are bred.

12 Quick flaſhes then of lightnings bright,
Before his brighter countenance went:
The thick Clouds crackt, and with the light
Hailſtones and Coals of fire did vent.

13 His voice the Lord did raiſe aloud;
The Skies his claps of thunder rent:
The bowels of each ſhatter'd Cloud,
Hailſtones and Coals of fire did vent.

14 Thoſe piercing darts the Lord did caſt,
And ſcatter'd the affrighted band:
His lightnings made them fly in haſt;
Before them not a man could ſtand.

15 The Worlds foundations then appear'd;
The flouds did leave their Chanels dry:
At thy rebuke, their waters ſcar'd,
Before thy Noſtrils breath did fly.

16 He, for my reſcue, from above
To th' heav'nly Hoſts commiſſion gave:
He took hold of me, in his love,
And did me from great waters ſave.

17 From

17 From my moſt mighty enemy,
A Saviour he more mighty was:
For I was hated mortally
By thoſe, whoſe ſtrength did mine ſurpaſs.
18 Before I was prepar'd to fight,
They charg'd me, in my woſull day:
But, though ſurpriz'd in ſuch a plight,
I found the Lord my mighty ſtay.

Part III.

19 Me, from my lurking-holes he brought
Into a large and ſpacious place,
And for me great ſalvation wrought;
For in me he delighted was.
20 The Lord my righteous cauſe regarded,
And dealt with me accordingly:
His bounteous goodneſs thus rewarded
My hands untainted purity.

21 For from the Lord's moſt holy ways
In all my ſtraits I did not ſtart:
And wickedly, in worſt of days,
I did not from my God depart.
22 For I, to guide my life thereby,
His judgments did before me lay:
And his moſt righteous ſtatutes, I
Did never from me put away.

23 Before the Lord's all-ſeeing eye,
My uprightneſs I made appear:
And from mine own iniquity
I ſtrictly kept my conſcience clear.

24 My righteouſneſs to recompence,
When I was wrong'd, he did me right:
For in my hands, pure innocence
Appear'd before his ſearching ſight.

25 To him that's full of mercy, thou
Wilt be found mercifull, and kind:
The upright man, with thee, I know,
Like uprightneſs ſhall ſurely find.
26 Unto the pure thou wilt appear
A God, that purity doth own:
But with the men that froward are,
Wilt wreſtle, till thou caſt them down.

27 For thou to them wilt mercy ſhew,
Who humbled by affliction are:
But wilt ſtout ſinners overthrow;
Whoſe pride their haughty looks declare.
28 My dying Candles feeble blaſe,
Thou ſhalt renew with brighter light.
And thy pleas'd faces glorious rays
To day ſhall turn my darkeſt night.

Part IV.

29 By thy meer help, with victory,
Through armed Troops I paſſed clear:
And ſtrongeſt Forts, though walled high,
By thy aſſiſtance ſcaled were.
30 The Lord's clean way moſt perfect is:
God's word, on trial, true is found:
Of thoſe, who truſt him, none ſhall miſs
A ſhield to keep them ſafe and ſound.

31 Who,

31 Who, but the Lord, is God indeed?
That honour he imparts to none:
And what God is a Rock in need?
That name befits our God alone.
32 He is the God, that girdeth me,
And ſtrength unto to my Loins ſupplies:
And, that my goings perfect be,
I owe alone to his advice.

33 Feet, wherewithall my foes to chaſe,
He gave me, like the hinds for ſpeed:
And upon ev'ry fenced place,
Through him, victoriouſly I tread.
34 My hands by him are taught to War,
So that my foes their force do feel:
My arms by him ſo ſtrengthen'd are,
That they can break a bow of ſteel.

35 Thou, thy ſalvations mighty ſhield
Before me do'ſt in danger ſet:
By thy right hand I am upheld:
Thy condeſcenſion makes me great.
36 When difficulties compaſs'd me,
Thou did'ſt before me clear my way:
My foot, in battel fixt by thee,
By ſliding did me not betray.

37 My routed foes I chas'd amain,
And overtook them in the flight:
Nor did I ever turn again,
Untill they were conſumed quite.

38 With

38 With deadly wounds I did them quell,
That they could riſe again no more:
Under my conqu'ring feet they fell,
And there, lay welt'ring in their gore.

Part V.

39 For thou haſt girded me with ſtrength
In battel to reſiſt my foes:
And made to bow to me at length,
The men that up againſt me roſe.
40 The necks of all that with me fought,
Thou alſo haſt to me ſubdu'd:
And thoſe that my deſtruction ſought,
Unto deſtruction I purſu'd.

41 They cry'd for help, but all deny'd
In their great'ſt dangers them to ſave:
Yea, even to the Lord they cry'd;
But he to them no anſwer gave.
42 Before me, then, diſpers'd, they fled,
Like duſt by winds toſs'd to and fro:
And like the dirt on which men tread,
Into the ſtreets I did them throw.

43 Thou ſav'dſt me from the peoples ſtrife;
And heathens, whom I did not know,
To me ſubmitted as their chief;
My very name did fright them ſo.
44 And humble ſubjects they ſhall be,
As ſoon as e're they hear my name:
Ev'en foreign nations unto me
The awe thereof ſhall render tame.

45 Stran-

45 Strangers ſhall have no mind to fight,
But their faint hearts ſhall them diſmay:
And all their forts of greateſt height,
Their want of courage ſhall betray.
46 To th' everlaſting Lord be praiſe.
Let God, my Rock ſtill bleſſed be:
And let my ſong his glories raiſe,
Who from all dangers ſaved me.

47 Avenged by my God I am;
None to me wrong ſecurely does:
He makes tumultuous ſubjects tame,
And reſcues me from deadly foes.
48 Above rebellious inſolence,
O Lord, thou haſt advanced me:
And from the man of violence
Thy ſaving help hath ſet me free.

49 Therefore, among the heathens, I
Will thankfully thy acts proclaim:
And with my ſong continually
Advance the glories of thy name.
50 The Lord doth great ſalvation bring,
And gives rich mercies from his ſtore,
To *David* his anointed King,
And to his ſeed for evermore.

Pſalm XIX.

To the ſame Tune.

1 The Heav'ns throughout their vaſt extent
Proclaim their great Creatour's praiſe:

And

And the Star-ſpangled firmament
His wondrous workmanſhip diſplays.
2 Each day unto the next relates:
His daily providences ſtories:
Night likewiſe after night repeats
Renewed proſpects of his glories.

3 Where-ever men converſe by ſpeech,
Though various languages they uſe,
Theſe Preachers, underſtood by each,
Nature's Religion do infuſe.
4 Their line through all the earth is gone,
And their words reach its utmoſt bounds:
For in them dwells the glorious Sun,
Whoſe conſtant light the world ſurrounds.

5 Each morning, like a Bridegroom trim'd,
His golden beams adorn his face:
And as a Giant ſtrongly limb'd,
Rejoycing, he begins his race.
6 From th' Eaſtern point of Heaven bright,
He makes his progreſs to the Weſt:
Scatt'ring each-where both heat, and light,
With which all Creatures are refreſht.

Part II.

7 The Lord's moſt perfect Law revives,
And brings dead ſouls to life again:
Sure rules his Teſtimony gives,
Whereby true Wiſedom fools attain.

8 The Statutes of the Lord are right,
Pure joy from thence man's heart bedews:
His pure Commandments, ſaving light
Into blind Sinners eyes infuſe.

9 Clean is the Lord's moſt holy fear,
And endleſs bleſſedneſs beſtows:
Moſt perfect truth his judgments are,
And Juſtice doth them all compoſe.
10 Than much find Gold (which men ſo prize)
Far more deſireable they be:
Leſs ſweet the pureſt Honey is,
When from the Combs it drops moſt free.

11 Moreover, theſe, as truſty friends,
Thy ſervant faithfull warnings give:
And very great reward attends
Thoſe that by their directions live.
12 But who (Alas!) can fully know
The errours of this life ſo frail?
O purge me from thoſe ſins do thou,
Which though I know not, I bewail.

13 And keep me, Lord, that over me
Preſumptuous ſins no power gain:
So, from the great tranſgreſſion free,
My uprightneſs I ſhall retain.
14 The words which from my mouth do flow,
And thoughts conceived in my heart,
With favour, Lord, accept; for thou
My ſtrength, and my Redeemer art.

Psalm XX.

1 IN time of trouble, may the Lord
Vouchsafe thee audience:
May *Jacob*'s God, O King, afford
To thee, a sure defence.
2 May he, th' assistance of his grace,
When e'r thou need'st it, give:
And thee, from *Zion*'s holy place,
With strength'ning help relieve.

3 Each of thy off'rings may he prize,
And keep them all in mind:
And when thou burn'st a sacrifice,
May it acceptance find.
4 What thou desirest, may he give,
According to thy will:
And what thy counsels do contrive,
With good effect fulfill.

5 The banners which our hosts display,
Our God's great name shall bear:
And whiles we fight, our hearts shall say,
Lord, the King's prayers hear.
Thus shall we War successfully,
And joyfull triumphs have:
6 For now I know, the Lord most high
Will his Anointed save.

For from his holy heaven, he
His gracious ear shall bend:

And

And his right hand ſhall armed be,
Strong help to him to ſend.
7 On Chariots ſome for victory,
And ſome on horſe depend:
But on our God do we rely,
His name ſhall us defend.

8 Our foes, from falling to the ground,
Thoſe helps ſhall not ſecure:
But we with victory are crown'd,
And ſtand from danger ſure.
9 Lord, ſtill do thou thy people ſave,
And let our King be kind:
And may his ear, to what we crave,
Be graciouſly inclin'd.

Pſalm XXI.

1 THE King, O Lord, ſhall joy, to ſee
Thy ſtrength his part to take:
In the ſalvations wrought by thee,
What triumphs ſhall he make?
2 Thou haſt perform'd his hearts requeſt;
No wiſh it ſpent in vain:
And the deſires his lips expreſt,
He did of thee obtain.

3 Yea, ſometimes, were his very pray'rs
Prevented by thy grace:
The Crown of pureſt Gold he wears,
That, on his head did place.

4 And when he asked but to live,
Thy favour did extend
His life to length of days; and give
That too that ne'r ſhall end.

5 His glory is advanced high,
By thy ſalvations aid:
Both honour, and great Majeſty,
Upon him thou haſt laid.

6 ~~Thus~~. With endleſs bleſſings all his reign
Moſt happy haſt thou made:
And whiles thy face on him doth ſhine
His heart's exceeding glad.

7 For in the Lord the King doth place
Aſſured confidence:
And th' higheſt God's Almighty grace
His throne ſhall ſtrongly fence.

8 Thy foes, no ſhelter ſhall defend,
O King, where e're they are:
But thy right hand ſhall apprehend,
And juſtice ſmite them there.

9 They, by thy kindled wrath purſu'd,
Shall in its flames be burn'd:
As in the heated Oven, Wood
Is into aſhes turn'd.
Yea, the Lord's wrath with thine combin'd,
Its flames on them ſhall pour:
Thus Earth and Heav'n together join'd,
Shall wholly them devour.

10 Their

10 Their fruit likewiſe thou ſhalt deſtroy,
From th' whole earth's compaſs wide:
Nor ſhall their ſeed a room enjoy,
Where ſons of men reſide.
11 And juſtly too; for very ill
Againſt thee they deſign'd:
But could not what they meant, fulfill,
According to their mind.

12 Wherefore, thine arrows on the ſtring,
So ſore the reſt ſhall fright:
Their weapons from them they ſhall fling,
And ſeek to 'ſcape by flight.
13 Let thine own ſtrength, therefore, thy name
O Lord, with glory raiſe:
So ſhall our ſong thy pow'r proclaim,
And celebrate its praiſe.

Pſalm XXII.

[*To the Tune of Pſ.* 100.] All people, *&c.*
[*Or the Lamentation.*] O Lord in thee, *&c.*

1 O God, my God, why in this caſe
Forſaken am I thus by thee?
When, roaring, I implore thy grace,
Why ſtandeſt thou ſo far from me?
2 All the day long I cry, but find
That thou, my God, to me art deaf:
And all the night, I vent my mind
In loud complaints without relief.

3 Yet,

3 Yet, th' Holy one of *Iſrael*,
Is ſtill the name that makes thee known:
And, as thou doſt among us dwell,
So doſt thou all our praiſes own.
4 Our Fathers truſted in thy aid,
Nor was their confidence deceiv'd:
On thee, their greateſt hopes they laid,
And as they hop'd they were reliev'd.

5 Whenever they to thee did cry,
Salvation quick in anſwer came:
Upon thy help they did rely,
And never were repulſt with ſhame.
6 But I am trampled under foot,
As if a worm, not man, I were:
And, under publick diſrepute,
I ev'ry mans reproaches bear.

7 A laughing-ſtock to all am I,
When e're I meet them in their way
They ſhake their heads, whiles they go by,
And ſhooting out their lips, they ſay
8 He truſted in the Lord, that he
In time of danger would him ſave:
But if ſo dear to him he be,
Now let him his aſſiſtance have.

9 But by thy hand was I releaſt
From the ſtrait Womb to th' open air:
And when I ſuckt my Mothers Breaſt,
Thy arms her tender ſuckling bare.

10 Yea,

10 Yea, ever ſince from her cloſe Womb
Thy providence did me enlarge:
Thou did'ſt my gracious God become,
And took'ſt me for thy proper charge.

Part II.

11 Stand not, therefore, at diſtance now,
When grievous troubles are ſo near:
For none to me, but only thou,
O Lord, an helper doth appear.
12 With raging Bulls, in numbers great,
On ev'ry ſide I'm compaſt round:
Yea, mighty Bulls do me beſet,
Such as are bred in *Baſhan*'s ground.

13 On me with bell'wing noiſe they came,
Their mouths againſt me open were,
As lions, when they hunt their game,
The fearfull beaſts by roaring ſcare.
14 As weak as water is, I am,
My trembling joynts aſunder ſtart:
And as the wax before the flame,
So in me melts my fainting heart.

15 My tongue cleaves to my roof for drought,
My ſtrength is like a pot-ſherd dry'd:
To very duſt thou haſt me brought,
Like thoſe that long in grave reſide.
16 For, as the prey by bloody hounds,
So by th' ungodly I'm beſet:
Who tortur'd me with cruel wounds,
And pierc'd with nails my hands and feet.

17 They

17 They ſtrain'd my racked body ſo,
My very bones might all be told:
And, as a welcome ſight, my woe
With pleaſed eyes they did behold.
18 Then, my Tormentors, as their fee,
My cloaths among themſelves divide:
And whoſe my ſeamleſs coat ſhall be,
By caſting lots they do decide.

19 But do not thou from me in need
At ſuch a mighty diſtance ſtand:
O Lord, my ſtrength approach with ſpeed,
And help me with thy ſaving hand.
20 O ſave me, leſt the bloody ſword
Should my beloved ſoul devour:
Nor let the cruel dog, O Lord,
Have my dear life within his power.

21 By lions mouths leſt I be torn,
Out of their paws deliver me:
For from the Unicorn's ſharp horn,
I have been heard, O Lord, by thee.
22 Unto my brethren then will I
With gratefull voice declare thy name,
Amidſt th' aſſembled company
I'll in thy Church thy praiſe proclaim.

Part III.

23 Let all that ſerve the Lord, his praiſe
With awfull reverence declare:
All Jacob's ſeed his glory raiſe,
And ev'ry *Iſr'elite* him fear.

24 For

24 For the poor man's afflicted caſe
With ſcorn he never did deſpiſe:
Nor ever from him hid his face;
But bow'd his ear unto his cries.

25 Before the congregation great
Thy praiſes in my mouth ſhall be:
And where men fearing God do meet
I will perform my vows to thee.
26 My ſacrifice ſhall fill the meek,
So that their hearts ſhall ever live:
And to the Lord, whoe're him ſeek,
Shall everlaſting praiſes give.

27 Th' whole world theſe things to mind ſhall call,
And to the Lord converted be:
And all the Gentile's kindreds ſhall,
O Lord, devoutly worſhip thee.
28 For to the Lord it doth belong,
To th' earth's remoteſt ends to reign;
And t' him, the government among
All th' heathen Nations doth pertain.

29 All mighty Princes converts grown;
To him, his heav'nly food ſhall eat:
And worſhipping before his throne,
His favour proſtrate ſhall intreat.
Yea, all that to the duſt deſcend,
Bowing to him, ſhall mercy crave:
And, hopeleſs in themſelves, commend
Their parting ſouls to him to ſave.

30 T' his ſervice too, they ſhall aſſign
Their iſſue for an holy race:
The Lord ſhall count them of his line,
Whom he, for his, adopts by grace.
31 Yea, th' Ages yet to come, ſhall ſpread
His juſtice with deſerved fame:
To people, yet not born, nor bred,
What he hath done, they ſhall proclaim.

[*The ſame Pſalm in other Metre.*]

1 MY God, my God, in this ſad caſe
Why am I left by thee?
Why, when I roar, for ſuch a ſpace
Is thy help far from me?
2 Through all the day, my deareſt God,
I cry, but thou art deaf:
And all night long my voice is loud
But gains me no relief.

3 Yet doſt thou ſtill among us dwell,
Our Holy One's thy name;
And all the praiſe of *Iſrael*,
Exalts thy glorious fame.
4 Ev'n in our ancient fathers days,
Thou haſt been truſted on:
And, to thy everlaſting praiſe,
Thou waſt their Saviour known.

5 When they did call upon thy name
Deliv'rance they receiv'd:
Nor ever were repuls'd with ſhame,
When on thee they believ'd.

6 But

6 But I, more like a worm, than man,
Am trampled under foot:
All with reproach me entertain,
So vile they me repute.

7 To all men, in this caſe forlorn,
A laughing-ſtock am I:
They all make mouths at me in ſcorn,
And hold their heads awry.
8 He truſted in the Lord, (they jeer)
In hope that he would ſave him:
But, if to God he be ſo dear,
Now let him ſave, and have him.

9 But thou art he, that graciouſly
Me from the womb releaſt:
And waſt my hope, ev'n then, when I
Hung on my mothers breaſt.
10 Yea, e'r ſince from her teeming womb
Thou did'ſt me firſt enlarge:
To me thou did'ſt a God become,
And took'ſt me for thy charge.

Part II.

11 Be not therefore, now, far from me,
When troubl'ous times are near:
Becauſe from none, but only thee,
Doth any help appear.
12 With raging bulls, in numbers great,
I am encompaſt round:
Yea, mighty bulls do me beſet,
Fed fat in *Baſhan*'s ground.

13 On me with bell'wing noiſe they came,
Their mouths wide open'd were:
As Lions, when they hunt their game,
The beaſts by roaring ſcare.
14 As weak as water is, I am;
My joynts all looſen'd are:
And as wax melts before the flame,
So melts my heart for fear.

15 To me a ſherd like moiſture hath;
My tongue, for very drought,
Cleaves to my jaws; to duſt of death
So near thou haſt me brought.
16 For like a pack of bloudy hounds
Th' ungodly rout did meet:
And barb'rouſly with cruel wounds
Did pierce my hands and feet.

17 They ſtrain'd my tortur'd body ſo,
My bones might all be told:
And, as a welcome ſight, my woe
With pleaſure did behold.
18 Then, my tormentors, as their fee,
My garments did divide:
And, whoſe my ſeamleſs coat ſhould be,
By lot they did decide.

19 But do not thou, from me in need,
At ſo great diſtance ſtand:
O Lord, my ſtrength, do thou with ſpeed
Extend thy helping hand.

20 O ſave me, leſt the bloudy ſword
My darling ſoul devour:
Nor let the cruel dog, O Lord,
Have it within his pow'r.

21 Leſt I by Lions mouths be torn,
From them deliver me:
For, from the Unicorn's ſharp horn,
I have been heard by thee.
22 Unto my Brethren, then aloud
I will declare thy name:
In midſt of a religious crowd
I will thy praiſe proclaim.

Part III.

23 Let all that fear the Lord, with praiſe
Exalt him ev'ry where:
Let *Jacob*'s ſeed his glory raiſe,
And *Isr'el*'s ſeed him fear.
24 For he ne'r ſcorn'd, nor did deſpiſe
The poor's afflicted caſe:
But kindly heard his dolefull cries,
And did not hide his face.

25 Where holy crowds aſſembled are,
I'll utter praiſe to thee:
And before all that God do fear,
My vows perform'd ſhall be.
26 My ſacrifice impart I will
To fill the godly poor:
Who ſeek the Lord, ſhall praiſe him ſtill;
And live for evermore.

27 All the worlds ends, convinced, ſhall
To the Lord turned be:
And all the heathens kindreds fall
Down low, and worſhip thee.
28 For to the Lord it doth belong
In all the earth to reign:
And he the government among
All heathen Realms ſhall gain.

29 Yea, earthly Princes, converts grown,
His heav'nly food ſhall eat:
And humbly proſtrate at his throne,
His favour ſhall intreat.
Yea, all that to the duſt deſcend,
His grace ſhall humbly crave:
And, hopeleſs in themſelves, commend
Their ſouls to him to ſave.

30 And to God's ſervice ſhall engage
A conſecrated race:
Which he throughout each future age
To his account ſhall place.
31 To him they ſhall approach, and ſpread
His righteous works juſt fame:
That people yet not born nor bred,
May the Lord's acts proclaim.

Pſalm XXIII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 113.] Ye children, *&c.*

1 THE Lord my faithfull ſhepherd is;
Of nothing therefore can I miſs,
Which, to promote my good, I need:
2 In paſtures fair he doth me place,
All over ſpred with tender graſs,
Where to the full he doth me feed.

He leads me by the water's ſide,
Whoſe ſtreams with pleaſant ſmoothneſs glide;
3 He comforts me, when faint I am:
And, leſt at any time I ſtray,
In ev'ry good and righteous way
Guides me for th' honour of his name.

4 Yea, in the vale where death doth throw
Its diſmal ſhade, I fearleſs go;
For thou art with me, even there:
Thy rod and ſtaff do comfort me.
5 Thou, (which my foes repining, ſee,)
A table for me doſt prepare.

Thy oyl anoints my head, and thou
Makeſt my cup to overflow:
6 Mercy and goodneſs ſhall attend
Me ſurely, whiles I here abide:
And in thy houſe I will reſide,
Till parting breath my life ſhall end.

[*The ſame in other Metre.*]

1 THE Lord my faithfull ſhepherd is,
A ſheep of his am I:
With all that may promote my bliſs,
He will my needs ſupply.
2 In paſtures cloath'd with tender graſs
He makes me reſt, and feed: [paſs,
Paſtures, through which ſmooth ſtreams do
By which he doth me lead.

3 To ſtrengthen me, when faint I am,
Sound med'cines he provides:
And for the honour of his name,
In righteous paths me guides.
4 Yea, though in death's black ſhade I live,
No evil will I fear:
Thy Rod and Staff me comfort give,
For thou art with me there.

5 In preſence of my mortal foes
My Table thou doſt ſpread:
Filled by thee, my cup o'r flows;
Thy oyl anoints my head.
6 Mercy, and goodneſs, all my days,
Shall ſurely me attend:
And in God's houſe, to ſing his praiſe,
My life I'll wholely ſpend.

Pſalm

Pſalm XXIV.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 UNTO the Lord the earth belongs,
And whatſoever it contains:
The world, with all its buſie throngs,
Unto him only appertains:
2 For on the ſeas his mighty hand
At firſt layd its foundations faſt:
And on the floods, by his command,
It ever ſtands ſecurely plac't.

3. Unto the mountain of the Lord
What Son of mortal man ſhall climb?
And unto whom will he afford
A conſtant dwelling-place with him?
4 That man, whoſe hands are innocent,
Whoſe heart no heinous guilt defiles:
Whoſe ſoul is not to Idols bent:
Who by no cheating oath beguiles.

5 This is the man, whom ev'ry way
The Lord undoubtedly will bleſs:
Whom God his Saviour will repay,
According to his righteouſneſs.
6 For thoſe that do theſe things, alone,
Are branches of the holy race,
Whom thou, O *Jacob*'s God, wilt own
For the true ſeekers of thy face.

7 Lift both thy heads, thou two-leav'd Gate;
And your ſelves off your hinges fling,
Ye everlaſting doors: In ſtate
So enter ſhall the glorious King.
8 Who is this glorious King? what right
Hath he ſuch entrance to demand?
The Lord that doth excell in might;
Whom none in Battel can withſtand.

9 Lift both thy heads, thou two-leav'd Gate;
And your ſelves off your hinges fling,
Ye everlaſting doors: In ſtate
So enter ſhall the glorious King.
10 Who is this glorious King? what right
Hath he ſuch entrance to demand?
This glorious King's the Lord of might,
Who hath all Hoſts at his command.

Pſalm XXV.

[*To the proper Tune.*]

1 I Lift my ſoul to thee,
2 I Lord, truſting in thy name:
Let not my foes triumphant be,
Whiles I am put to ſhame.
3 No one let ſhame befall
That doth on thee attend:
But make it the reward of all
That cauſeleſly offend.

4 Thy

4 Thy holy ways do thou,
Lord, to thy ſervant ſhew:
Teach me the paths thou doſt allow,
That I in them may go.
5 Lord, lead me in thy truth,
Teach me to keep its way:
On thee, my God and Saviour, doth
My ſoul wait all the day.

6 Thy mercies call to mind,
And favours manifold:
Remember, how thou haſt been kind
To us in days of old.
7 My youths tranſgreſſions great
Blot out of thy record:
And in thy grace, I thee intreat,
Remember me, O Lord.

8 Goodneſs and Juſtice joyn'd
In God, promote his praiſe:
Whence, to teach ſinners he's inclin'd
The knowledge of his ways.
9 To make a judgment true
He will direct the meek:
And ſhew them what they are to doe,
When they his guidance ſeek.

10 All the Lord's paths they find
Made up of truth and grace:
Who do his Teſtimonies mind,
And Covenant embrace.

11 Lord, by great clemency,
Thy names great honour ſpread:
In pard'ning my iniquity,
Whoſe greatneſs doth exceed.

Part II.

12 Who 's he, that in his breaſt
The Lord doth truly fear?
In doubtfull ways, to chooſe the beſt,
He will his judgment clear.
13 An undiſturbed reſt
Shall that man's ſoul attend:
And th' earth ſhall be by them poſſeſt
That from his loins deſcend.

14 To thoſe that do him fear
The Lord his ſecrets tells:
And all their inward doubts to clear,
His Covenant reveals.
15 Unto the Lord I look,
With eyes ſtill on him ſet:
For he aſſuredly will pluck
My feet out of the net.

16 Lord, turn to me in grace,
And mercy to me ſhew:
For I'm in a forſaken caſe,
And very full of woe.
17 The griefs which overcharge
My heart, are much increaſt:
Set thou my ſtraiten'd ſpirit at large,
That I be not oppreſt.

18 Th' affliction I am in,
Behold, with all my pain:
And, by forgiving all my ſin,
Its ſad effects reſtrain.
19 See, Lord, mine enemies,
How numerous they be:
And cruel projects they deviſe,
Such ſpite they bear to me.

20 Deliver thou my ſoul,
That ſham'd I never be:
Becauſe with confidence I roll
All my concerns on thee.
21 Let my hearts uprightneſs
Me, and my cauſe protect:
For from the Lord, in all diſtreſs
Salvation I expect.

22 Unto thy ~~people~~, *Iſrael*,
O God, redemption ſend:
That all the troubles which they feel,
May have a ſpeedy end.
Let Father, Son, and Spirit
(Th' eternal three, and one)
All glory now, and ſtill inherit,
As they have ever done.

[*The ſame Pſalm, to the Tune of Pſalm* 148.]
Give laud unto, *&c.*

1 TO thee I lift my ſoul,
2 (Lord) truſting in thy name:

My

My foes proud boaſts controll,
By keeping me from ſhame.
3 Yea, none of all
Thoſe that on thee
Attendant be,
Let ſhame be fall.

But let it poured be
On thoſe that break thy laws;
And, by oppreſſing me,
Tranſgreſs without a cauſe.
4 Lord, ſhew me how
Thy ways to tread:
And where they lead;
Teach me to go.

5 My ſaving God, to me
Thy ſacred truth diſplay:
And teach me; for on thee
I wait throughout the day.
6 Thy mercies mind:
And as thou wa'ſt
Through all times paſt,
So, ſtill be kind.

7 Mind not, I thee intreat,
My youthfull ſins, O Lord:
And my tranſgreſſions great
Blot out of thy record.
But to thy heart,
Of thy great grace,
Lay thou my caſe:
For good thou art.

Part II.

8 That God is juſt, and kind,
Procures him double praiſe:
Whence, men to ſin enclin'd,
He'll teach to keep his ways.

9 The meek he'll lead
In judgment right
And give him light,
His paths to tread.

10 Who e'r his Cov'nant mind
And what he bids them, doe:
In all his paths do find
God, mercifull, and true.

11 Great praiſe, Lord, get,
By pardn'ing my
Iniquity,
For it is great.

12 Who's he, that in his breaſt
The Lord doth truly fear?
In doubts, to chooſe the beſt,
He will his judgment clear.

13 His ſoul ſhall free
From trouble reſt:
And th' earth poſſeſt
By his ſhall be.

14 To thoſe that do him fear
The Lord his ſecrets tells:
And all their doubts to clear,
His Cov'nant he reveals.

15 To him i'll look:
For he my feet
Out of the Net
Shall kindly pluck.

Part III.

16 Lord, turn to me in grace,
And mercy to me ſhow:
For very ſad's my caſe,
And I am full of woe.
17 My heart in me
Sore griefs oppreſs:
From my diſtreſs
Set thou me free.

18 Regard my grief, and pain,
And pardon all my ſin:
19 And all my foes reſtrain,
Whoſe hatred is ſo keen.
20 My ſoul defend
From ſin, and ſhame:
For on thy name
Do I depend.

21 Let mine integrity
From dangers me protect:
For thy aſſiſtance I
With patience do expect.
22 O God, ſet clear
Thine *Iſrael*
From what they feel,
And what they fear.

Gloria

Gloria Patri.

The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit of Holineſs,
(Th' eternal three, and one,)
We glorifie, and bleſs.
So t'was before
Time firſt began:
And ſo remain
Shall evermore.

Pſalm XXVI.

1 LORD, judge me, for I ever lov'd
The upright way to keep:
My truſt from God was ne'r remov'd,
Therefore I ſhall not ſlip.
2 Lord, I ſubmit me to thy teſt,
Search thou me narrowly:
To thee I open all my breaſt,
Do thou its ſecrets try.

3 For ſtill by me thy mercies are
As conſtant motives ey'd:
And by thy truths moſt perfect ſquare
I did my walkings guide.
4 With perſons giv'n to vanity
By choice I never ſate:
Nor with diſſembling company
Will I be intimate.

5 Ill livers fellowſhip hath been
My conſtant deteſtation:
Nor ſhall I ever haunt with men
Of evil Converſation.
6 Whence, when my hands I lift to thee,
No guilt ſhall there be found:
So, Lord, I one of them will be,
That croud thy Altar round,

7 That with my voice I may diſplay
Thy noble praiſes there:
And that with thankfulneſs I may
Thy wondrous works declare.
8 Thy houſe, O Lord, through all my days,
I've lov'd exceeding well:
That Tabernacle, where thy praiſe
Perpetually doth dwell.

9 Let not my ſoul be gather'd, then,
With ſinners ſouls to ſhare:
Nor let me end my life with men
That bloody-minded are.
10 Whoſe hands ſtill act the villany
Contriv'd within their heart:
And their right hands uſe bribery,
Juſt judgment to pervert.

11 But I, all juſt and honeſt deeds
Will conſtantly purſue:
O ſave me then, in all my needs,
And mercy to me ſhew.

12 Then

12 Then on a firm and even ground
My foot ſhall ſafely reſt:
And, with thy Saints encompaſt round,
I'll ſay, the Lord be bleſt.

Pſalm XXVII.

1 WHom ſhould I fear? the Lord to me
Salvation is, and light.
My only ſtrength of life is he;
Who then ſhall me affright?
2 When wicked men, my deadly foes
Combin'd my fleſh to tear:
They ſtumbled oft; and in the cloſe,
Quite overthrown they were.

3 With an whole Hoſt of enemies
Incamp'd, i'll not be ſcar'd:
My ſoul, ſhould wars againſt me riſe,
This confidence ſhould guard.
4 One thing my earneſt wiſhes have,
Petition'd God to give;
Which I do ſtill reſolve to crave:
Within his houſe to live.

That I, within his Temple may
Behold his beauteous face:
Enquire of him, and to him pray,
Within his holy place.
5 Then in moſt troublous times ſecure
His Tent ſhall ſhelter me:

I, in

I, in his Tabernacle ſure,
As on a rock, ſhall be.

6 And now ſhall my advanced head
Be lifted up on high,
Above my foes, whoſe numbers ſpread,
And round about me lie.
Whence, to his Tabernacle, I
Off'rings of joy will bring:
And the Lord's name to magnifie,
My loudeſt voice ſhall ſing.

Part II.

7 Lord, when my voice doth cry to thee,
With liſt'ning ears attend:
And let thy mercy unto me
A ſpeedy anſwer ſend.
8 Seek ye my face, when thou did'ſt ſay,
My heart did thus reply:
Sith thou thus bid'ſt, Lord, I obey,
For ſeek thy face will I.

9 Hide not that face far off, and in
Wrath turn me not away:
O God my Saviour, thou haſt been
My help, be ſtill my ſtay.
10 When Father ſhall withdraw his love,
And Mother me forſake:
The Lord's kind bowels ſhall him move,
The charge of me to take.

11 O Lord, let thy inſtruction make
My ſoul thy ways to tread:
And for my watchfull enemies ſake
In a plain path me lead.
12 Unto the will of enemies
Let me not ſubject lie:
For they againſt me witneſs lies,
And breath out cruelty.

13 My fainting ſpirit had loſt its hold,
But faith aſſured me,
That the Lord's goodneſs yet I ſhould
Among the living ſee.
14 Wait on the Lord, my ſoul, and be
Of an undaunted heart:
Wait on the Lord, and he to thee
Shall quick'ning ſtrength impart.

Pſalm XXVIII.

1 O Lord, my Rock, to thee I cry;
Let thy voice anſwer mine:
Leſt, if an anſwer thou deny,
I to the grave decline.
2 Lord, to my loud requeſts attend,
And grant what I intreat:
When I my craving hands extend
Toward thy mercy-ſeat.

3 With men that wickedly combine,
Lord, take me not away:

Who,

Who, whiles they ſpeak them fair, deſign
Their neighbours to betray.
4 Thoſe miſchiefs which their hearts contrive,
Repay to them in kind:
And the ſame meaſure that they give,
Let evil workers find.

5 Becauſe they value not at all
What the Lord's hands have wrought;
They ne'r ſhall thrive, but by him ſhall
Be to deſtruction brought.
6 The Lord's moſt holy name by me
Shall evermore be bleſt:
For when I call'd upon him, he
Gave ear to my requeſt.

7 The Lord is ſtill my ſtrong defence,
And my protecting ſhield:
When in him I had confidence,
I was by him upheld.
Wherefore my heart with largeſt joys
Is plentifully fill'd:
And, in a thankfull Song, my voice
Due praiſe to him ſhall yield.

8 Thoſe that upon the Lord depend,
His ſtrong aſſiſtance have:
The ſtrength which he to him ſhall ſend,
Shall his Anointed ſave.
9 Save, Lord, thy choſen people, and
Bleſs thine inheritance:
Let thy care feed, and thy right hand
For ever them advance.

Pſalm XXIX.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 113] Ye children, *&c.*

1 STrength to the Lord, and glory give,
Ye that from mighty men derive
The noble blood that fills your veins.
2 Due honours on his name beſtow,
And in his Sanctuary bow
Where holineſs with beauty ſhines.

3 The Lord of glory ſpeaks aloud,
When thunder tears the watry cloud,
And hollow ſeas reflect the noiſe.
4 No pow'r on earth like his is fam'd;
No Majeſty 's ſo loud proclaim'd,
As God is by his thund'ring voice.

5 When forth the Lord his voice doth ſend,
The mighty force thereof doth rend
The Cedars into ſhivers ſmall:
Ev'n Cedars firmly rooted on
The lofty crags of *Lebanon*
Before his pow'rfull voice do fall.

6 Yea, th' hills themſelves, on which they [grow,
(As wanton Calves skip to and fro)
From place to place are lightly born:
Ev'n *Lebanon*, and *Syrion*, too,
Dance from the ground on which they grew,
Like the young Fole of th' Unicorn.

7 His

7 His voice the light'ning flames doth ſpread:
8 And ſhakes the wilderneſs for dread,
Ev'n *Kadeſh*--wilderneſs doth ſhake.
9 The Hinds miſcarry with the fright, [night,
And where thick woods ſpread conſtant
Thoſe piercing flaſhes day do make.

But moſt he's in his Temple fam'd,
By ev'ry tongue he's there proclaim'd:
10 He Sov'reign ſits upon the ſeas.
The Lord, as King, doth ever live;
11 He to his people ſtrength will give,
And bleſs them with aſſured peace.

Pſalm XXX.

1 I will exalt thee, Lord, for I
Exalted am by thee:
My foes thou did'ſt not gratifie
With triumphs over me.
2 O Lord my God, my wofull cry
Importun'd thy relief:
And thou thy help did'ſt ſoon apply,
To heal me of my grief.

3 Lord, from the confines of the grave,
Thou did'ſt my ſoul revive:
Yea, from the pit thou did'ſt me ſave,
That I am yet alive.
4 Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his:
Bear thankfully in mind

How

How great in holineſs he is,
How bountifully kind.

5 One moment doth his anger end;
His grace doth life conveigh:
Good men a night in tears may ſpend,
But joy returns with day.
6 I once thought in a proſp'rous day,
'Twould ne'r be night with me:
My fooliſh heart was apt to ſay,
I ſhall not moved be.

7 Not minding, that 'twas from thy grace,
That ſtrong my mountain ſtood:
Thou therefore, juſtly hid'ſt thy face,
And trouble ſoon enſu'd.
8 My Tune likewiſe I alter'd ſoon,
And to the Lord I cry'd:
With humble ſupplication
His ears I daily ply'd.

9 What profit's in my bloud, (ſaid I)
When in the pit I am?
Can ſilent duſt thee glorifie?
Can it thy truth proclaim?
10 Encline thine ear, therefore, O Lord,
And mercy on me have:
Thy ſaving help to me afford,
And keep me from the grave.

11 Then, did'ſt thou change my mourning tone
Into a dancing ſtrain:

And

And for my ſackcloth did'ſt put on
My cheerfull veſt again.
12 That ſo my glory might with praiſe
Expreſs its thanks to thee:
O Lord my God, throughout my days,
My Song ſhall gratefull be.

Pſalm XXXI.

1 O Lord, I do, in all diſtreſs
Place all my truſt in thee:
O ſave me in thy righteouſneſs,
And caſt no ſhame on me.
2 Thy gracious ear unto me bow,
And quick deliv'rance ſend:
My caſtle on a rock be thou,
Whoſe walls may me defend.

3 For thou my fortreſs art in need,
The rock to which I fly:
For thy names ſake me therefore lead,
And guide me faithfully.
4 Pull me out of the net, which they
Have cloſely laid for me:
The ſtrength on which my ſelf I ſtay,
Is wholly, Lord, in thee.

5 Lord God of truth, this ſpirit of mine
I to thy hands commit:
The ſpirit which is by purchaſe thine,
For thou redeemed'ſt it.

6 Thoſe

6 Thoſe that falſe Idol-vanities
Eſteem, I have abhor'd:
But whilſt they reſt themſelves on lies,
My truſt is in the Lord.

7 I, in thy mercy will be glad,
For thou did'ſt take my part:
Thou knew'ſt my ſoul when it was ſad,
And laid'ſt my grief to heart.
8 Nor did'ſt thou leave me to become
A priſ'ner to my foe:
But on my feet a ſpacious room
To walk in, did'ſt beſtow.

Part II.

9 Lord, thy compaſſion let me find;
For troubled ſore am I:
My ſpirits fail, my belly's pin'd,
And grief conſumes mine eye.
10 I waſte my life and years in groans,
To give my ſorrows vent:
My grief for ſin ſo dries my bones,
That all their moiſture's ſpent.

11 Thoſe that my mortal en'mies were,
Therewith reproach'd me ſore:
But chiefly they, who, dwelling near,
Convers'd with me the more.
Yea, my familiar friends, for fear,
Durſt not their friend to own:
They ſneakt when e'r I did appear,
And left me quite alone.

12 The dead that are quite out of mind,
Yet are not more forgot:
No more regard from men I find,
Than hath a broken pot.
13 For frequent ſlanders fill'd mine ears,
By many tongues diſperſt;
And I was compaſt round with fears
Wherever I converſt.

Among falſe Traitours ev'ry where
Conſpiracies were riſe:
And deep contrivances there were
To take away my life.
14 But yet my faith, no whit diſmai'd,
Firm on the Lord did ſtand:
For ſtill, Thou art my God, I ſaid,
15 My times are in thy hand.

Out of the hand of all my foes
Deliver me therefore:
And ſave me from the hand of thoſe
That perſecute me ſore.
16 Upon thy humble ſervant make
Thy pleaſed face to ſhine:
And for thy tender mercies ſake,
To ſave me, Lord, incline.

Part III.

17 From ſhame, O Lord, preſerve thou me,
For call'd on thee I have:
Let wicked men be ſham'd by thee,
And ſilenc'd in the grave.

18 Let

18 Let thoſe falſe lips be ever ty'd
Their ſilence not to break,
Who grievous things in haughty pride
Againſt the righteous ſpeak.

19 How great for thoſe that do thee fear,
Thy mercies treaſures be!
Wrought in the ſight of men they are,
For all that truſt in thee.
20 Thy preſence-Chamber from the pride
Of men ſhall keep them ſure:
And in thy Tent they ſhall be hid
From ſtriving tongues ſecure.

21 The Lord be bleſt, in wondrous ſorts
Who love to me diſpens'd:
As in a Gariſon, with forts
And rampiers ſtrongly fenc'd.
22 I am cut off before thine eyes,
O Lord, in haſt I ſaid:
Yet all my ſupplicating cries
Thou heardeſt, when I pray'd.

23 To love the Lord, let all Saints joyn;
He doth the faithfull guard:
And juſtly to the proud aſſign
A plentifull reward.
24 All ye whoſe hopes God's goodneſs ſtays,
With courage cheer your heart:
For he, your drooping ſpirits to raiſe
Shall quick'ning ſtrength impart.

Psalm XXXII.

[*To the Tune of Psalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 BLeſt is the man, whom God in grace
From his tranſgreſſion doth acquit:
Whoſe ſins he freely doth remit,
And cover from his angry face
2 Bleſt is the man, upon whoſe ſcore
He chargeth no iniquity:
And he that in Sincerity
Reſolved is to ſin no more.

3 Whiles I my ſin in ſilence hid,
All the day long grief made me roar:
The fire pent up, did burn the more,
Wherewith my very bones were dry'd.
4 For on my Spirit, night and day,
Thy hand an heavy burden bound;
That, like the Summer-ſcorched ground,
My moiſture was quite drain'd away.

5 Then, by confeſſion made to thee,
My ſecret guilt I did reveal:
I did not any one conceal,
Of all the ſins that troubled me.
Thus I reſolv'd, and thus I did.
To God I ſaid, I have tranſgreſt:
And of the ſins that I confeſt,
Thy pardon was to none deny'd.

6 By

6 By my example heartned, all
That Godly are, when guilt doth wound,
Shall timely, whiles thou maiſt be found,
To thee, O Lord, for mercy call.
Whence, each of them, when wrath divine
Like mighty flouds aloud ſhall roar,
Or waves, when they aſſault the ſhore,
Shall all its force untoucht decline.

Part II.

7 From troubles, thou, my hiding place,
O Lord, ſhall keep me ſafe and ſound:
And joyfull ſongs ſhall me ſurround,
When thus deliver'd by thy grace.
8 Learn then, O ſinfull man, of me
The way in which thou ought'ſt to tread:
I will thee teach, and ſafely lead,
And with mine eye i'll manage thee.

9 Be thou not like th' ungovern'd Horſe,
Or Mule, which reaſon doth not lead;
But bit and bridle both they need,
And are from miſchief kept by force.
10 A world of ſorrows ſhall confound
The wicked man on ev'ry ſide:
But thoſe that in the Lord confide
His ſaving mercy ſhall ſurround.

11 Let juſt men, then, no more be ſad,
But let them in the Lord rejoyce:
And upright hearts with ſhouting voice,
Proclaim his grace that made them glad.

Psalm XXXIII.

1 WITH joyfull hearts unto the Lord
O let the righteous ſing:
For when th' upright God's praiſe record,
It is a comely thing.

2 His praiſes on the Harp preſent,
The well-tun'd Pſaltry bring:
And on a ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument
His worthy praiſes ſing.

3 In a ſong new before this day
Compos'd, exalt your voice:
And with ſtrings ſtrain'd to th' higheſt key,
Make a melodious noiſe.

4 For right in ev'ry part's his word,
And rule of righteouſneſs:
And all the works done by the Lord,
Its verity expreſs.

5 He righteouſneſs doth dearly love,
And judgment juſt he wills:
His plenteous mercy, from above,
The earth all over fills.

6 The Lord did, by his word alone,
Create the Heav'ns above:
His truth each Star fixt where it ſhone,
And as he bade, they move.

7 The waters which the Sea compoſe,
He gath'reth as an heap:

And

And in his Store-houſe doth incloſe
The ſtreams that fill the deep.
8 Let all the earth, with fear devout,
Worſhip the Lord therefore:
And all that dwell the world throughout,
With rev'rence him adore.

9 For from his mouth no ſooner brake
The word, but all things were:
And the commanding word he ſpake,
Fixt all things as they are
10 The Heathens counſels unto nought,
The Lord's great wiſedom brings:
Nor do their projects, as they thought,
Effect deſigned things.

11 But the Lord's councels ever ſtand,
According to his mind;
All Generations find, his hand
Does what his heart deſign'd.
12 To have him then for God, 's the Crown
Of any Nations bliſs:
And whom he chooſeth for his own,
That people happy is.

Part II.

13 The Lord, from off his heav'nly throne,
Hath all the earth in view:
And of th' whole race of men, there's none
That can his ſight eſchew,
14 The Lord, I ſay, from Heav'n above,
His piercing eye did throw,

On Sons of Men, who live, and move
On this poor ſpot below.

15 Their hearts alike he faſhioneth,
And therefore knows them all:
And equally conſidereth
The works of great and ſmall.
16 A King's not fav'd thereby, though he
A num'rous Army have:
Yea, ſtrength of limbs, though great it be,
The mighty cannot ſave.

17 The ſteed, for ſafety truſted on,
Will prove an empty thing:
His Horſes mighty ſtrength to none
Can hoped ſafety bring.
18 Behold, the Lord doth kindly eye
All them that do him fear:
To thoſe that do on it rely,
His mercy doth appear.

19 From cruel deaths deſtroying hand
Their precious ſouls to ſave:
And when the dearth lays waſte the Land,
To keep them from the grave.
20 Our Soul doth on the Lord attend,
Till he deliv'rance yield:
To us, who on his help depend,
He is an help and ſhield.

21 For our enlarged heart ſhall be
In him exceeding glad:

Becauſe

Becauſe on's holy name have we
Our firm affiance ſtaid.
22 To us thy mercy, Lord, diſpenſe,
And let it on us be;
According as our confidence
Is firmly fixt on thee.

Pſalm XXXIV.

1 IN this worlds various changes, I
The Lord will ever bleſs:
And with my mouth continually
His praiſe I will expreſs.
2 My ſoul to his ſole favour, all
Her boaſtings ſhall confine:
The humble, when they hear it, ſhall
Their triumphs mix with mine.

3 Come, therefore, let us all combine,
To ſpread the Lords great fame:
And let us all our voices joyn,
To magnifie his name.
4 Unto the Lord, with fear oppreſt,
I humbly did complain:
He heard me ſoon, and me releaſt;
And prov'd my terrours vain.

5 As many as to him did look,
Their faces lightſome were:
He ſham'd them not with a rebuke,
But kindly took their prayr.

6 This poor man, whom you ſee, did cry
Unto him, and was heard:
And was deliver'd ſpeedily
From all the ill he fear'd.

7 God's guard of heav'nly Sentenels
Doth holy men ſurround:
Which all their enemies repells,
And keeps them ſafe, and ſound.
8 If any doubt, come, taſte, and ſee,
That the Lord gracious is:
And thoſe that true believers be,
Are in a ſtate of bliſs.

9 O fear the Lord, all ye his Saints,
And have your needs ſupply'd:
To make ſuch happy, nothing wants;
God doth it all provide.
10 Young Lions prey proves often ſcant,
They pine for want of food:
But none that ſeek the Lord, ſhall want
Ought, that may do them good.

Part II.

11 Come, Children, unto what I ſay,
Lend an attentive ear:
I will inſtruct you in the way,
How ye the Lord ſhould fear.
12 Where is, (yea, where is not,) the man,
That doth deſire to live?
That would to length of days attain,
And earths good things receive.

13 Let

13 Let him from me theſe counſels take,
Thy Tongue from ill refrain:
And, leſt deceitfull words they ſpeak,
Thy lips do thou reſtrain.
14 All lewd, and vicious ways decline,
And honeſt actions doe:
Make ſeeking peace, thy great deſign,
And ever it purſue.

15 The Lord's moſt favourable eyes
Upon the righteous are:
And unto ſuch mens earneſt cries
Still open is his ear.
16 But againſt men that live amiſs,
He ſets his angry face:
Their very names, and memories,
Out of the earth to raſe.

17 When righteous men devoutly cry,
The Lord his ear doth bend:
And out of all adverſity
Doth them deliv'rance ſend
18 To them that broken-hearted are,
The Lord is ever nigh:
He makes the contrite ſpirits his care,
To ſave them ſpeedily.

19 Many, and ſore, the troubles be,
That do the juſt befall:
But the Lord's goodneſs ſets him free,
And ſaves him in them all.

20 And

20 And though for lighter harms he groan,
God ſafeguards life and limb:
He feels not any broken bone,
For all are kept by him.

21 Ill livers, ſome unuſual fate
Shall haſten to their end:
And thoſe that do the righteous hate,
Deſtruction ſhall attend.
22 His ſervants ſouls, in dangers great,
The Lord doth ſtill redeem:
And no man ſhall be deſolate,
That puts his truſt in him.

Pſalm XXXV.

1 AGainſt thoſe, Lord, defend my right,
That daily with me ſtrive:
And againſt thoſe that with me fight,
To me aſſiſtance give.
2 With ſhield, and buckler, Lord, appear;
Thus arm'd, before me ſtand:
3 Extend likewiſe thy deadly ſpear,
With thine Almighty hand:

Againſt my perſecuting foes,
Lord ſtop thou up the way:
And to my ſoul, when men oppoſe,
I'm thy ſalvation, ſay.
4 Confound, and put them all to ſhame,
That would not let me live:

And

And turn them back the way they came,
That harm to me contrive.

5 As ſcatter'd chaff before the wind,
Diſpers'd be they in haſte:
By th' Angel of the Lord, behind,
And guilty terrours chac't.
6 Let ſlipp'ry ways, as dark as night,
Increaſe their flying fear:
While th' Angel's ſword, advanc't to ſmite,
Purſues them in the rear.

7 For cauſeleſly their net they hid,
To catch me in a pit:
When, though no harm to them I did,
For me they digged it.
8 Deſtruction ſeiſe him unperceiv'd,
From his own hidden toyl:
And let the miſchief he contriv'd,
Upon himſelf recoil.

9 Then, in the Lord's ſalvation, I
In ſoul will joyfull be:
10 And ev'ry bone of mine, ſhall cry,
Lord, who is like to thee?
Who work'ſt deliv'rance for the poor,
From thoſe whoſe might exceeds:
And from the ſpoiler doſt ſecure
The poor, and him that needs.

Part II.

11 Unto my charge, things I ne'r knew,
Falſe witneſſes did lay:
12 For good they paid me evil, who
Would make my life their prey.
13 But I, when they were ſick, did faſt;
In ſackcloth too I mourn'd:
And to my charitable breaſt
My pray'r for them return'd.

14 No greater love could I have ſhewn,
Unto my deareſt brother:
I bow'd down heavily, as one
That mourneth for his mother.
15 But unto them, my halting day
Made moſt delightfull ſport:
To tell, and hear the good news, they
Together did reſort.

Yea, very abjects here, and there,
Did in cloſe meetings plot:
Where at their pleaſure they did tear
My name, and ceaſed not.
16 With hypocrites, who at their feaſts
To mock me took delight:
And with their teeth amidſt their jeſts,
They gnaſht at me for ſpite.

17 When wilt thou, Lord, aſſert my cauſe,
And ſuch ſoul deeds controll?
From theſe devouring lion's jaws
Set free my darling ſoul.

18 Then,

18 Then, where thy Saints aſſemble, there,
I will give thanks to thee:
And where much people gather'd are,
Thy praiſe ſhall utter'd be.

19 Let not my fall make mirth for thoſe
That hate me wrongfully:
Nor let my unprovoked foes
Wink with a ſcornfull eye.
20 For nothing leſs they mean than peace,
Though they ſpeak wondrous fair:
Againſt men loving quietneſs,
Their heads ſtill plotting are.

Part III.

21 Yea, their black mouths they ſtretched wide,
To wound with tongues moſt keen:
Aha! aha! they fleering, cry'd,
We know what we have ſeen.
22 This carriage too, Lord, thou haſt ſeen,
With thine all-ſearching eye:
To break thy ſilence, then begin,
And unto me come nigh.

23 Rouſe up thy ſelf, my Judge, awake,
To judge me by thy Laws:
My God, and Lord do thou partake
In my moſt righteous cauſe.
24 According to thy righteouſneſs,
Let me receive my doom:
And let not them their joy expreſs,
To ſee me overcome.

25 Within

Part II.

11 Unto my charge, things I ne'r knew,
Falſe witneſſes did lay:
12 For good they paid me evil, who
Would make my life their prey.
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Set free my darling ſoul.

18 Then,

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23 Rouſe up thy ſelf, my Judge, awake,
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My God, and Lord do thou partake
In my moſt righteous cauſe.
24 According to thy righteouſneſs,
Let me receive my doom:
And let not them their joy expreſs,
To ſee me overcome.

25 Within

25 Within their hearts ne'r let them ſay,
Aha! this likes us well:
Nor that they have made me their prey,
Let them their fellows tell.
26 May they, and all that take their parts,
In ſhame together ſhare;
Whoever joyfull in their hearts
At my miſchances are.

Let them be cloathed with diſgrace,
And compaſs'd round with ſhame:
That labour thus, me to debaſe,
To get themſelves a name.
27 But let all thoſe who dare aſſert
My righteous cauſe, rejoyce:
Let them the gladneſs of their heart
Declare with ſhouting voice.

Yea, let them ſay continually,
Be the Lord's name extoll'd:
Who loveth, in proſperity
His Servant to behold.
28 And I, thy righteouſneſs to raiſe,
Will exerciſe my tongue:
Whole days throughout i'll ſing thy praiſe,
And never think it long.

Pſalm XXXVI.

[*To the Tune of Pſ* 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 WHiles I beho'd the ſinners ways,
My heart convinc'd within me ſays,
Though

Though his tongue own a God, he lies:
No fear of him's before his eyes.
2 With hopes of ſecreſie, mean while,
His flatt'ring heart doth him beguile:
Until ſome hateful wickedneſs
Bewray what fain he would ſuppreſs.

3 His mouth doth vent iniquity,
And in his talk deceit doth lie:
He is of wiſedom quite bereft,
And all good deeds by him are left.
4 Upon his ſolitary bed,
He forgeth miſchief in his head:
In no good way engag'd he is;
To him no evil comes amiſs.

5 Thy mercy, Lord, that ſuch forbears,
Heav'ns conſtant influence declares:
Thy everlaſting faithfulneſs
The Clouds to all the world expreſs.
6 Man's juſtice is by thine ſurpaſt,
As mole-hills are by mountains vaſt:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep;
Thy bounty man and beaſt doth keep.

Part II.

7 O God, how great an height of bliſs
Th' attainment of thy favour is!
Whence Sons of men their confidence
Place in thy ſhad'wing wings defence.
8 For thoſe that do ſo, ſhall be fill'd
With dainties which thy houſe does yield:
And

And all their thirſts ſhall quenched be
With Rivers of delights from thee.

9 From thee, when creature ſtreams run low,
Perpetual ſprings of life do flow:
And though created light decay,
Thy face ſhall make eternal day.
10 O let thy favour ever flow
To cheer the ſouls that do thee know:
Thy righteouſneſs do thou impart
To all that are upright in heart.

11 Let not the foot of haughty foes
Advance to trouble my repoſe:
Nor from the place wherein I ſtand,
Let me be mov'd by wicked hand.
12 Lo, there; how God my cauſe doth own!
There lie the wicked overthrown:
Orthrown they are; and never more
Their fallen intereſt can reſtore.

Pſalm XXXVII.

1 FRET not thy ſelf when thou ſhalt ſee
Ungodly mens ſucceſs:
And though ill-doers proſp'rous be,
Thy envious thoughts ſuppreſs
2 For they ſhall quickly be cut down,
As is the mowing graſs:
Whoſe moiſture dries before the Sun,
However green it was.

Truſt

3 Truſt in the Lord, and take in hand
Each good and vertuous deed:
So thou inhabit ſhalt the Land,
And certainly be fed.
4 On him, likewiſe, thy whole delight
Place thou continually:
And ev'ry lawfull appetite
Of thine, ſhall he ſupply.

5 Thy ways unto the Lord reſign,
And to his care commend:
And he ſhall bleſs each work of thine,
With a deſired end.
6 Before the world, thy queſtion'd right
He alſo ſhall diſplay:
And make thy judgment ſhine as bright
As is the perfect day.

7 With patience on the Lord rely,
Nor let thy ſpirit grieve,
When proſperous iniquity
Which bad men plot, doth thrive.
8 Within thee, let not anger reſt;
Thy wrathfull thoughts reſtrain:
At leaſt, when ſuch thoughts haunt thy breaſt
From evil acts refrain.

9 For thoſe ſhall come t'an evil end
That live ungodly lives:
But on the Lord when men attend,
To them the earth he gives.

10 The

10 The wicked ſhall remain, at moſt,
But for a little ſpace:
He and his name ſhall ſoon be loſt
From his own dwelling place.

Part II.

11 But men of humble minds inherit
The earth, and dwell at eaſe:
Their ſtate is ſuited to their ſpirit;
For both abound in peace.
12 The plotting wicked man contrives
The juſt to overthrow:
He gnaſheth with his teeth, and grieves,
To ſee him proſper ſo.

13 But at the ill he doth intend,
The Lord in ſcorn doth ſmile:
Becauſe he knows his woſull end
Is haſt'ning all the while.
14 With their drawn ſword, and bended bow,
The wicked ambuſh lay:
The poor and needy t' overthrow,
And men of upright way.

15 But the ſame ſword ſhall pierce their heart,
Which they for others meant:
So ſhall their bows to pieces ſtart,
And fail their curſt intent.
16 One juſt mans moderate eſtate
Is, in true value, more,
Than all the wealth, which many great
And bad men have in ſtore.

17 For

17 For wicked great mens potent arms
The Lord ſhall ſurely break:
But keep the juſt from fatal harms,
Though he be ne'r ſo weak.
18 The time that upright men ſhall live,
God's favour doth ſecure:
The portion he to them doth give,
For ever ſhall endure.

19 In worſt of times they ſafe ſhall ſtand,
And bluſh at no defeat:
And when ſore famine pines the land,
They to the full ſhall eat.
20 But wicked men, who have preſum'd
The Lord's wrath to provoke:
Like fat of lambs in flame conſum'd,
Shall vaniſh into ſmoke.

Part III.

21 The wicked borr'wing doth refuſe
His juſt debts to diſcharge:
Whereas the righteous mercy ſhews,
And is in bounties large.
22 For ſuch as God doth bleſs, ſhall have
The earths inheritance:
And thoſe he curſes, to their grave
Shall come by ſad miſchance.

23 God doth the good man's ſteps diſpoſe,
So, that they're order'd right:
And in the way wherein he goes,
The Lord doth take delight.

24 He

24 He ſhall not wholly be caſt down,
Though he may ſometimes ſlip,
For him, from being overthrown,
The Lord's right hand ſhall keep.

25 In all the time that I have been,
From youth, to th' hoary head,
The Juſt forlorn I ne'r have ſeen,
Nor his ſeed beg their bread.
26 For he is always merciſull,
To men in want to lend:
Whence benedictions plentiſull
Unto his ſeed extend.

27 Learn then, to fly whatever's ill;
Lay up good works in ſtore:
For that's the way to proſper ſtill,
And dwell for evermore.
28 For judgment ſtill the Lord affects,
His ſaints his grace defends:
But bad mens ſeed, whom he rejects
Come to untimely ends.

Part IV.

29 The righteous, in the promis'd land,
Inheritance obtains:
His habitation there ſhall ſtand,
As long as time remains.
30 The juſt man's mouth, when e'r he ſpeaks,
With wiſedom overflows:
And when his tongue its ſilence breaks,
Great truths it doth diſcloſe.

31 His

31 His God's moſt holy law within
His heart the juſt man keeps:
And ſo obſerves it, that therein
He makes no ſliding ſteps.
32 The wicked plotting, lies at catch
Againſt the righteous man:
And all advantages doth watch
To ſlay him, if he can.

33 But the juſt Lord him will not leave
To fall into his hands:
Nor will againſt him ſentence give,
When at his bar he ſtands.
34 In the Lord's ways expecting, ſtand,
And he ſhall raiſe thee high:
For thou inherit ſhalt the land,
And ſee the wicked die.

35 The wicked I my ſelf have ſeen
Advanc'd to high degree:
He ſpred his boughs as freſh, and green,
As is the lawrel tree.
36 Yet, while I look'd, away he roll'd,
And did no more appear:
I ſought him where he dwelt, but could
Of him no tidings hear.

37 Mark well the perfect man, and mind
The juſt at his deceaſe:
For who obſerveth him, ſhall find
He ends his days in peace.

38 But wicked livers joyn'd in ſin,
Joint-ruine ſhall attend:
The bad man's life may fair begin,
But very foul doth end.

39 But from the Lord all righteous men
Salvation ſhall receive:
And when they are in trouble, then
His ſtrength ſhall them relieve.
40 Their ſaving help, the Lord ſhall be,
And them deliv'rance ſend:
From wicked hands he ſhall them free,
S'ith they on him depend.

Pſalm XXXVIII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, &c.

1 O gracious Lord, rebuke me not,
When thy provoked wrath doth ſmoak;
When thy diſpleaſure waxeth hot,
Let me not feel thy angry ſtroke.
2 For thy keen ſhafts in me ſtick faſt;
I cannot pull them out again:
Thoſe darts th' Almighty's hand did caſt,
Sore vex me with tormenting pain.

3 Thine anger doth enflame my wound,
So that my fleſh it putrifies:
My wearied bones no reſt have found;
'Cauſe Sin unpardon'd on me lies.

4 Like

4 Like drowning billows, o're my head
My great iniquities are gone:
And like a ſinking weight of lead,
My heavy ſins do preſs me down.

5 My gangren'd wounds afflict me ſore;
Their noyſome ſtench I cannot bear:
Whiles I my fooliſhneſs deplore,
Which in ſuch guilt did me enſnare.
6 My back for weakneſs greatly bends,
Diſtorted by my malady:
My ſtrength continual mourning ſpends;
No reſpite hath my weeping eye.

7 For, with a loathſome foul diſeaſe,
My loins are full of grievous pain:
My fleſh throughout, its force doth ſeiſe,
No part of it doth ſound remain.
8 Enfeebled therewithall am I,
And ev'n to ſhivers broken ſore:
Whiles, in my hearts perplexity,
I do, for very anguiſh, roar.

9 Lord, My deſire to thee is known,
To whom my boſome open lies:
Nor need I, when I ſigh, and groan,
To tell thee, what my meaning is.
10 The beatings of my panting breaſt,
The tears that make my eyes to fail,
So that their very ſight is ceaſt;
Sad ſymptomes are of what I ail.

Part II.

11 My lovers and my friends grew ſhy,
For from my ſore they ſtood aloof:
And, as when men infection fly,
My next of kin ſtood fartheſt off.
12 They alſo that my life do ſeek,
Deceitfull ſnares for me do lay;
My foes of plotted miſchief ſpeak,
And meditate deceits all day.

13 But I, thereof no notice took,
As one that hard of hearing were:
Like a dumb man that never ſpoke,
To anſwer them I did forbear.
14 Thus did I let them talk their fill,
And like a deaf man was unmov'd;
I kept reſolved ſilence ſtill,
And they revil'd me unreprov'd.

15 For on thee, Lord, my hope is plac'd,
No other help I do expect:
And thou, O Lord my God, at laſt,
I know, wilt not my pray'r reject.
16 For I before thee humbly laid
The joys my fall in them would breed:
And for my weakneſs, when bewray'd,
How high they would exalt their head.

17 For I to halt too ready am,
My ſorrow's conſtant in my view:

18 Whilſt

18 Whiles I my ſin confeſs with ſhame,
And thence my daily grief renew.
19 But brisk, and lively are my foes,
And much increaſt in ſtrength they be:
Yea, numbers great there are of thoſe
That wrongfull hatred bear to me.

20 Thoſe alſo are mine enemies,
Who kindneſs with ill deeds repay:
Becauſe whatever's good I priſe,
And vertues path's my conſtant way.
21 O ſtand not thou far off, I pray,
My Lord, and God, don't thou me leave:
22 O Lord, my Saviour, make no ſtay,
But let me thy quick help receive.

Pſalm XXXIX.

1 MY ways I'll watch, & with my tongue
Speak nought but what is right:
My mouth ſhall bridled be, as long
As th' wicked are in ſight.
2 Thus I reſolv'd; and mute I ſtood;
From ſpeech I did refrain:
I held my peace, even from good,
But held my peace in pain.

3 My ſtifled thoughts within my breaſt
So hot a flame did make:
It would no longer be ſuppreſt;
Whence thus, at laſt, I ſpake.

4 Good Lord, to me, thy ſervant, ſhew
The meaſure of my days:
That I my frail lifes end may know;
And how long it delays.

5 The days thou doſt to me aſſign,
One hand-breadth doth compriſe:
Behold, mine Age, compar'd to thine,
A very nothing is.
Yea, ſurely, at a better rate
No man's eſteem'd by thee:
For ev'ry man, in his beſt ſtate,
Is perfect vanity.

6 And ſure, a ſcene of vanity
Is each man's courſe of life:
Vain are all things, which he doth buy
With ſo much vexing grief.
He ſpends his time, to raiſe an heap
Of wealth, he calls his own:
But can't be certain, who ſhall reap
The harveſt he hath ſown.

Part II.

7 And now, O Lord, what may I here
Hope for, to make me bleſt?
My hopes in thee, Lord, onely are,
On thee my ſoul doth reſt.
8 From ſin (the worſt of Vanities)
In mercy ſet me free:
That by my fooliſh enemies
I may not ſcorned be.

9 What

9 What e'r I ſuffer'd for my ſin,
In ſilence I did bear:
Becauſe I ſaw thy hand therein,
My paſſions calmed were.
10 Yet Lord, remove, I humbly pray,
That ſtroke that grieves me ſo:
Thy hand doth make my ſtrength decay,
So heavy is its blow.

11 When thou, O Lord, with thy rebukes
Doſt man correct for ſin:
He like a furrow'd garment looks,
Where fretting moths have been.
Thus, while his beauty ſoon doth fly,
And wrinkles take its place:
The fraiity ſhews the vanity
Of all of humane race.

12 Unto my pray'r incline thine ears,
And hearken to my cry:
To give an anſwer to my tears,
Lord, do thou not deny.
For as a ſtranger in thy land,
I only ſojourn here:
Oblig'd to leave 't at thy command,
As all my Fathers were.

13 Yet, till I get more ſtrength of grace,
Turn me not out of door,
Too ſuddenly into the place
Whence I ſhall come no more.

Psalm XL.

1 IN silent hope I did attend
Upon the Lord for aid:
And he to me his ear did bend,
To hear me when I pray'd.
2 He brought me from the horrid pit,
Out of the mire and clay:
My feet upon a rock he set,
And did my goings stay.

3 New cause of song he gave me too,
Which many, when they see;
Shall give the Lord the fear that's due,
And trust in him with me.
4 Who to the Lord his trust directs,
A man most blessed is:
And he who proud men disrespects,
And such as turn to lies.

5 Thy wond'rous works, O Lord, my God,
To numbers great amount:
And thy kind thoughts on us bestow'd,
Turn to a vast account.
T'attempt an orderly discourse
Of them to thee, were vain:
If I should try't, they must, (of force)
Still numberless remain.

6 Meat-offerings and sacrifice
Thou did'st not, Lord, desire:

Sin-

Sin-offerings thou didſt not priſe,
Nor offrings made by fire.
7 But thou mine ear didſt bore; and then,
Lo, Lord, I come, ſaid I:
'Tis in thy ſacred volume ſeen,
I muſt their uſe ſupply.

8 And this thy will, my God, to me
Doth inward joy impart:
Yea, all thy Laws engraven be
Upon my very heart.
9 In the great congregation, I
Have righteouſneſs declar'd:
Lo, Lord, thou know'ſt in that imploy,
My lips I have not ſpar'd.

10 I have not kept thy righteouſneſs
Within my heart inclos'd:
Thy ſaving grace and faithfulneſs
I have to all expos'd.
The truth thou haſt unto me ſhewn,
At no time I conceal'd:
And t' holy crowds that did thee own,
Thy kindneſs I reveal'd.

Part II.

11 Thy tender mercies from me, Lord,
O do not thou reſtrain:
Thy kindneſs and thy truth afford,
Me ever to maintain.
12 For I, with evils numberleſs
Am quite encompaſt round:

My ſins do ſo my ſoul oppreſs,
They ſink me to the ground.

Then all the hairs upon my head,
In number they are more:
And fill me with ſo great a dread,
That my heart fainteth ſore.
13 Of thy good will, O Lord, let me
Some ſaving fruit receive:
The help my needs require of thee,
Lord, haſten thou to give.

14 Shame, and confuſion them befall,
To ſlay me who combine:
Repulſe, and ſhame betide them all,
That ill to me deſign.
15 Deſolate may all of them be,
And ſhamefully retreat;
Who, with proud ſcorn, Aha, to me,
So frequently repeat.

16 Let pious men in thee rejoyce,
Who thy ſalvation love:
Let them ſtill ſay with cheerfull voice,
Prais'd be the Lord above.
17 The Lord kind thoughts to me doth bear,
Though I be poor, and need:
My God, and my deliverer,
To help me, then, make ſpeed.

Pſalm XLI.

1 BLEST is the man, that keeps the poor
And needy ſtill in mind:
In troublous times he ſhall be ſure
God's ſaving help to find.
2 That man alive the Lord will ſave,
On earth he bleſt ſhall be:
His foes ſhall not the pleaſure have
Their wills on him to ſee.

3 When he's on's bed by ſickneſs laid,
The Lord ſhall him ſuſtain:
His bed ſhall ſo by thee be made,
As beſt may eaſe his pain.
4 I once, in that condition ſaid,
Have mercy, Lord, on me:
Heal then my ſoul, I humbly pray'd,
That hath offended thee.

5 Mine enemies ſpeak ill of me;
When ſhall he die? (they ſay)
That we, to our content may ſee
His very name decay.
6 Each viſiter becomes a ſpy;
Speaks kind, but means not ſo:
His heart its falſhood doth deſcry,
When he abroad doth goe.

7 There, when they meet, they whiſper cloſe,
That bear me no good will:

In companies they do diſpoſe
Themſelves, who wiſh me ill.
8 Men make (ſay they) the beſt of it,
But a ſore ſickneſs 'tis:
For he's ſo handled by his fit,
From's bed he ne'r ſhall riſe.

9 Yea, the familiar friend I fed,
To whom I did reveal
My ſecrets, made himſelf their head,
And kickt me with his heel.
10 But let me ſtill thy mercy find,
My life from death reprieve:
That unto them I may in kind
A juſt requital give.

11 By this I certainly do know,
I favour'd am by thee:
Becauſe thou ſuff'reſt not my foe
To triumph over me.
12 And me in mine integrity
Thou, Lord, doſt ſtill maintain:
And ſetteſt me before thine eye,
For ever to remain.

13 The Lord, the God of *Iſr'el*, then,
For ever bleſſed be:
And let all people ſay, Amen,
For ever bleſt be he.

Pſalm XLII.

1 SO pants the chaſed hart, to cool
His heat with running brooks:
As pants (O God,) my thirſty ſoul,
Whiles after thee it looks.
2 T' ward God, the living God, I bear
A thirſting appetite:
O when ſhall I come, and appear,
In his long wiſhed ſight!

3 My tears have been, both night, and day,
My ſouls unchanged food.
Whiles they continually do ſay
4 To me, where is thy God?
4 When former times I call to mind,
My ſoul with grief is ſpent;
The times, when numbers well inclin'd
With me together went.

In troops the ready way we trod,
With ſongs of joy and praiſe;
Unto the ſacred houſe of God,
On ſtated holy days.
5 But ſoul, why doſt dejected grow
Within my troub'led breaſt?
Why do unruly paſſions ſo
Diſturb thy wonted reſt?

Hope ſtill in God, for yet, I know,
In time I ſhall him praiſe,

When's

When's saving presence shall bestow
Upon me better days.
6 Although (O God) within my breast
I sore dejection find:
Yet do I always think it best,
On thee to fix my mind.

Part II.

On thee from *Jordan*, call I will,
In its adjoyning field:
From *Hermons* both, and *Mizar's* hill,
Where yet I live exil'd.
7 One deep, Lord, through thy water-falls,
Into another goes:
The upper, to the nether calls,
Loud roaring while it flows.

Betwixt them both, in wofull case
Toss'd up and down, I roll:
While's all thy waves and billows pass
Over my drowning soul.
8 Yet, will the Lord his saving grace
Command for me by day:
And all night, (mixing songs of praise,)
To God my life I'll pray.

9 I'll say to God, my rock, wherefore
Hast thou forgot me so?
And why, by foes oppressed sore,
Do I thus mourning go?
10 For their reproaches, day by day,
Like swords pierce to the bone:

Whilst

Whiles of my God, they, taunting, ſay,
Now, whither is he gone?

11 But, ſoul, why doſt dejected grow,
Within my troubled breaſt?
Why do unruly paſſions ſo
Diſturb thy wonted reſt?
On God thy hope unſhaken place;
For yet I ſhall him praiſe;
Who is my God, whoſe ſmiling face
My down-caſt looks ſhall raiſe.

[*The ſame Pſal. to the Tune of the Lamentation.*]

O Lord conſider, *&c.*

1 NO chafed hart can thirſtier be, [pants,
Whiles for the running ſtreams he
Then is my ſoul, O God, for thee,
Whiles it thy gracious preſence wants.
2 For God, (the God, and ſpring of life,)
An eager thirſt my ſoul doth pain:
O, when ſhall I, to eaſe my grief,
Appear before his face again?

3 Throughout the night, as well as day,
Drencht with ſalt tears is all my food:
Whiles they continually ſay
To me in ſcorn, where is thy God?
4 Time was, when to the houſe of God
With devout multitudes I went:
With joys and praiſes ſounded loud,
Our holy days we jointly ſpent.

But

But the remembrace of that bliſs,
Compared with my preſent ſtate,
A very ſad reflexion is:
And makes my ſoul diſconſolate.
5 But ſoul, why art thou ſo diſmay'd?
Why do ſuch thoughts thy paſſions raiſe?
Hope ſtill in God, whoſe ſaving aid
Shall yet afford me cauſe of praiſe.

6 'Tis true, O God, my ſoul in me,
Doth under too much ſorrow ſink:
Wherefore, though thus I'm kept from thee,
I'll yet on thee, at diſtance think.
From *Jordan's* banks I'll mind thee ſtill;
And from the Coaſt to th' *Hermons* nigh:
And from this *Mizar's* little hill;
The places where I exil'd lie.

Part II.

7 'Twixt two deeps, in thy Water-falls,
O'rwhelm'd with all thy waves I roll:
While's th' one to th' other, roaring, calls,
For help to ſink my drowning ſoul.
8 Yet to his Grace, the Lord, by day,
Concerning me commands will give:
And in the night I'll ſing, and pray,
Unto the God by whom I live.

9 I'll ſay to God, my fortreſs, why,
Why haſt thou me forgotten ſo?

And why oppreſt by th' enemy,
Do I thus ſorely mourning go.
10 A ſword that pierceth to the bone
Mine enemie's reproaches be;
Whiles daily, whither is he gone?
They of my God examine me.

11 But, ſoul, why doſt dejected grow,
Within my ſore-diſturbed breaſt?
Why do unruly paſſions ſo
Deprive thee of thy wonted reſt?
On God, thy hope unſhaken place;
For yet, I know, I ſhall him praiſe,
Who is my God, whoſe ſmiling face
Shall my dejected count'nance raiſe.

Pſalm XLIII.

1 AGainſt a Nation mercileſs,
Judge thou, O God, for me:
From him that would with fraud oppreſs,
Let me deliver'd be.
2 My God, and ſtrength thou art, wherefore
Doſt thou reject me ſo?
And why, by foes oppreſſed ſore
Do I thus mourning go?

3 O let thy light and truth attend
Me to conduct, and guide;
Whiles I that holy Hill aſcend
Whereon thou doſt reſide.

Then

4 Then to God's Altar will I go,
Who gives me plenteous Joy:
O God, my God, thy praiſe to ſhew,
My harp will I imploy.

5 Soul, why doſt thou dejected grow,
Within my troubled breaſt?
Why do unruly paſſions ſo
Diſturb thy wonted reſt?
On God thy hopes unſhaken place;
For yet I ſhall him praiſe,
Who is my God, whoſe ſmiling face
My down-caſt looks ſhall raiſe.

Pſalm XLIV.

1 WE with our ears, O Lord, have heard,
What our fore-fathers told;
Who unto us the works declar'd,
Thou did'ſt in days of old.
2 To plant them, how thou didſt drive out
The heathen with thy hand:
Their num'rous forces thou didſt rout,
And chaſe them from their land.

3 For their own ſword got not the land
Which we their ſeed poſſeſt:
Nor did their own arm from the hand
Of foes procure them reſt.
But thy right hand, and arm, alone
Did firmly fix them there;

Becauſe

Becauſe on them thy count'nance ſhone,
And lov'd of thee they were.

4 O God, thou art my King; of right
That title thou haſt gain'd:
Deliverances by thy might,
For *Jacob* then command.
5 Through thee, ſo ſhall we overthrow
Our potent enemies;
And through thy name wee'll tread them low,
That up againſt us riſe.

6 For ſafety I will not depend
Upon my bow, or ſword:
7 For thou from foes did'ſt us defend,
And them confound, O Lord.
8 In God we make our boaſt therefore,
And glory all the day:
And to thy name will evermore
Deſerved praiſes pay.

Part II.

9 But thou, alas, haſt now diſclaim'd
Us thy poor people quite:
Before our foes thou haſt us ſham'd,
Not leading us to fight.
10 Thou leaveſt us to take the foil;
With turned backs we fly:
And all we have, is made a ſpoil
T' enrich our enemy.

11 Giv'n up, as ſheep deſign'd for food,
By thee to butchers hands:
We now lie ſcatter'd all abroad,
Among the heathen lands.
12 And though, by thee, our owner, thus
Sold unto them, we die:
So ſmall's the price that's ſet on us,
Thou getteſt nought thereby.

13 Thou mak'ſt us a reproach to thoſe
That next to us reſide:
And we are compaſt round with foes,
That us with ſcorn deride.
14 The heathens flouting at our caſe,
Thereof a by-word make:
And barb'rous people, as they paſs
By us, their heads do ſhake.

15 To ſee ſuch carriage with mine eyes,
Confounded I became:
From my reproaching enemies,
I hid my face for ſhame.
16 I could not them with patience hear,
They did blaſpheme thee ſo:
Such inſolence I could not bear,
From the revengefull foe.

Part III.

17 Yet have we not forgotten thee,
O Lord, What e'r we felt:

Nor in thy Covenant have we
Like traitours falſly dealt.
18 From thee, with a deceitfull heart,
We have not gone aſtray:
Nor did our wandring ſteps depart
From thy moſt holy way.

19 Though in the place where dragons feed,
Piece-meal thou did'ſt us tear:
And with deaths ſhadow covered,
In caſe forlorn we were.
20 If we our God's moſt holy name
Perfidiouſly forgot:
Or, to the falſe Gods, where we came,
Our hands we ſtretched out.

21 Shall not our God diſcover this,
Sith nought from him is hid?
For in mans heart no ſecret is
That's not by him deſcri'd.
22 Yea, Lord, our bloud, for thy names ſake,
All the day long is ſhed:
As if for ſheep men did us take,
That are for ſlaughter fed.

23 Cauſe thy long ſleep at laſt to ceaſe;
And t' help us, Lord, awake:
Nor do thou, in ſo great diſtreſs,
For ever us forſake.
24 Why doſt thou all this while from us
Hide thy beloved face?
Forgetting our oppreſſion thus,
And our afflicted caſe?

25 For

25 For grov'ling to the ground we fall;
Our ſoul the duſt doth lick:
Proſtrate to thee, till therewithall
To th' earth our bellies ſtick.
26 We pray thee, therefore, Lord, ariſe;
Let us thy help partake:
And ſave us from our enemies
For thy great mercies ſake.

Pſalm XLV.

[*To the Tune of* Pſalm 113,] Ye Children, *&c.*
Or 127. Except the Lord, *&c.*

1 MY heart enflam'd with ſacred fires,
Deſigns a ſong moſt excellent:
And (which great thoughts to it inſpires)
The Churche's King's my Argument
Whence my tongue vents what it endites
As faſt as nimbleſt pen-man writes.

2 Thou, to whom none of mortal race
For beauty is to be compar'd:
Thy lips inſpir'd with heav'nly grace,
Speak words that ne'r from man were heard.
The ever bleſſed God therefore
Hath bleſſed thee for evermore.

3 O mighty Prince, gird on thy thigh
That all-ſubduing ſword of thine:

And

And in thy glorious majeſty,
With beams that ſute thy greatneſs, ſhine.
4 Thus ride thou on, and let renown
Thy noble undertakings crown.

Thy meekneſs, truth, and righteouſneſs,
Where e'r thou com'ſt, ſhall hearts ſubdue:
And thy right hand, with great ſucceſs,
Wonders ne'r ſeen before, ſhall do.
5 Pierc'd with thy darts, thy foes ſhall die,
And at thy feet ſhall nations lie.

6 O God, for ever ſtands thy throne,
And right thy royal ſcepter is:
7 For wickedneſs thou doſt diſown,
And righteouſneſs thy ſoul doth priſe:
Whence God, thy God, above all heads,
On thine, his oyl of gladneſs ſheds.

8 With Caſſia, Myrrh, and Aloes
Perfum'd, thy robes thy heart do cheer:
When from the Iv'ry Palaces,
9 Kings daughters in thy train appear.
And plac'd at thy right hand, thy Queen
Adorn'd with gold of Ophir's ſeen.

Part II.

10 Now, daughter, with thine ears inclin'd,
And ſerious thoughts, my counſel hear;
Bear thou, henceforth, no more, in mind
Thy father's houſe, or country dear.

Thy

11 Thy Lord, and King, alone adore,
And he ſhall love thy beauty more.

12 Then, in ſubjection, Preſents great
Tyres daughter unto thee ſhall make,
And richeſt nations ſhall intreat
Thy favours humbly to partake:
13 Whiles richly cloth'd, as her befits,
Within, the Princeſs royal ſits.

14 In gold, and rich embroidery,
Thence, to her Lord they ſhall her bring:
Amidſt the Virgin company,
Attending her to thee, O King.
15 All ent'ring thus the Palace royal,
With muſick loud, and ſhoutings loyal.

16 And in forſaken Parents room,
The ſeed that from thee take their birth,
At thy appointment ſhall become
Princes in all the Realms on earth.
17 Thy name, all Chronicles ſhall fill,
And num'rous Nations praiſe thee ſtill.

[*The ſame Pſalm to the proper Tune.*]

1 ENflam'd with holy fires,
My heart prepares to ſing
A noble ſong, which love inſpires,
In honour of the King.
Words, full of richeſt ſenſe,
Shall from my tongue diſtill:

And

And match, with flowing eloquence,
The nimbleſt writers quill.

2 Thy lips with grace run o'r,
O faireſt of mankind:
All bleſſings God to thee, therefore,
For ever hath aſſign'd.
3 Gird on thy mighty thigh
That conquering ſword of thine,
And with ſuch glorious Majeſty,
As ſutes thy greatneſs, ſhine.

4 And in that majeſty
Ride thou with great ſucceſs:
Becauſe of thy humility,
Thy truth, and righteouſneſs.
Thus, wonders yet unſeen
Thy mighty hand ſhall do:
5 In thy foes hearts thy ſhafts are keen,
And make the nations bow.

6 Becauſe thy royal hand
A righteous ſcepter ſways:
Thy throne, O God, ſhall therefore ſtand
Beyond all date of days.
7 For perfect righteouſneſs
Thy royal heart doth priſe:
And equal hatred doth profeſs
To all that wicked is.

By God, thy God, therefore,
Anointed is thy head

With

With cheering oyl, in richer ſtore,
Than is on others ſhed.
8 Thy Iv'ry Palaces
With fragrant ſpices fill'd;
From Caſſia, Myrrh, and Aloes,
Moſt choice perfumes do yield.

Their ſcent thy heart did cheer,
So cordially they ſmell:
9 Whiles royal Virgins did appear,
Thy nuptial train to ſwell.
All, due attendance paid,
Whiles thy moſt glorious Queen
In robes with Ophir's Gold o'r laid,
At thy right hand was ſeen.

Part II.

10 Now with thine ears inclin'd,
My counſel, daughter, hear:
Thy Father's houſe bear not in mind,
Nor yet thy people dear.
11 So ſhall the King affect
Thy beauty far the more:
For he's thy Lord, and doth expect,
Thou ſhouldſt him thus adore.

12 To thee ſhall ſtately *Tyre*,
Then, royal Preſents make:
And wealthy'ſt Nations ſhall deſire,
Thy favours to partake.
The royal Bride within
Sitts glorious to behold,

With

With robes, befitting ſuch a Queen
All over wrought with gold.

14 In robes with needle wrought,
Conducted ſhall ſhe be,
By all her Virgin-train, and brought
Thus, mighty King, to thee.
15 With ſhoutings, as they go,
The Court aloud ſhall ring:
Whiles they their entrance make into
The Palace of the King.

16 Forſaken Parents room
Shall thy wombs iſſue fill:
And Princes in all lands become,
Advanced at thy will.
17 And t' all ſucceſſive days,
I will record thy name:
That devout people may thy praiſe
For evermore proclaim.

Pſalm XLVI.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 113. Ye children, *&c.*]

1 GOD is our refuge and our fort,
To which with ſafety we reſort,
Whenever troublous times appear:
Whence, though the earth removed be,
And Mountains hurl'd into the Sea;
Yet will we live ſecure from fear.

3 Yea, though the Sea's proud waves do roar,
And furiously assault the shore,
So that the rocky Mountains shake:
4 With smoother streams that river flows,
That by God's holy City goes,
And glad his dwelling place doth make.

5 In midst of her, the Lord resides:
She's shaken with no swelling tides:
For God to her gives early aid:
6 When heathens rage, and Kingdoms, shov'd
By fierce commotions, are remov'd;
And at his voice th' whole earth's
[dismay'd.

7 The Lord that doth all Hosts command,
To guard us on our side doth stand:
And our strong fort is *Jacob*'s God.
8 Come then, and with admiring thought
Consider what the Lord hath wrought:
What waste his hands have made abroad.

9 He, through the earth makes wars to cease,
And settles universal Peace.
In sunder he the spear doth hew:
Strong bows by him quite shiver'd are;
And ratt'ling Chariots, arm'd for war,
He into flaming fire doth throw.

10 Be still, and know that God I am:
'Mongst Heathens I'll exalt my fame,
And

And ſpread my praiſe on th'earth abroad.
11 The Lord that doth all Hoſts command,
To guard us, on our ſide doth ſtand:
And our ſtrong Fort is *Jacob*'s God.

Pſalm XLVII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 25.] I lift my heart, *&c.*

1 ALL people clap your hands
And make a joyfull noiſe:
Shout ye to God in all your lands,
Wth a triumphant voice.
2 Shout to the Lord moſt high,
For terrible he is:
He reigneth in great majeſty;
And all the earth is his.

3 The people he ſhall quell,
Till they to us ſubmit:
And nations, where ſoe'r they dwell,
Shall fall beneath our feet.
4 The portion that we have,
He ſhall for us elect:
A fair one he to *Jacob* gave
The man he did affect.

5 God, to his holy Hill
A cheerfull ſhout attends:
Thither, with ſound of trumpets ſhrill,
The Lord of Hoſts aſcends.

6 Unto our God ſing praiſe,
All ſorts of praiſes ſing:
With praiſing ſongs his glory raiſe;
Sing praiſes to our King.

7 For univerſal King
Is God to all the earth:
Whiles praiſes, then, to him you ſing,
Let knowledg guide your mirth.
8 The Heathens do ſubmit,
And God their Sov'reign own:
In midſt of them the Lord doth ſit,
Upon his holy Throne.

9 The peoples Princes too,
Together are combin'd:
The Princes of the people who
To *Abram*'s God are joyn'd.
For unto God the ſhields
Of all the earth pertain:
He th' univerſal Scepter wields,
And doth all glory gain.

Pſalm XLVIII.

1 GReat is the Lord, and praiſes great
On him ſhould be beſtow'd;
From's holy Mount, and from the Seat,
And City of our God.
2 Mount *Zion*'s a delightfull place,
Renowned in all Lands:

As

As thence toward the North you paſs,
The great King's City ſtands.

3 God in her ſtately Palaces
Himſelf hath often ſhewn:
A certain refuge in diſtreſs,
He's by experience known.
4 For lo, the Kings with mighty Hoſts,
Deſign'd their journey thither:
But when they met upon her coaſts,
They paſſed by together.

5 Within the view of it they came,
Wond'ring at what they ſaw:
But troubled ſore, from thence, with ſhame,
And haſte, they did withdraw.
6 For very fear, their hearts did quake,
With inward terrours ſeis'd:
Such pains as trav'ling women take,
Them ſuddenly ſurpris'd.

7 As Ships of *Tarſhiſh* broken are,
Which eaſtern winds do wrack:
So all their forces ſhatter'd were,
When thou did'ſt drive them back.
8 Within our God's dear City, we
Saw what we oft were told:
The Lord of Hoſts her own'd; and He
Will ever her uphold.

Part II.

9 With ſenſe of thy abundant grace,
O God, our mind's poſſeſt:
In midſt of thy moſt holy place,
Its thoughts do fill our breaſt.
10 In all the earth, O God, thy praiſe
Is great, as is thy name,
Thy right hand's fill'd with acts, that raiſe
Thy juſtice high in fame.

11 Let therefore, holy *Zion*'s Hill
In ioves triumphant be:
Let gladneſs *Judah*'s Daughters fill,
When they thy judgments ſee.
12 Come, young ones, (with your ancient Sires)
Walk round the holy Mount:
Let's on all ſides ſurveigh her ſpires,
And their juſt numbers count.

13 Lo, here, her bulwarks; mark them well;
Her ſtately houſes view:
Theſe wond'rous ſights that you may tell
To ages that enſue.
14 For God, that ſaved them, we vow,
For ever own will we:
And he that did defend us now,
Our guide to death ſhall be.

The

[*The ſame Pſalm to the Tune of* Pſ. 100.] All people, &c.

1 GReat is the Lord, and praiſes great
He doth from his own City claim:
And from his holy hill, the ſeat
In which he choſe to place his name.
2 Mount *Zion*, where the Lord reſides,
Stands in a fair and pleaſant place:
And doth in glory far ſurpaſs
All places in the earth beſides.

On its north ſide, the City's ſeen,
Which the great King for his doth own:
3 God in her Palaces hath been
For their defence, a refuge known.
4 For lo, the Kings aſſembled were,
They, altogether paſſed by:
5 Such wonders there they did eſpy,
That they ſoon haſted thence for fear.

6 With fear, and pain together, rackt,
They were like women in their throws:
7 And like the Ships of *Tarſhiſh*, wrackt,
When th' eaſt wind on them fiercely blows:
8 Within the Lord's dear City, we
Have ſeen, what oft we have been told:
The Lord of Hoſts doth her uphold,
And ſtill will her Protector be.

Part II.

9 O God, th' experience of thy grace
Doth in our gratefull minds remain:
And in thy holy Temples place,
Therewith, our thoughts we entertain.
10 Great glory thy great name doth yield,
Unto the earths remoteſt ends:
Thy right hand too, great praiſe attends,
For it with righteouſneſs is fill'd.

11 Let then, the voice of joy be heard,
Throughout all *Zion*'s holy Hill:
And when thy judgments are declar'd,
Let gladneſs *Judah*'s daughters fill.
12 Come, Children, view the holy Mount,
Surrounding it with ſtrict ſurvey:
View all her towers ev'ry way,
And of their numbers take account.

13 Her bulwarks mark, where built, and how;
Her Palaces conſider well:
That what you ſee with wonder now,
To after-ages you may tell.
14 For throughout all poſterity,
The God that ſav'd this glorious place,
Shall be our God, till time ſhall ceaſe;
And he ſhall guide us till we die.

Psalm XLIX.

1 ATtend all people, and give ear
To what I am to tell:
2 High, low, rich, poor, who e'r you are,
That in the world do dwell.
3 My mouth ſuch Doctrines ſhall declare,
As tend to make you wiſe:
In weighty points of knowledg rare,
My heart I'll exerciſe.

4 The ſacred Par'ble I rehearſe,
Shall my attention raiſe;
Whiles on my harp, tun'd to my verſe,
Dark things my ſong diſplays.
5 Why ſhould I fear in evil days,
When guilt my courage quells;
And, to my grief, before me lays,
The wandrings of my heels.

6 There are, who truſt in ſtuffed bags,
Stor'd up for ſuch a ſeaſon:
And of their riches make their brags,
And think they do't with reaſon.
7 But ſuch, alas, with all they have,
A brother can't redeem:
With God, to ranſome from the grave,
No wealth is in eſteem.

8 For none for life a price can give,
(That traffick fails for ever:)

9 That always here a man ſhould live,
And ſee corruption never.
10 For death, both fools, and wiſeſt men,
Befalls, by equal lot:
And both of them, to others, then,
Muſt leave whate'r they got.

11 They think their houſes firm ſhall ſtand,
To generations all:
And, as entail'd to theirs, their land
By their own names they call.
12 Yet man that in great'ſt honour is,
Therein continues not:
But equally with beaſts he dies,
And is alike forgot.

Part II.

13 Great folly ſurely doth appear
In this fond way of theirs:
Yet all their worldly ſayings are
Approved by their heirs.
14 Like ſheep they're folded in the grave,
Where all together dwell:
Death feeds on them, and all they have,
However they excell.

And when th' eternal day ſhall ſet
An end to deaths long night:
The juſt o'r them that pow'r ſhall get,
Which they ſuppreſt by might.
15 But when I to the grave deſcend,
Though death my life bereave:

God

God from its pow'r ſhall me defend,
And ſhall my ſoul receive.

16 Be not of any, then, afraid,
Becauſe his wealth o'rflows:
Nor, at his houſe be thou diſmay'd,
When it in glory grows.
17 For when he dies, to all he got,
His title's at an end:
And after him, his pomp ſhall not
Into the grave deſcend.

18 Though, while he liv'd, himſelf he deem'd
The happieſt man alive:
(And they are always ſo eſteem'd,
That know the way to thrive.)
19 He, at his death, ſhall thither go,
Where ſuch as he are gone:
And lodge in thoſe dark cells below,
Where light yet never ſhone.

20 Thus man that in great honour is,
And underſtandeth not:
Lives like a beaſt, and ſo he dies,
And is alike forgot.

Gloria Patri.

To Father, Son, and Spirit, One
True God, in Perſons Three,
Now, as before the world begun,
And ever, Glory be.

Pſalm L.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 TH' Almighty God, the Lord of Hoſts,
Once, with his thund'ring voice did
And ſummons gave to all the coaſts, [call:
From the Suns riſing to his fall:
2 He call'd from *Zion*'s ſtately Hill,
Where ſtrength with beauty is com:
I heard his voice, and think on't ſtill;
For thence, therewith, his glory ſhin'd.

3 Thus (think I) he'll to judgment come,
And thus th' awak'ning Trump ſhall ſound:
Before him ſhall the fire conſume,
And dreadfull tempeſts him ſurround.
4 From's glorious Throne, his voice ſhall be
Through all th' inferiour heavens heard:
And publiſh to th' whole earth, that He
To judg his people is prepar'd.

5 Let all my Saints aſſembled be,
(The voice ſhall cry,) to this Aſſiſe:
Let none be miſs'd, who have with me
A Cov'nant made by ſacrifice.
6 Th' whole Court of Heaven, aſſembled
God's juſt proceedings ſhall expreſs: [there,
For he himſelf ſhall Judge appear,
To judge the world in righteouſneſs.

Part II.

Part II.

7 I'll ſpeak, and let my people hear,
The mighty God, thy God, am I:
O *Iſr'el*, then, incline thine ear,
Whiles I againſt thee teſtifie.
8 I will not charge thee, for neglect
Of ſacrifice thou ought'ſt to pay:
Nor for burnt-offerings defect,
Which ſhould be offer'd day by day.

9 No fatted bullock I'll receive
For ſacrifice, out of thy ſtall:
Thy flocks entire to thee I'll leave,
For one he-goat I will not call.
10 For, as mine own, I juſtly claim
All beaſts within the Forreſt bred:
And cattel too, both wild, and tame,
That on a thouſand hills are fed.

11 I know the daily haunt, and neſt
Of ev'ry bird each Mountain yields:
And claim for mine, each ſavage beaſt,
That rangeth in th' unbounded fields.
12 So that, if I could hunger feel,
I need not tell thee, I would dine:
Nor come to thee, to make a meal,
Sith th' earth, and all it holds, is mine.

13 That fleſh of bulls ſhould be my food,
Have I an appetite like thee?

Or

Or is goats ſacrificed bloud
A drink that's ſavoury to me?
14 Due thankfulneſs on God beſtow,
If thou would'ſt give, what he will take:
And pay the High'ſt, what thou doſt owe,
When vows do thee his debtor make.

Part III.

15 When trouble comes, then call on me,
And let diſtreſs devotion raiſe:
Then I from it will reſcue thee,
And thou to me ſhalt render praiſe.
16 But God, (as one that's juſtly wroth,)
Will ſay to ev'ry wicked wretch,
What makes my Cov'nant in thy mouth?
My Statutes what mean'ſt thou to touch?

17 Sith thou wilt no good counſel take,
But doſt all ſound inſtruction hate:
And throw'ſt my words behind thy back,
In wicked courſes obſtinate.
18 Thou ſaw'ſt a thief, and at firſt ſight,
With him in robbery did'ſt joyn:
Adulterers did thee invite,
And ſoon thou did'ſt with them combine.

19 Thy mouth no evil words forbears:
Thy tongue's ſtill hammering deceit:
20 Thy brother's name it daily tears,
That ſuck'd with thee thy mothers teat.
21 Theſe things thou did'ſt, and I ſtood dumb,
Until thou thought'ſt me wholly thine:

But

But I will now reprove thee home,
And ſet before thee all thy ſin.

22 Now, think on theſe ſad truths in time,
All ye that caſt God out of mind:
For fear I tear you limb from limb,
And no deliverer you find.
23 But I'll accept the good mans praiſe,
As giving me the honour due:
And t' him that walks in godly ways,
Th' High God's ſalvation I will ſhew.

Pſalm LI.

A Pſalm of *David*, when *Nathan* the Prophet came unto him, after he had gone in to *Bathſheba*.

[*To the ſecond Metre of* Pſ. 125.] Thoſe that, *&c.*

[*Or the proper Tune of this Pſalm.*] O Lord, *&c.*

1 LET tender love
Thy bowels move,
O God, to ſhew me ſaving grace:
Thy mercies ſtore
Lord, I implore,
By them my hainous ſins deface.
2 Waſh me from my
Iniquity:
And purge out throughly ev'ry ſtain:
O rinſe my foul
Be-leperd ſoul,
That no one ſpot therein remain.

3 It is confeſt,
I have tranſgreſt,
Againſt thee, Father, oftentimes:
Before mine eyes
For ever lies
Th'affrighting horrour of my crimes.
4 I grieving ſee,
My ſin ſtrikes thee;
Th' affront is giv'n to thee alone:
This evil I
Preſumptuouſly
Before thy very face have done.

From whence, I muſt
Pronounce thee juſt,
Howe'r, as Judge, thou deal'ſt with me:
Nor too ſevere
Wilt thou appear,
Although I be condemn'd by thee.
5 In my firſt frame,
Lo, I became
Polluted with iniquity:
And foul with ſin
Conceiv'd within
My ſinfull mothers womb was I.

6 Behold, to ſpy
Sincerity,
In th'inward man thou doſt deſire:
Into my heart
(My hidden part)
True wiſedom therefore thou'lt inſpire.

7 With

7 With hyſſop ſcour
My ſoul, and pour
A cleanſing bath on leprous me:
Then ſhall I grow
So white, that Snow,
Untrodden Snow, leſs white ſhall be.

8 Unto mine ear,
That I may hear,
Let thy voice joy and gladneſs ſpeak:
For by that voice
Thou ſhalt rejoyce
Thoſe bones thy heavy wrath did break.
9 Turn, turn away,
I humbly pray,
From all my ſins thy ſearching eye:
And cancell (Lord)
That black record,
That doth preſerve their memory.

Part II.

10 An heart within
Me, clean from ſin
Do thou, my maker, now create:
And, that in me
Upright it be,
My ſpirit do thou regenerate.
11 From thy dear ſight
Let me not quite
A miſerable exile be:
Nor ſo forſake

Me

Me, as to take
Thy holy ſpirit of grace from me.

12 That joy reſtore,
Which heretofore
To me thy ſaving mercy gave:
Thy ſpirit free
Vouchſafe to me,
My ſoul from cruſhing falls to ſave.
13 Then thoſe that ſtray
From thy pure way,
By my inſtruction I'll reclaim:
And thoſe that ſin,
Shall thence begin
Their lives by ſtricter rules to frame.

14 My ſaving God,
From guilt of bloud,
Eaſe to my ſoul by pardon bring:
Then, to expreſs
Thy righteouſneſs,
My gratefull tongue aloud ſhall ſing.
15 My lips, that now
Are ſhut, do thou
Open, to ſing thy praiſe, O Lord:
The glorious fame
Due to thy name
My praiſing mouth ſhall then record.

16 For ſacrifice
Thou doſt not priſe;

Elſe

Elſe I great ſtore of them would bring:
Nor doth thy mind
Contentment find
In any whole burnt-offering.
17 An heart oppreſt
With ſin's the beſt
Of off'rings valu'd in God's eyes:
A Spirit contrite
Yea, broken quite,
Thou, gracious God, wilt not deſpiſe.

18 On *Zion* Hill,
In thy good will,
Refreſhing drops of favour rain:
And freely yield
Thy help to build
Jerus'lems broken walls again.
19 Then we'll preſent,
With right intent,
Thoſe offerings which pleaſe thee moſt:
Thy Altars fire
Off'rings entire
Of fatted bullocks then ſhall roaſt.

Another of the ſame.

The firſt verſion varied, ſo as to ſute any ordinary Tune of Eights and Sixes.

1 LET tender love
Thy bowels move
To ſhew me ſaving grace.
Thy mercies ſtore,

Lord,

Lord, I implore;
By them, my ſins deface.
Waſh me from my
Iniquity,
And purge out ev'ry ſtain:
O rinſe my ſoul
Be-leperd ſoul,
That not one ſpot remain.

3 It is confeſt,
I have tranſgreſt
Againſt thee, oftentimes:
Before mine eyes
For ever lies
The horrour of my crimes.
4 I grieving ſee,
My ſin ſtrikes thee:
Th' affront's to thee alone:
This evil I
Preſumptuouſly
Before thy face have done.

Wherefore I muſt
Pronounce thee juſt
However thou judgeſt me:
Nor too ſevere
Wilt thou appear,
Though I condemn'd ſhould be.
5 In my firſt frame,
Lo, I became
Stain'd with iniquity:
And foul with ſin

Con-

Conceiv'd within
My mothers womb was I.

6 Behold, to ſpy
Sincerity
Within, thou doſt deſire:
And thou, my heart
(My hidden part,)
With wiſedom ſhalt inſpire.
7 With hyſſop ſcour
My ſoul, and pour
A cleanſing ſtream on me:
Then ſhall I grow
So white, that Snow
Untrod, leſs white ſhall be.

8 Unto my ear
That I may hear,
Lord, joy and gladneſs ſpeak:
For by that voice
Thou ſhalt rejoyce
The bones that thou did'ſt break.
9 Turn quite away,
I humbly pray,
From all my ſins thine eye:
And cancell (Lord,)
That black record,
That keeps their memory.

Part II.

10 An heart within
Me, clean from ſin

Do thou anew create:
And that in me
Upright it be,
My Sp'rit regenerate.
11 From thy dear ſight
Let me not quite
A wretched exile be:
Nor ſo forſake
Me, as to take
Thy holy Spirit from me.

12 That joy reſtore
Which heretofore
Thy ſaving mercy gave:
Thy Spirit free
Vouchſafe to me,
My ſoul from falls to ſave.
13 Then thoſe that ſtray
Out of thy way,
By teaching I'll reclaim:
And thoſe that ſin,
Shall thence begin
Their lives anew to frame.

14 My ſaving God,
From guilt of bloud
Eaſe to my Spirit bring:
Then, to expreſs
Thy righteouſneſs,
My tongue aloud ſhall ſing.
15 My lips, that now
Are ſhut, do thou

Open

Open, to praiſe thee, Lord,
The glorious fame
Due to thy Name
My tongue ſhall then record.

16 For ſacrifice
Thou doſt not priſe:
Elſe that I would thee bring:
Nor doth thy mind
Contentment find,
In whole burnt-offering.
17 An heart oppreſt
With ſin, 's the beſt
Of offrings in God's eyes:
A Spirit contrite,
Though broken quite,
Lord, thou wilt not deſpiſe.

18 On *Zion* Hill
In thy good will
Some drops of favour rain:
And freely yield
Thy help, to build
Jerus'lems walls again.
19 Then we'll preſent
With right intent
Offrings which pleaſe thee moſt:
The Altars fire
Offrings entire
Of fatted Bulls ſhall roaſt.

Another of the ſame.

[*To the proper Tune of the old Pſ.* 51.] O Lord, *&c.*

[*Or that of the Lamentation.*] O Lord in, *&c.*

1 MErcy, O God, I mercy crave,
As great, and large, as thou can'ſt
Many, and tender, mercies too, [ſhew:
I need, my guilty ſoul to ſave.
O blot my crimes out of thy mind,
2 And make me throughly clean again:
From this iniquities foul ſtain,
That no one ſpot remain behind.

3 For I, with deepeſt ſorrow, own,
That my tranſgreſſions hainous are:
And in my face doth ever ſtare
The horrid fact that I have done.
4 Againſt thee, Lord, and onely thee,
By this foul ſin, have I rebell'd;
For, even whiles thine eyes beheld,
This wicked deed was done by me.

So that I well deſerve to bear
All curſes in thy Law proclaim'd:
And, if by thee I ſhould be damn'd,
My conſcience muſt thy Juſtice cleer.
5 My outward ſhape when I receiv'd,
Deform'd within, I did become:
And even in my mothers womb,
I was at firſt in ſin conceiv'd.

6 Behold

6 Behold, that part within me, where
Thou look'ſt for truth, by ſin was ſoil'd;
But, by thy ſaving Grace inſtill'd,
I hope, thou'lt teach me wiſedom there.
7 With hyſſop, dipt in purging bloud,
Purge me, and clean I then ſhall grow:
Waſh me, and I more white than Snow
Shall be, whereon no foot hath trod.

8 Cauſe me to hear that cheering voice,
Which pardon doth to ſinners ſpeak:
Then ſhall the bones thy wrath did break,
Heal'd by that precious balm, rejoyce.
9 Hide from my ſins thine angry face,
Which, when I ſin'd, I did deſpiſe:
And all my foul iniquities
Clean out of thy remembrance raſe.

Part II.

10 O God, create in me an heart
Clean, and unſpotted in thy ſight:
And that my Spirit may be right,
To me renewing grace impart.
11 Let me not wholly baniſht be
From thy dear face, by which I live:
And th' holy Spirit whom I did grieve
O take not quite away from me.

12 To my ſad ſoul reſtore again
The joyes which thy ſalvation gave:
And let me thy free Spirit have,
Which may in goodneſs me ſuſtain.

13 Then will I make tranſgreſſours know
How ſad it is thy ways to leave:
And ſinners counſel ſhall receive
From me, to make them converts grow.

14 From th' heinous guilt of ſhedding bloud,
O God, my Saviour, ſet me free:
Then ſhall my tongue imployed be,
To ſing thy righteouſneſs aloud.
15 Set open, Lord, my lips, which now
Are locked up by guilty ſhame:
The praiſes of thy holy name
Then my enlarged mouth ſhall ſhew.

16 I would have giv'n thee ſacrifice,
And offerings conſum'd by fire:
But none of theſe thou did'ſt deſire,
Or, when they were preſented, priſe.
17 A broken Spirit in God's ſight
All ſacrifices doth contain:
For thou, O God, wilt not diſdain
The preſent of an heart contrite.

18 Let ſome kind marks of that eſteem
Thou bear'ſt to *Zion*, on it fall:
And graciouſly repair the wall
Of thy belov'd *Jeruſalem*.
19 Juſt ſacrifices then we'll pay,
And off'rings which thou doſt require:
Yea, to be quite conſum'd by fire,
Whole bullocks on thine Altar lay.

Pſalm LII.

1 WHy, man of might, with ſuch proud
Vaunt'ſt thou in doing ill? [boaſts
The goodneſs of the Lord of Hoſts
To his, continues ſtill.
2 Thy tongue is falſly taught to hide
A malice moſt profound:
As the keen raſour's ill imploy'd,
Which whiles it ſhaves, doth wound.

3 In ſtead of what is good, thou doſt
In evil take delight:
And lying ſpeech affects thee moſt,
In ſtead of what is right.
4 All words that may to others do
Irreparable wrong,
Are dearly lov'd by thee, O thou
Falſe, and deceitfull tongue.

5 God alſo ſhall out of thy place
Thee totally deſtroy:
With none alive of humane race
Shalt thou a room enjoy.
6 A fearfull inſtance ſhall he be,
To righteous lookers on:
Although they laugh withall, to ſee
In him, God's Juſtice ſhewn.

7 Lo, ſhall they ſay, obſerve the end
Of one, whoſe haughty pride

To make the mighty God his friend,
Still ſcornfully deny'd.
Who plac'd his fooliſh confidence
In his ill-gotten ſtore:
And took encouragement from thence
Still to tranſgreſs the more.

8 But I, as a green Olive Tree,
In th' houſe of God abide:
And unto all Eternity
Will in his grace confide.
9 And this thy work, Lord, to commend,
A gratefull ſong I'll write:
And on thy Name will I attend,
Wherein thy Saints delight.

Pſalm LIII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 THE fool hath ſaid in's ſecret thought,
The God, men talk of, I diſown:
Vile beaſts! that works as vile have wrought,
Whiles vertuous deeds are done by none.
2 The Lord upon corrupt mankind
From heav'n did caſt his ſearching eye,
One wiſe, religious man to find,
But none among them could eſpy.

3 In vices ſtinking mud they wallow,
And vertues paths they all forſake:
None,

None, no, not one, its rules doth follow,
Or any good courſe undertake.

4 Is Reaſon, with Religion,
Thus wholly from ill-livers fled,
That, whiles the Lord they call not on,
They eat my people up like bread?

5 There, their affrighted hearts, ſurpris'd
With ſelf-created terrours were:
'Twas their own guilt their ſpirits ſeis'd,
And ſcar'd them with ungrounded fear.
For God, his bones who thee ſurrounded,
O *Zion*, did diſperſe abroad:
They fled away from thee confounded,
Becauſe they were deſpis'd of God.

6 Would God that doth in *Zion* dwell
His peoples joint-devotions hear:
So that, from thence, to *Iſrael*
Some way Salvation might appear!
For when the Lord ſhall ſet them free,
That yet do lie in bondage ſad:
His *Jacob*'s ſeed ſhall joyfull be,
And *Iſrael* ſhall then be glad.

Pſalm LIV.

A Pſalm of David, *when Ziphims came and ſaid to* Saul, *doth not* David *hide himſelf with us?*

1 LET th' honour of thy Name invite
Thy help to reſcue me:

And by thy ſtrength, O God of might,
Let me defended be.

2 Do thou, O God, with bended ear
The pray'r I utter, heed:
And all the words with favour hear,
Which from my mouth proceed.

3 For ſtrangers up againſt me riſe,
Whiles Tyrants would me kill:
Nor have they God before their eyes,
Who ſeek my blood to ſpill.

4 But lo, my God doth give me aid,
He is my help at hand:
With thoſe by whom my ſoul is ſtaid,
The righteous Lord doth ſtand.

5 He will repay them in their kind,
Who me with plots annoy:
Yea, Lord, the men that ill deſign'd,
For thy truths ſake deſtroy.

6 A voluntary ſacrifice
Then, Lord, I'll offer thee:
And thy great Name, which I ſo priſe,
Shall be extoll'd by me.

7 For to the Lord, in all diſtreſs,
My life its ſafety owes:
And I have ſeen, with joyfulneſs,
The ſcatt'ring of my foes.

Psalm LV.

1 UNto this fervent pray'r of mine
Lend, Lord, thy liſtening ear:
With turned face do not decline
My juſt requeſt to hear.
2 With heedfulneſs to me attend,
And hear my crying voice;
Whiles my complaints to heav'n I ſend,
And make a mournfull noiſe.

3 For th' enemy doth his mouth enlarge:
By bad men vext am I:
Who lay foul crimes unto my charge,
And hate me wrathfully.
4 My heart within my troubled breaſt
Is pained grievouſly:
With ſorrows I am ſore oppreſt,
As one about to dye.

5 Through all my joynts a trembling goes,
So ſcaring is my fright:
Such dreadfull horrour me o'rflows,
I'm overwhelmed quite.
6 With fruitleſs wiſh, I oft did ſay,
O that a Dove I were!
Whoſe wings ſhould carry me away,
And lodg me ſafe from fear.

7 Lo, then, my flight I would not ceaſe,
Till I got far from hence:

And in ſome lonely wilderneſs
Should be my reſidence.
8 Whiles winds that threaten ſtorms, ariſe,
I would make haſte away:
Nor, till the tempeſt me ſurpriſe,
Would I my flight delay.

Part II.

9 Divide their tongues, O Lord, and date
Their City's ruine thence:
For 'tis notorious for debate,
And full of violence.
10 About its walls both day and night,
They range as ſentinels:
And in the very midſt of it
Miſchief with ſorrow dwells.

11 Her inward parts are all poſſeſt
With wickedneſſes vile:
And ſtill within her ſtreets do reſt
Deceitfulneſs, and guile.
12 For 'twas no open enemy
That did reproach me ſo:
Such carriage better bear could I,
In a profeſſed foe.

13 Nor did the man, whoſe haughty pride
Dealt thus, his hatred own:
For then, fore-warn'd, I could have hid
My ſelf ſome where unknown:
But 'twas a man, whom I to make
My equal did deſcend:

And often for my guide did take
As my dear boſome friend.

14 In cloſe conſults both ſpake our minds
With mutual content:
And to God's Houſe, like deareſt friends,
In company we went.
15 Let ſuddain death them ſeiſe: to hell
That they may quick be thrown:
For in the places where they dwell,
Foul wickedneſs is done.

Part III.

16 But with my voice exalted, I
God's ſpeedy help will crave:
Aſſur'd that he will hear my cry,
And readily me ſave.
17 When e'r the Sun doth ſet, or riſe,
Or reach his mid-day line:
I'll pray to him with earneſt cries,
And he'll his ear incline.

18 Without the loſs of life, or limb,
He brought me off the field:
For many (ſo diſpos'd by him)
Their help to me did yield.
19 Th' Eternal God my foes doth hear,
And them afflict he will:
For therefore him they do not fear,
Becauſe they proſper ſtill.

20 He ſtretcht out's hands to fight with thoſe
Who were with him at peace:
Againſt moſt ſacred leagues he choſe
Profanely to tranſgreſs.
21 When's heart contrived war, he ſooth'd
His foes with flatt'ring words:
Words, as with oyl, and butter ſmooth'd,
But meer unſheathed ſwords.

22 Thy burthen with the Lord intruſt,
And he ſhall thee ſuſtain:
So that, propt up by him, the juſt
Shall ſtill unmov'd remain.
23 But as for theſe, my foes declar'd
The Lord ſhall bring them down:
In a deſtructive pit enſnar'd,
They ſhall be overthrown.

The men that ſtudy to deceive,
And bloody-minded be,
Not half their nat'ral life ſhall live;
But I will truſt in thee.

Pſalm LVI.

Michtam of David, *when the Philiſtines took him in* Gath.

1 ME with thy grace, O God, befriend,
For man would me devour:
Who daily doth with me contend,
To cruſh me with his power.

2 My

2 My foes with open throat design
Each day to swallow me:
And numbers vast, that thus combine
With me to fight, there be.

3 But in thee is my confidence,
O thou most high, for aid:
When their malicious violence
Doth make me most afraid.
4 In God, I'll praise his promise true:
In God, my faith doth rest:
Whence against all that flesh can do,
I'll fearlesly contest.

5 My harmless words, from day to day,
They wrest to ill intent:
And for my hurt vile plots to lay,
Their thoughts are ever bent.
6 In counsel frequently they meet,
And very close they are:
They set a watch upon my feet,
Who would my soul ensnare.

Part II.

7 O God, shall wicked plots defend
The plotting heads from thee?
By thee let all that ill intend,
Cast down in anger be.
8 My wand'rings all thou know'st by taste;
Bottle my tears, O Lord:
Each drop which from mine eyes doth fall,
Doth not thy book record?

9 When

9 When I to thee devoutly cry,
My foes are turned back:
This I foretell assuredly,
For God my part doth take.
10 In God, my faith shall praise his word,
Which I have found so true:
Unto the word of God the Lord
I'll render praises due.

11 On God, with fixed confidence,
I do depend for aid;
Wherefore man's utmost violence
Shall ne'r make me afraid.
12 O God, as I am bound by vow,
To thee I'll render praise:
13 For when I was near dying, thou
To life my soul did'st raise.

And shall not then, thy strength'ning grace
My feet from falls defend,
That I my lifes remaining space
May in thy service spend?

Psalm LVII.

1 BE mercifull, O God, I pray,
Be mercifull to me:
For my afflicted soul doth stay
It self on none but thee.
Yea, in thy wings protecting shade
My refuge I have plac'd:

Till

Till theſe calamities ſo ſad,
Be fully over paſt.

2 Unto the higheſt God I will
Preſent my earneſt cries:
The God, that for me doth fulfill
The things that I deviſe.
3 In my diſtreſs, his ſaving aid
From heaven he ſhall ſend:
His mercy, and his truth, diſplaid
From thence, ſhall me defend.

He ſhall defend me from the tongue
Of my reproaching foe:
Who, not content my name to wrong,
Deſigns my overthrow.
4 For I do live with Lions fierce,
That hunt me as their prey:
With fiery men I do converſe,
That cruel rage bewray.

A ſort of men they are that through
Their teeth ſhoot bitter words:
Out-doing ſpears and arrows too,
With tongues like whetted ſwords.
5 Do thou exalt thy ſelf, O God,
Above the heavens high:
And ſhew to all the earth abroad
Thy glorious Majeſty.

6 They pitch a net to catch me, where
My feet have often gone:

And

And my ſoul, tangled in their ſnare,
Was almoſt overthrown.
But though they juſt before me plac'd
A cloſely digged pit:
Yet are they fall'n themſelves at laſt,
Into the midſt of it.

Part II.

7 My heart is fixt to ſing thy praiſe,
My heart is fixt, O God:
The glories of thy name to raiſe,
My ſong ſhall be beſtow'd.
8 Awake my glory, and awake
My Harp and Pſaltery:
And in the conſort to partake,
Betimes awake will I.

9 I'll utter praiſe, O Lord, among
The people to thy name:
And to the nations, with my ſong,
Thy glories I'll proclaim.
10 For to the ſpacious firmament
Thy mercy large doth ſtretch:
So is thy truth of vaſt extent,
Which to the Clouds doth reach.

11 Do thou exalt thy ſelf, O God,
Above the heavens high:
And ſhew to all the earth abroad,
Thy glorious Majeſty.

Pſalm LVIII.

1 DO you, when you aſſembled are,
Indeed, ſpeak righteouſly?
Ye mortal Judges, is't your care
Each cauſe aright to try?
2 Yea, under forms of Juſtice, you
Act plotted wickedneſs:
You ſeem to hold its balance true,
But ſway it to oppreſs.

3 Juſtice to them a ſtranger is
Ev'n from their birth, become:
They learn'd to ſpeak, and do amiſs,
Ev'n from their mothers womb.
4 The venome that their tongues contain,
T' a ſerpents likeneſs bears:
And to make wholſome counſels vain,
Like Aſps they ſtop their ears.

5 Like Aſps, which no enchanters tongue
Can keep from doing harm:
Becauſe they will not hear his ſong,
Though cunningly he charm.
6 Break the ſly ſerpents teeth, becauſe
They venemouſly bite:
Yea, Lord, diſarm th' young Lion's jaws,
That cruſh the juſt by might.

7 Let them, as running ſtreams do flow,
So melt continually:

And

And let the arrows on their bow,
Into ſmall ſhivers fly.
8 As waſting ſnails, that turn to ſlime,
So let them melt, and run:
Like births that come before the time,
And never ſee the Sun.

9 Ere blazing thorns can heat the pot,
God's wrath ſhall them ſurpriſe:
The whirlwind of his anger hot
Ev'n living, ſhall them ſeiſe.
10 Then ſhall the juſt, with triumphs meet
See the revenge of God:
And with a righteous Zeal, their feet
Waſh in the wicked's bloud.

11 And men ſhall ſay, lo, verily,
The righteous, God rewards:
Verily, there's a Judge on high,
That juſtice here regards.

Pſalm LIX.

Michtam of David, *when* Saul *ſent and they watched the Houſe to kill him.*

1 MY God, in my defence engage,
Againſt mine Enemies:
Do thou protect me from their rage,
That up againſt me riſe.
2 From thoſe that work iniquity,
I thy ſalvation crave:

From

From th' undeſerved cruelty
Of bloudy men me ſave.

3 For with great craft, a cloſe deſign
Againſt my ſoul they lay:
Yea, mighty men together joyn,
To take my life away.
Yet can they charge me with no crime,
As thou, O Lord, doſt know:
Nor by tranſgreſſing, any time,
Have I provok'd them ſo.

4 With active malice arm'd they are,
To ruine guiltleſs me:
Awake, and ſee, what they prepare,
And my defender be.
5 Lord God of *Iſrael*, that haſt
All hoſts at thy diſpoſe:
Awake for my defence at laſt,
And viſit all my foes.

Viſit all th' heathens, that to me
Expreſs ſuch cruelty:
Nor let thoſe men find grace from thee,
That ſin preſumptuouſly.
6 Each ev'ning here, and there, with noiſe,
They range the city round:
As dogs in conſort joyn their voice,
And make an hideous ſound.

7 From their lips iſſue whetted ſwords,
So keen their Speeches are:

Yea,

Yea, their mouths belch blaſphemous words,
For who, (ſay they,) doth hear?
8 Yet thou, (Lord) heareſt, all the while,
And laugheſt at their pride:
All th' heathens thou, with ſcornfull ſmile
Moſt juſtly ſhalt deride.

Part II.

9 Becauſe I have a mighty foe,
That is too ſtrong for me:
I'll wait on God, for he (I know)
My ſtrong defence will be.
10 The God who hath to me been kind,
He ſhall prevent me ſtill:
My God ſhall let me have my mind
On thoſe that wiſh me ill.

11 Slay them not quite, O Lord our ſhield,
Leſt we ſhould it forget:
Let thine Arm rout them in the field
And caſt them at our feet.
12 Becauſe their mouths and lips to lies,
And curſing, they imploy:
Let ſuddain vengeance them ſurpriſe,
And in their pride deſtroy.

13 Whiles ſlowly they to ruine pine,
From them confeſſion wring:
That God, who doth in *Jacob* reign,
To th' whole earths ends is King.
14 May they each night with doleſull voice
The City's ſtreets ſurround:

Searching

Searching for food with howling noiſe,
As doth the hungry hound.

15 Let them, with greedy appetite,
Range up and down for meat:
And wander whining all the night,
Without a ſcrap to eat.
16 But I, the aſſiſtance of thy might
Will with a ſong proclaim:
And, waking with the morning light,
Exalt thy mercys fame.

For the defence thou did'ſt afford
From dangers, was my skreen:
And in my day of trouble, Lord,
Thou haſt my refuge been.
17 O thou that art my ſtrength, to thee
I'll ſing with all my skill:
For God is my defence, and he
Will ſhew me mercy ſtill.

Pſalm LX.

Michtam of David, *to teach, when he ſtrove with* Aram-naharaim, *and with* Aram-zobah, *when* Joab *returned, and ſmote of* Edom *in the Valley of* Salt *Twelve Thouſand.*

1 WE have been ſcatter'd, ever ſince
Thou left'ſt us in diſdain:
At us, O God, thou took'ſt offence:
O turn to us again.

2 Thy

2 Thy wrath did cauſe the Earth to quake
That it was broken ſore:
The breaches that thy hand did make,
O let thy hand reſtore.

3 The people that thou own'ſt for thine,
Sore burdens made to ſhrink:
A cup of moſt amazing wine
Thou gaveſt us to drink;
4 Yet thou, on them that rev'rence thee,
A banner haſt beſtow'd:
In thy religions cauſe, to be
By them diſplay'd abroad.

5 For ſafety of thy ſervant dear,
Thy right hands pow'r extend:
And to his pray'r thy hearing ear
With wonted mercy bend.
6 In ſtrength of th' Oracle divine,
My triumphs ſhall be great:
For *Shechem* I'll divide by line,
And *Succoth*'s Valley mete.

7 *Gilead* is mine, *Manaſſeh* mine;
Ephr'im ſupports my cauſe:
To royal *Judah*, I'll aſſign
The pow'r to give them Laws.
8 *Moab* I'll make my waſhing Pot,
O'r *Edom* throw my ſhoe:
The coaſt of the Philiſtines ſtout
Shall yield me triumphs too:

Part II.

9 But who will me conduct into
The City fortifi'd?
And into *Edom*'s Countrey, who
Will me with ſafety guide?
10 Wilt not thou do't for me, O God,
That did'ſt us once forſake?
Thou that to lead our hoſts abroad
Refuſed'ſt t' undertake?

11 When troubles make us ſore afraid,
Let us thy help obtain:
For in ſad times, to give us aid,
All humane help is vain.
12 Through God, when he our helper is,
We valiant acts ſhall do:
For he ſhall all our Enemies
Under our feet ſubdue.

Pſalm LXI.

1 WHen unto thee, O God, I cry,
Do thou in mercy hear:
And to my pray'r, attentively
Vouchſafe to bend thine ear.
2 From the lands end, I'll cry to thee,
When e'r my heart's oppreſt:
To that high rock conduct thou me,
Where I may ſafely reſt.

3 For in paſt dangers, for my skreen,
Thy help did interpoſe:
And my ſtrong Tower haſt thou been,
To ſave me from my foes.
4 Within thy holy Tent, I will
For evermore reſide:
Thy wings I'll make my covert ſtill,
Wherein I will me hide.

5 The vows that did my Soul engage,
Thou, O my God, did'ſt hear:
And gaveſt me the heritage
Of thoſe that do thee fear.
6 The King thou wilt in life maintain,
And late receive him home:
His years extended ſhall remain
To ages long to come.

7 Before the Lord's well-pleaſed face,
For ever ſhall he ſtay:
Prepare for him thy truth and grace,
To keep him from decay.
8 So, to thy holy Name I will
Eternal praiſes pay:
That unto thee I may fulfill
My vows from day to day.

Psalm LXII.

[*To the Tune of* Ps. 113.] Ye children, *&c.*
Or 127. Except the Lord, *&c.*

1 TRuly my soul on God attends,
From him alone 's my expectation:
And from him cometh my salvation.
2 'Tis he alone, that me defends:
My rock and my strong place is He:
Whence, greatly mov'd I ne'r shall be.

3 How long, whiles ye my death design,
Seek you your own? for you are all
A tott'ring sense, and bowing wall.
4 My honour only t' undermine,
With studied lies they bend their force:
Their mouths me bless, but hearts do curse.

5 Wait then, my soul, on God alone;
For from him is my expectation,
And from him cometh my salvation.
6 Him only, as my rock I own:
My only sure defence is he:
Whence I shall never moved be.

7 My safety; and my glory, too,
Is plac'd in God my fortress high:
And I to his protection fly.
8 All people, trust in him do you:
With hearty pray'r upon him call:
He's a sure refuge for us all.

9 Surely,

9 Surely, mean men are vain; a Lye
The greateſt are: againſt them all
Vanities ſelf will turn the ſcale.
10 Truſt not in wrong; let robbery
Raiſe no mans hopes: when riches flow,
Let none his heart on them beſtow.

11 For God once ſpake a weighty word,
Yea, twice this ſpeech I heard him own,
That pow'r belongs to him alone.
12 Yea, mercy's alſo thine, O Lord,
And Juſtice too: for at thy bar
All mortals, as they do, ſhall fare.

Pſalm LXIII.

[*To the Tune of* Pſ. 25.] I lift my heart, &c.

1 O God, my God thou art.
I'll early ſeek thy face.
My ſoul, and fleſh, cry, Lord impart
To me thy ſaving grace.
In this ſcorcht Wilderneſs,
Wherein no waters be,
My body's thirſt afflicts me leſs,
Than does my ſoul's for thee.

2 Thy pow'r and glory, I
Deſirous am to ſee:
As in thy holy Sanct'ary
I've had a view of thee.

3 For life it ſelf is worth
Leſs than thy kindneſs dear:
Therefore to ſhew thy praiſes forth,
My lips prepared are.

4 Thus, whiles I live, my praiſe
Thy goodneſs ſhall proclaim:
And when in pray'r my hands I raiſe,
I'll call upon thy Name.
5 As men with marrow fill'd,
My ſoul ſuffic'd ſhall be:
And my rejoycing lips ſhall yield
Due praiſes unto thee.

6 Whiles on my lonely bed
To mind thee I delight:
And exerciſe my wakefull head,
To muſe on thee by night.
7 Becauſe thy ſaving aid
I have ſo often try'd;
In thy ſpred wings protecting ſhade
I'll joyfully reſide.

8 My ſoul doth follow thee,
With reſtleſs diligence:
For thy right hand, upholding me,
Vouchſafes me ſure defence.
9 But thoſe that do beſtow
Such pains my bloud to ſhed,
Into th' earths lower parts ſhall go,
To dwell among the dead.

10 They by the ſword ſhall fall,
And be the foxes food:
11 Whereas the King preſerved, ſhall
Rejoyce himſelf in God.
Yea, all ſhall joy, that ſwear
Devoutly by his Name,
When lying mouths thus ſtopped are,
That ſland'rouſly defame.

Pſalm LXIV.

1 O God, unto my voice give ear,
And with my pray'r comply:
To keep my life ſecure from fear
Of my ſtrong Enemy.
2 From wicked men that cloſely lurk,
And cruel things deviſe:
Who make iniquity their work,
Whiles they againſt me riſe.

3 Their wounding Tongues as keen th
As men do whet their ſwords: [wh
Their mouths like bended bows, they
To ſhoot out bitter words.
4 To ſhoot in ſecret they combine
At him that is ſincere:
His ſuddain hurt they do deſign,
And void they are of fear.

5 Whi

5 Whiles to lay ſnares that none may ſpy,
Their minds they jointly bend:
Fear not, they each to other cry,
Who knows what we intend?
6 They ſpare for neither pains, nor art,
To ſearch iniquities:
And in the bottom of their heart
Their deep contrivance lies.

7 But God, his arrow on the ſtring
To ſhoot them too, prepares:
And whiles they think of no ſuch thing,
Shall wound them unawares.
8 Their fall ſhall ſo remarkably
From their own tongues proceed:
That all mankind from them ſhall fly,
Who ſee how ill they ſpeed.

9 Yea, all ſhall tell, what God hath done,
With a religious ſenſe:
As thoſe who wiſely think upon
His righteous providence.
10 The righteous in the Lord withall,
Shall both rejoyce, and truſt:
And all the upright-hearted ſhall
Thence gather triumphs juſt.

Psalm LXV.

[*To the Tune of Pſ.* 113.] Ye children, *&c.*

Or 127. Except the Lord, *&c.*

1 O God, on thee, in *Zion* Hill,
Are praiſing crouds attendant ſtill:
Who there to thee their vows fulfill.
2 Yea, ſith thou art acknowledg'd there,
To be a God that heareth pray'r,
All fleſh ſhall unto thee repair.

3 And though our ſins might often ſtay
Thy mercies from us, when we pray:
Yet ſhalt thou purge them quite away.
4 Whence, bleſt is he, whom thou bring'ſt near,
Before thee in thy Courts t' appear,
And gain a conſtant dwelling there.

Thus nigh to thee when we reſide;
Out of thy Temples ſtores ſupply'd,
With good we ſhall be ſatisfi'd.
5 Yea, thou, our God, for our defence,
By righteous acts of providence,
Shalt give amazing Anſwers thence.

Thou 'rt he, on whom each one depends,
That dwells in th' earth's remoteſt ends,
As far as th' utmoſt Sea extends.
6 'Tis God, that girt with pow'r, hath plac'd
On firm foundations mountains vaſt;
Whereon his ſtrength hath ſet them faſt.

Part

Part II.

7 God ſtills the noiſe of roaring Seas,
Quelling the raging Waves with eaſe:
And peoples tumults doth appeaſe.
8 Ev'n to the World's remoteſt bound,
Where e'r inhabitants are found,
Thy tokens make thy fear to ſound.

Both in the Coaſts whence morning ſprings,
And thoſe where ev'ning ſpreads its wings,
Thy praiſe in fartheſt Countreys rings.
9 Thou viſit'ſt th' Earth when it is dry,
And ſend'ſt thy river from the Sky,
To quench its thirſt abundantly.

Whereby the corn that men do throw
Thereon, prepared is to grow;
When it by thee is mellow'd ſo.
10 The ridges which are raiſed high,
Therewith are waſhed plenteouſly;
And all their furrows fixt thereby.

And where ſtiff clods choak ſprouting [grains,
Thou break'ſt them ſmall, with ſoft'ning
So that each ſpire free paſſage gains [rains,
Thy bleſſing thus out-does our hopes,
11 And crowns the year with plenteous crops,
Each path of thine ſuch fatneſs drops.

12 The Wilderneſs, that's dry and bare,
Doth in thoſe fat'ning droppings ſhare;
Which turn its ſands to paſtures fair.
The little hills with graſs abound;
And cheerfull flocks do them ſurround,
Whoſe Shepherds do thy praiſes ſound.

13 Well fleeced flocks do overſpread
The paſture grounds where they are fed;
And vales with Corn are covered.
To ſhouts and ſongs all ſtrain their voice,
And (as partaking in man's joys)
The echoing earth reflects the noiſe.

Another Metre.

1 GReat praiſing crouds in *Zion* Hill,
O God, attend on thee:
To thee their vows they do fulfill,
Whereof they debtors be.
2 Sith thou a God, for hearing pray'r
Renown'd, amongſt us art:
All fleſh ſhall readily repair
To thee, from ev'ry part.

3 For though our guilt againſt us cryes;
To ſtop our pray'rs ſucceſs:
Yet us from our iniquities
Thy mercy ſhall releaſe.
4 In happineſs he doth excell,
Whom thou bring'ſt near to thee:

Whom,

Whom, in thy courts thou tak'ſt to dwell
Moſt happy then are we.

Happy are we, there to reſide,
Where what thy Houſe doth yield,
Is richly unto us ſupply'd
And all with good are fill'd.
5 Thou ſhalt to our Petitions, thence
Amazing anſwers ſend:
When on thy ſaving providence
O God, we do depend.

For unto thee, men ſeek for aid,
From th' earth's moſt diſtant ends:
And all mens hopes on thee are laid,
Where th' utmoſt Sea extends.
6 'Tis God, who, girt with pow'r, hath plac'd
So firm the mountains high;
That their foundations fixed faſt,
In th' earth's deep bowels lie.

7 He doth the roaring Seas aſſwage,
And all their billows lay:
And quells tumultuous peoples rage,
That ſwells as high as they.
8 The tokens of thy wrath affright
The worlds remoteſt bounds:
Each ev'nings ſhade, and mornings light,
O Lord, thy praiſe reſounds.

Part II.

9 Thou viſit'ſt th' earth with moyſt'ning ſhowers,
When it is parcht and dry:
Thy heav'nly river riches pours,
Thereon abundantly.
Earths womb, therewith, thou doſt prepare,
And fit for fruitfull ſeed:
From which, thus nouriſht by thy care,
Springs corn that yields us bread.

10 Thou ſoak'ſt its ridges plenteouſly,
Its furrows thou doſt ſtay:
And break'ſt the clods that do deny
The ſprouting grain a way.
11 Thy bleſſing thus, in plenteous crops,
Doth th' year with goodneſs crown:
And ev'ry cloud from heaven drops
Abundant fatneſs down,

12 The wilderneſs that's dry, and bare,
Thoſe fatt'ning drops make green:
And the ſmall hills, on all ſides, are
Freſh, like the vales between.
13 Paſtures, with well fleec'd flocks o'rſpred,
Joy to the ſhepherd bring:
Plough'd fields, with corn are covered,
And make the Plowman ſing.

Pſalm

Pſalm LXVI.

1 ALL men wherever you reſide
Your cheerfull voices raiſe
2 That God's name may be glorifi'd,
Aloud proclaim his praiſe.
3 Say ye to God, how terrible
In all thy works art thou?
Thy foes, convinc'd by miracle,
To thee ſhall humbly bow.

4 The worſhip that to thee belongs,
Th' whole earth ſhall give to thee:
And by their oft repeated ſongs,
Thy name ſhall praiſed be.
5 Come, ſee the works that God hath done,
And thence his power know:
Works full of terrour he hath ſhewn
To ſons of men below.

6 He the red Sea dry land did make;
On foot men through it went:
And there to him a ſong we ſpake,
To give our joys a vent.
7 His eyes all Nations ſtill behold;
His power ever ſways:
Let no proud rebels then be bold
Their heads aloft to raiſe.

8 O let the people bleſs the name
Of our Almighty God:

And with exalted voice proclaim
His praiſes all abroad.
9 Who doth our ſoul in life maintain,
By his ſupporting hand:
Our feet through him ſuch things do gain,
That they unmoved ſtand.

Part II.

10 For we, O God, through trials great,
Lay'd on by thee, have gone:
As ſilver into melting heat
Is, for its trial, thrown.
11 Into the net thou did'ſt us caſt,
When captives we were ta'n:
And on our feeble loins thou haſt
Laid an afflicting chain.

12 Thou madeſt men moſt inſolent
Over our heads to ride:
And we through fire and water went,
With patience doubly try'd.
But after thou had'ſt try'd us ſo,
Thou ſhew'd'ſt us ample grace:
Thou brought'ſt us thence, and did'ſt be-
On us a wealthy place. [ſtow

13 Therefore, within thy holy houſe,
Burnt off'rings give will I:
And to perform to thee my vows,
I will my ſelf apply.
14 The vows, wherein with lips devout
I bound my ſoul to thee:

Which

Which with my mouth I poured out,
When trouble was on me.

Part III.

15 Burnt offrings of my fatteſt flocks
To thee I will allow:
I'll ſpare no ram, nor goat, nor ox,
But each on thee beſtow.
16 Come, pious ſouls, and from me hear,
What did to me betide:
I'll tell all men that God do fear,
What for my ſoul he did.

17 I did my voice unto him raiſe,
And make a dolefull cry:
But ſoon my Tongue, in ſongs of praiſe,
His name exalted high.
18 If any cloſe Iniquity
I did in heart regard;
The Lord (that hates hypocriſie)
My pray'r would ne'r have heard.

19 But ſure, God knew me innocent;
For he my voice did hear:
And when my pray'r I did preſent,
He bow'd his gracious ear.
20 Bleſſed be God, that did me heed,
When I to him did pray:
Nor did he from me, in my need,
His mercy turn away.

Psalm LXVII.

1 HAve mercy on us, Lord,
And bleſs us of thy grace:
To ſhine on us do thou accord,
With thy well-pleaſed face.
2 That thy moſt holy way
May to the earth be ſhewn:
And that thy ſaving Doctrine may
Be to all Nations known.

3 Let heathen tongues, O God,
Thy noble praiſe proclaim:
And let all Nations ſpread abroad
The glory of thy name.
4 O let the people vie
With ſongs to vent their mirth:
For thou ſhalt juſtly rule and try
The Nations on the earth.

5 Let heathen Tongues, O God,
Thy noble praiſe proclaim:
And let all Nations ſpread abroad
The glory of thy name.
6 Then ſhall the fruitfull ground
Afford us great increaſe:
And God that is among us own'd
Shall us with plenty bleſs.

7 God ſhall his bleſſings ſend
To us his people dear:

And

And unto th' earths remoteſt end
All nations ſhall him fear.
Let Father, Son, and Spirit,
(Th' Eternal Three, and One,)
All glory now, and ſtill inherit,
As they have ever done.

[*The ſame. To the Tune of* Pſ. 148.] Give laud, *&c.*

1 MAY God's abundant grace
And bleſſing on us light:
And may we ſee his face
Upon us ſhining bright.
2 Reveal thy way
Lord, to each Nation;
And thy Salvation
To all diſplay.

3 Let all to give thee praiſe,
With one conſent agree:
4 Let them their voices raiſe,
And gladly ſing to thee.
For thy juſt Laws,
Shall righteouſly
Rule th' earth, and try
Each perſons cauſe.

5 Let all the people yield
Joint praiſe, O God, to thee:
6 With plenty from the field
Then ſhall we bleſſed be.

7 God

God ſhall us bleſs
And men his fear
Shall ev'ry where
Through th' earth profeſs.

The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit of holineſs,
(Th' Eternal, Three, and One,)
We glorifie and bleſs.
So 'twas before
Time firſt began:
And ſo remain
Shall evermore.

Pſalm LXVIII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 LET God ariſe, and let his foes
At his appearance ſcatter'd be:
And all that ſpitefully oppoſe
Themſelves to him; before him flee.
2 As ſmoke's diſperſt, which winds do chaſe,
And wax doth melt, when fire is nigh:
So, when God ſhews his angry face,
Let wicked men diſperſe, and die.

3 But let the juſt with gladneſs great
At God's appearance filled be:
Yea, let them oft their joys repeat,
When they his gracious preſence ſee.

4 Sing

4 Sing unto God, his praiſe proclaim,
Who rides upon the heavens high:
Extoll the Lord, by *JAH*, his name,
And joy before him plenteouſly.

5 God, in his holy dwelling place
Is Father to the Fatherleſs:
And in the helpleſs Widows caſe,
Will judgment paſs with righteouſneſs.
6 From ſingle folk whole Tribes he ſpreads,
He looſeth Captives from their chains:
But rebels, when they lift their heads,
In parched lands he ſtill retains.

Part II.

7 When thou did'ſt, for thy peoples ſake,
Vouchſafe, O God, to be their guide,
And a long march did'ſt undertake
Before them through the deſart wide,
8 The earth did ſhake; yea, th'heavens too
Did at God's awfull preſence melt:
When *Iſr'els* God appear'd in view,
Ev'n *Sinai* great commotions felt.

9 From heav'n, O God, thou ſhookeſt out
Moſt plenteous drops of fat'ning rain:
Whereby, when it did faint for drought,
Thine heritage reviv'd again.
10 And in the Land, wherein, O God,
Thy Congregations dwellings were,
Thy goodneſs thus diſperſt abroad,
Did plenty for the poor prepare.

11 His

11 His word the Lords mouth uttered,
To raiſe his fainting peoples hearts,
And ſoon by multitudes 'twas ſpread
Into the worlds remoteſt parts.
12 The Kings that num'rous Armies led,
Diſcourag'd, left the field for fear:
And the ſpoils ſcatter'd when they fled,
Women that ſtaid at home, did ſhare.

13 Though ye among the pots have rowl'd,
Yet ſhall you like a Dove be deckt,
Whoſe wings and feathers, pureſt gold
And Silver, from the light reflect.
14 When Kings diſperſed were in it,
By force of Gods Almighty hand:
Like *Salmons* Snow, in Garments white
Arrayed was the joyfull Land.

15 The hill that God's great name doth bear,
Is like fat *Baſhans* hill renown'd:
Yea, ev'n for height it may compare
With any hill in *Baſhans* ground.
16 But why for's height, ſhould any hill
With *Zion* ſtrive for preference?
This hill God's love preferreth ſtill,
And honours with his reſidence.

Part III.

17 Arm'd Chariots, a thouſand ſcore,
The Lord of Hoſts hath ſtill at hand:
Yea, many, many thouſands more
Of Angels march at his command.

In

In midſt of them, continually,
In's holy place he doth appear:
As when his glorious Majeſty
On *Sinai*'s mount he did declare.

18 Attended with that heav'nly train,
Thou did'ſt in triumph mount the Sky:
And led'ſt thoſe foes bound in a chain,
Which held man in captivity.
Great gifts thou haſt received too,
For men, ev'n ſuch as did rebell:
Which thou upon them did'ſt beſtow,
That the Lord God with them might dwell.

19 Bleſt be the Lord, the gracious God,
From whom all ſaving mercies come:
Who with his bounties doth us load,
So that each day augments the ſumm.
20 The God, whoſe name we call upon,
He, and no other God, can ſave:
And unto God the Lord alone,
Belong the iſſues from the grave.

21 But mortally our God ſhall wound
The head of all his wilfull foes:
Yea, th' hairy ſcalp (though ne'r ſo ſound)
Of each, that on, tranſgreſſing, goes.
22 I'll ſave again, (ſo ſaith the Lord)
My people from *Og*'s mighty hand:
And from proud *Pharaoh*'s cruel ſword,
Through Seas I'll bring them ſafe to land.

23 That

23 That with the blood of foes again
Thy foot, O *Isr'el*, may be red,
And ev'n thy dogs their tongues may ſtain
In tearing th' intralls of the dead.
24 When we with ſolemn pomp did bring
Thy Ark into its holy place,
That march of thine, my God, and King,
A moſt delightfull proſpect was.

25 Firſt, ſacred fingers tun'd a ſong,
Follow'd by Inſtruments well ſet:
With whom fair Damſels went along,
Who skilfully did timbrels beat.
26 Bleſſed be God, (the choir did ſing,)
His praiſe in all Aſſemblies tell:
Bleſs ye the Lord, who ever ſpring
From th' ancient ſtock of *Iſrael*.

27 Both little *Benjamin*, with's Head,
And *Judahs* Prince, with's company;
Are preſent there: and all that lead
Zebuluns Tribe, and *Napthali*.
28 The God that hath thy battels fought,
(O *Jacobs* ſeed) doth ſtrength command:
O God, for us, what thou haſt wrought,
Support with thine almighty hand.

Part IV.

29 Becauſe *Jeruſalem*'s the place
O God, wherein thy Temple ſtands:
Kings therefore ſhall implore thy grace,
With preſents brought from foreign lands.

30 Le

30 Let ſpearmens troops though ne'r ſo fierce,
At thy rebuke, therefore, be ſcar'd:
The peoples calves do thou diſperſe,
With all the bulls that lead the Herd.

Till ev'ry one of them ſubmit
With ſilver coin'd t' acknowledg thee:
And all that do in war delight,
Let them before thee ſcatter'd flee.

31 Then ſhall *Egyptian* Princes own
Themſelves the ſubjects of our God:
And *Ethiopian* Nations, ſoon
Their hands before him ſpread abroad.

32 Advance ye God in praiſing ſongs,
Ye earthly Kingdoms ev'ry where:
The praiſe that to the Lord belongs,
Let their exalted voice declare.

33 Sing praiſe to God, that hath of old
Upon the higheſt heavens ſat:
His voice, a mighty voice, behold,
He utt'reth from his Throne of ſtate.

34 Aſcribe ye might to God moſt high,
Whoſe glory reſts on *Iſrael*:
Whoſe ſtrength that rends the cloudy Sky,
All creature-forces doth excell.

35 Thy holy places dreadfull be,
O God, that *Iſrael* doſt own:
His peoples mighty ſtrength is he;
Bleſſed, therefore, be God alone.

Psalm LXIX.

1 FRom ſwelling flouds of dangers great
Save me, O God, I pray:
For on all ſides they me beſet
To take my life away.
2 I ſink, and ſink, in yielding mud,
And feel no ſolid ground:
Whiles by an overflowing floud
I'm likely to be drown'd.

3 My throat grows hoarſe whiles I do ſtrain
My voice for help to call:
And whiles I look to God in vain;
My very eyes do fail.
4 My foes that hate me cauſeleſly,
In multitude exceed:
For number, with the hairs they vie,
That grow upon my head.

Their power too, than mine was more,
Who me deſign'd to ſlay:
Then (forc'd by might) I did reſtore
What I ne'r took away.
5 The follies which they charge on me,
(If any ſuch there were,)
Or, if of ſins I guilty be,
To thee they do appear.

6 O Lord of Hoſts, becauſe of me
Let none of thine be blam'd:

Nor

Nor let one ſoul that worſhips thee,
On my account be ſham'd.
7 Becauſe, (O God of *Iſrael*)
For thee I bear diſgrace,
And for thy ſake, that ſhame befell
Me, that now clouds my face.

8 My next of kin, upon that ſcore,
My kindred did diſclaim:
And to my mothers ſons, therefore,
An alien I became.
9 For to thy houſe ſuch zeal I bear,
That it conſumes me quite:
And what reproaches levell'd are
At thee, on me do light.

Part II.

10 They jeer'd me, when my ſoul I did
With tears and faſting tame:
11 About me, when I ſackcloth ty'd,
Their by-word I became.
12 The Elders ſitting in the gates,
Againſt me evil ſpake:
And ev'ry drunkard, with his mates,
On me lewd ſongs did make.

13 But, Lord, in a well-timed pray'r
Thy ſaving help I'll crave:
In thy abundant mercy hear,
And in thy truth me ſave.
14 Out of the miry pit me pull,
My feet from ſinking keep:

Save

Save me from hearts of malice full,
And from the waters deep.

15 Let not the flouds me overtop,
Nor the deeps me devour:
Let not the pits mouth ſhut me up,
As one within its power.
16 Hear me, O God, for very good
Thy tender love I find;
And in thy mercies multitude,
Be thou to me inclin'd.

17 And do not hide thy lightſome face
From me thy ſervant dear:
But in my troubles, let thy grace
Move thee with ſpeed to hear.
18 Near my afflicted ſoul approach;
To it redemption ſend:
And leſt my foes on me incroach,
Thy ſaving help me lend.

Part III.

19 All my reproach, diſgrace, and ſhame,
O Lord, are known to thee:
And all my foes that me defame,
Thou perfectly do'ſt ſee.
20 My heavy heart reproaches broke,
But I'm bemoan'd by none:
For ſome to comfort me I look,
But cannot light on one.

21 In

21 In ſtead of Cordials, on the Tree
To eat, they gave me gall:
And Vinegar they tendred me,
To quench my thirſt withall.
22 May plenteous tables prove a ſnare,
To them who thus me treat:
And may the wholſom'ſt things that are,
Prove traps to catch their feet.

23 Untill their ſight be periſht, make
Thick darkneſs ſeiſe their Eyes:
And that their loyns may ever ſhake
A palſey them ſurpriſe.
24 A floud of indignation great
Do thou upon them ſend:
And in thine angers ſcorching heat,
Do thou them apprehend.

25 Let total deſolation waſte
The place where they reſide:
And let all dwellers thence be chac'd,
That none therein abide.
26 For whom thy heavy rod doth ſmite,
They perſecute the more:
And fret with ſpeeches full of ſpite
The wounds thou mad'ſt before.

27 Let them, by adding ſumm to ſumm,
Their guilts accounts increaſe,
And by repentance never come
Into thy righteouſneſs.

28 Out

28 Out of the book of living ſouls
Let them be daſhed clear:
And where the Lord the juſt enrolls,
Let not their Names appear.

Part IV.

29 But in a ſad afflicted caſe,
And ſorely griev'd am I:
O God, vouchſafe thy ſaving grace,
To ſet me up on high.
30 Then will I in a ſong of praiſe
Exalt God's holy Name:
And with my thankfull verſe I'll raiſe
His moſt deſerved fame.

31 And ſuch, the Lord will more, from me
Than Ox, or Bullock, priſe:
Though prov'd by horn, and hoof, to be
Of age for ſacrifice.
32 This welcome ſight great cauſe ſhall give
Of gladneſs to the meek:
And all your drooping hearts revive
Who God devoutly ſeek.

33 For, that the Lord doth poor men hear,
My caſe doth make it plain:
And whoſoe'r his pris'ners are
He will them not diſdain.
34 Let heaven then, with earth combine
His praiſes to declare:
The Sea likewiſe, and all therein
That moves, a part ſhall bear.

35 Fo

35 For God will ſave his *Zion* ſtill,
And *Judah*'s Cities rear:
His Servants ſhall its houſes fill,
And buy poſſeſſions there:
36 Poſſeſſions, which they ſhall derive
To the ſucceeding race:
Where, they that love his name, ſhall live
In a ſure dwelling-place.

Pſalm LXX.

[*To the Tune of* Pſ. 25.] I lift my heart, *&c.*

1 WITH haſte, O God, appear
To reſcue me, I pray:
Lord, loſe no time, when danger's near,
Help, help, without delay.
2 Juſt ſhame may they acquire,
Who me to ſlay combine:
Let them diſgracefully retire,
That do my hurt deſign.

3 May they repulſed be,
And ſhamefully retreat;
Who oft, Aha, Aha, to me
With ſcornfull pride repeat.
4 That all who ſeek thy face
May ever joy in thee:
And thoſe that love thy ſaving grace,
Still ſay, God praiſed be.

5 But I am poor, and need;
O God, make haſt, I pray:
Lord, my deliverer, make ſpeed;
Let not thy help delay.

Pſalm LXXI.

1 LOrd, ſith I put my truſt in thee,
Thy promis'd help I claim:
Let not my hopes defeated be,
Leſt I be put to ſhame.
2 As thou art juſt, to me afford
A kindly bended ear:
And cauſe me to eſcape, O Lord,
The evil which I fear.

3 Be thou my Tow'r always at hand,
To which I may reſort:
I'm ſafe, if thou ſhalt ſo command,
Who art my rock and fort.
4 From th' evil man that ſeeks my bane,
My God, do thou me free:
Nor let th' unjuſt and cruel man
Lay violent hands on me.

5 For, from thee, Lord, I hope for aid,
With fixed confidence:
On whom from youth my faith is ſtaid,
Not to be moved thence.
6 I'll never ceaſe to give thee praiſe,
To whom my birth I owe:

And

And whoſe protection, all my days,
Hath held me up, till now.

7 As when ſome monſter ſtrange is ſhewn,
The crowd about me throng:
But I thy ſole protection own;
Thou art my fortreſs ſtrong.
8 Vouchſafe me, Lord, occaſion ſtill,
Thy glories to diſplay:
And let thy worthy praiſes fill
My mouth throughout the day.

Part II.

9 O do not caſt me off, at length,
When age doth me aſſail:
Forſake me not, when vig'rous ſtrength
My wither'd limbs doth fail.
10 For my malicious enemies
Hard things againſt me ſpeak:
And oft together they adviſe,
Who my deſtruction ſeek.

11 They cry, (to keep their troops in heart)
Now, now, fall on, and take him:
For there is none to take his part;
Both God, and man, forſake him.
12 O God, my God, let not thine aid
Be far from me in need:
Let not my hopes be long delay'd,
But reſcue me with ſpeed.

13 Confounded, and conſum'd be thoſe
That would not let me live:
Reproach and ſhame befall my foes
That harm to me contrive.
14 But I reſolve on thee to ſtay
My ſoul throughout my days:
And ſtill improve my skill to pay
The tribute of thy praiſe.

15 Thy righteous acts, and ſaving grace,
I daily will declare:
Though all account their numbers paſs;
For numberleſs they are.
16 Thy ſtrength, O Lord my God, ſhall ſpeed
All works I ſet upon:
And I'll proclaim, when they ſucceed,
Thy righteouſneſs alone.

Part III.

17 O God, thy holy diſcipline
Did guide my youthfull days:
And hitherto, thy works divine
I've publiſh'd to thy praiſe.
18 Don't then, the hoary head forſake,
Which thy old ſervant wears:
Nor let thy care for him grow ſlack,
Now, as he grows in years.

Spare me at leaſt, until my pen
Have wrote of all thy praiſe:

And

And made thy ſtrength and pow'r be ſeen
To theſe, and future days.
19 Thy righteouſneſs is very high:
And when thy works I ſee,
Aſtoniſht, and amaz'd I cry,
O God, who's like to thee?

20 Knowledg of troubles great, and ſore,
Thy providence me gave:
But thou ſhalt me again reſtore
Ev'n from the gaping grave.
21 My greatneſs too, increas'd by thee,
Shall grow from day to day:
And with thy comforts I ſhall be
Surrounded ev'ry way.

22 Thy truth likewiſe, by me, O God,
Shall in a ſong be ſhewn:
My lute, and harp ſhall ſound aloud,
To *Iſr'els* holy one.
23 My ſoul by thee redeem'd, ſhall through
My lips expreſs its joys;
Which thence into my ſong ſhall flow,
And raiſe my ſinging voice.

24 My Tongue likewiſe, throughout the day,
Thy juſtice ſhall proclaim:
For they that me deſign'd to ſlay,
By thee are brought to ſhame.

Pſalm LXXII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, &c.

1 UPon the King, O Lord, beſtow
The grace to govern by thy Laws:
And teach his royal Son to ſhew
Juſt favour to each righteous cauſe.
2 Then ſhall he righteous Judgment paſs,
When men to his Tribunal come:
And in the pooreſt ſubjects caſe
Pronounce an uncorrupted doom.

3 The mountains then ſhall people bleſs
With all the bleſſings peace can give:
And little hills, by righteouſneſs,
Like happy fruits to men derive.
4 Poor people ſhall he reſcue then,
And do their helpleſs Orphans right:
Breaking to pieces potent men,
Who their inferiours cruſh by might.

5 Thy worſhip too, in's royal line
Shall laſt as long as humane race:
Maintain'd by it, whiles Sun doth ſhine,
Or Moon appear with various face.
6 Like rain that falls on graſs new mown
Or ſhow'rs that ſoke the parched ground:
All ſorts of bleſſings ſhall come down,
And from his government redound.

7 The

7 The righteous greatly ſhall increaſe,
As long as he the ſcepter ſways:
And all his realm abound in peace,
Till the moons borrow'd light decays.
8 From ſea to ſea, ſhall he extend
The limits of his Empire wide:
And from the River to the end
Of all the earth, where men reſide.

9 The dwellers in the wilderneſs
Shall bow before his Majeſty:
And all that enmity profeſs,
Licking the duſt, ſhall proſtrate lie.
10 Each Prince to him ſhall preſents bring
From *Tarſhiſh*, and its Iſlands too:
Sheba's on him, and *Seba*'s King,
Shall royal Donatives beſtow.

11 Yea, by all earthly Kings, ſhall He
In humbleſt poſtures be ador'd:
And by all Nations ſhall he be
Obeyed, as their Sov'raign Lord.
12 For when to him the needy crys,
From violence he ſhall him ſave:
The poor oppreſſed man likewiſe,
Who can no other helper have.

Part II.

13 The poor and needy he ſhall ſpare,
14 Whoſe ſouls by him ſhall be redeem'd:

When fraud and force them overbear:
And precious ſhall their blood b' eſteem'd.
15 Long ſhall he live, and oft receive
Preſents of *Sheba's* pureſt gold:
Men daily praiſe to him ſhall give,
And by their pray'rs his Crown uphold.

16 Great profit they that ſow their ſeed,
Ev'n from the mountains tops ſhall make:
Each handfull ſhall ſuch plenty breed,
Its crop like *Lebanon* ſhall ſhake.
Yea, *Zion's* Citizens ſhall grow
Thick, as the graſs that hides the ground:
17 Whiles his great name, that bleſt them ſo,
Continues ever more renown'd.

A name his iſſue ſhall poſſeſs,
Whiles the Suns motion governs Time:
For ev'ry nation ſhall him bleſs,
And ev'ry one be bleſt in him.
18 Bleſt be the Lord, th' Almighty God,
The God that *Iſrael* doth own:
The wonders wrought in th' earth abroad
Who worketh by himſelf alone.

19 And bleſſed be his holy name,
When time it ſelf no more is found:
May th' earth be filled with his fame,
And all Amen, Amen, reſound.
The Father Son, and Spirit one
Eternal God, in Perſons three:

As

As was before the world begun,
Now, and for ever honour'd be.

Psalm LXXIII.

1 IN the main point I'm ſettled well,
(No more objections ſtart:)
That God is good to *Iſrael*,
Ev'n all the pure in heart.
2 Though for a while (I freely own)
My faith with doubts was try'd:
My feet were almoſt overthrown;
So ſorely did they ſlide.

3 For I with envious thoughts was griev'd,
The fooliſh proſper'd ſo:
And, ſeeing how the wicked thriv'd,
I did uneaſie grow.
4 They live a life from ſickneſs free,
And quit it eaſily:
Nor, rackt with pains, as others be,
Feel they themſelves to die.

5 The troubles other men do bear,
Concern not them at all:
Yea, plagues, which rarely others ſpare,
Do rarely them befall.

6 Whence, cloth'd with violence, and ſcorn,
They look as big and bold:
As they that do themſelves adorn
With robes, and chains of gold.

7 Their very eyes out of their heads
For fatneſs ſeem to ſtart:
And their proſperity exceeds
The wiſhes of their heart.
8 Lives horribly debaucht, they live,
And talk moſt impiouſly:
They boaſt how they by rapine thrive,
And th' higheſt God defy.

9 Againſt his heav'ns their mouths diſcharge
Vollies of wicked talk:
And quite throughout the earth, at large,
Their Tongues unbounded walk.
10 His people hereby gain'd upon,
Oft in their herd delight:
Till in large draughts they ſwallow down
Their impious errours quite.

11 And ask, (in their new maſters ſtrain)
How doth the higheſt know?
Or how can God ſuch notice gain,
Of what is done below?
12 Theſe men, whom we ungodly call,
Lo, in the world they thrive:
Vaſt riches to their ſhare do fall,
Beyond the moſt alive.

Part II.

13 Sith things go thus, I once did ſay,
My heart I've cleans'd in vain:
And from my hands have waſht away
Ev'ry unrighteous ſtain.
14 For I, as long as day did laſt,
God's heavy ſtrokes did bear:
Each morning under laſh I paſt,
When he did others ſpare.

15 But ſoon the words I did revoke,
Which haſty paſſion bred:
Becauſe they laid a ſtumbling block
Before thy righteous ſeed.
16 But yet, the more this knotty caſe
My reaſon did revolve:
The more I found, too hard it was,
For reaſon to reſolve.

17 Till I in th' holy place of God
For counſel did attend:
And there inform'd, I underſtood
The wicked's fearfull end.
18 That, ſet by thee in lofty place,
But ſlippery withall;
From thence, deſerted by thy grace,
They caught a deadly fall.

19 How

19 How have I ſeen them ſwept away
By death, as quick as thought?
With dreadfull circumſtances, they
Were to deſtruction brought.
20 Ev'n as a dream deſpiſed is,
When men from ſleep ariſe:
So when thou wak'ſt, their painted bliſs
O Lord, thou ſhalt deſpiſe.

Part III.

21 Whiles ſuch tentations me aſſail'd,
They wrought me grievous pains:
The thought, they had ſo far prevail'd,
Did ſorely ſting my reins.
22 With ſo great folly, Lord, was I,
And ignorance poſſeſt:
That in thy ſight deſervedly
I own'd my ſelf a beaſt.

23 Yet, (thou to me ſuch favour haſt)
Still in thy ſight I ſtay:
By my right hand thou hold'ſt me faſt,
From falling quite away.
24 Yea, by thy counſel, while I live,
Shalt guide me faithfully:
And my departing ſoul receive
To glory, when I die.

25 What friend in heav'n, to make me bleſt
Have I, but thee alone?

And

And my desires on earth, can rest
Excepting thee, on none.
26 My heart doth often want support,
And frail my body is:
But God's my hearts assured Fort,
And my eternal bliss.

27 For lo, whoe'r at distance be
From thee, do ruine seek:
Thou wilt destroy all those, with thee
Who marriage-faith do break.
28 But I'll draw near to God, of choice,
My faith is setled there:
That I, O Lord, with thankfull voice,
May all thy works declare.

Psalm LXXIV.

[*To the Tune of the Lament.*] O Lord in thee, *&c.*
Or Psalm 51. O Lord consider, *&.*

1 O God, why dost thou us disclaim,
As if thou wouldst ne'r own us more!
Against the flock that bears thy name,
Why doth thine anger smoak so sore?
2 Thine ancient people call to mind,
Th' inheritance, that cost thee dear:
To this mount *Zion*, Lord, be kind,
For thou hast long resided here.

3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste;
Our endless ruines crave thy aid:

See,

See, how thy foes a fearfull waſte
Within thy holy place have made,
4 Where once thy Congregations met,
With ſhouts their impious throats they tear:
Their ſtandards on thy walls are ſet,
Sad tokens who are maſters there.

5 Of old, with axes lifted high,
Mens ſtrength in felling trees was known:
6 But now, with Axe, and Sledg, they vye,
In breaking ſacred carvings down.
7 In th' holy place, by throwing brands,
They kindled a devouring flame:
And raſed with polluted hands
The ſeat devoted to thy name.

8 Their hearts did ſay, come, out of hand,
Let's kill them, and root out their race:
And all God's houſes through the Land,
At once they did with fire deface.
9 Our ſacred ſigns no more are ſeen;
Nor doſt thou us one Prophet ſend:
So that, there's none can tell us, when
Theſe doleſull times will have an end.

Part II.

10 O God, how long, how long, with ſhame
Shall we their vile reproaches hear?
Wilt thou, whiles they blaſpheme thy name,
Triumphing foes for ever bear?
11 Thy right hand, ſo renown'd for ſtrength,
Why hid'ſt thou thus, as loath to ſmite?

Out

Out of thy boſome, Lord, at length,
O let it looſe, to do thee right.

12 From ancient times, Almighty God,
My Sov'raign Lord, and King hath been;
Whoſe works throughout the earth abroad,
Have made his ſaving power ſeen.
13 The parted Sea on banks did ſtand
'Twixt which thy ſtrength a path did make,
And in its waves thy pow'rfull hand
The heads of mighty Dragons brake.

14 Th'heads of *Leviathan* the great
In pieces broken were by thee:
Whom thou beſtow'd'ſt on them for meat,
Who dwellers in the deſart be.
15 At thy command, the Rocks were cleft,
To make new ſprings a paſſage plain:
And mighty ſtreams their Chanels left,
Retreating to their ſprings again.

16 The day is thine, and thine the night
For this, thou didſt from that, divide:
When thou prepared had'ſt the light,
Thou mad'ſt it in the Sun reſide.
17 The bounds of earths remoteſt coaſts
Were fixt by thee, where now they are:
Both ſummer-heats and winter-froſts,
Thou doſt appoint to part the year.

Part

Part III.

18 Do thou, O Lord, in memory
The enemies reproaches bear:
And how with impious blaſphemy
Thy name the fooliſh people tear.
19 Unto the brutiſh rabbles ſword
Thy turtles ſoul relinquiſh not:
And let not thy poor flock, O Lord,
By thee for ever be forgot.

20 Thy covenant recall to mind,
For though in earths obſcureſt cells
We hide for ſafety, yet we find
Ev'n there, all cruel rapine dwells.
21 When they thy ſaving help implore,
Let not th' oppreſt return with ſhame:
But give to thy afflicted poor,
Occaſion, yet, to praiſe thy name.

22 Ariſe, O Lord, that cauſe maintain,
Wherein thine own concern doth ly:
Remember, how the fooliſh man
Reproaches thee continually.
23 Forget not the inſulting voice
Of thy blaſphemous enemies:
For ſtill to thee aſcends the noiſe
Of thoſe that up againſt thee riſe.

Psalm LXXV.

1 GReatly oblig'd, O Lord, to thee,
To thee, we thankfull are:
Becauſe thy mighty name to be
Near us thy works declare.
2 I purpoſe, when enthron'd I am
A righteous Judg to be:
3 Though all this worlds diſorder'd frame
Laid all its weight on me.

4 I'll ſay, to fooliſh ſinners, nay,
Deal not ſo fooliſhly:
And to the wicked, I will ſay,
Lift not your horn ſo high.
5 I'll ſay, forbear with inſolence
To lift your horn ſo high:
Nor with ſtiff necks Gods providence,
And Sov'raignty deny.

6 For from no quarter of the Sky
Do winds promotion blow:
7 But God the Judg, lifts one man high,
And lays another low.
8 For in the hand of God above
There is a cup of wine:
The wine is red, its ſpirits move,
And mix themſelves therein.

From thence, he fills for ev'ry man,
What ſhall to him befall:

But

But all the wicked men ſhall ſtrain
Its dregs, and drink them all.
9 But I to *Jacob*'s God, with praiſe,
Will ſing continually:
10 And ſaw off wicked mens, but raiſe
All juſt mens horns on high.

Pſalm LXXVI.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 113.] Ye children, &c.

1 IN *Judah*'s holy Land alone,
Th' Almighty God is truely known:
His name is great in *Iſrael*:
2 *Jeruſalem*'s the place, in which
He did his Tabernacle pitch,
And there he doth in *Zion* dwell.

3 He brake the bows and arrows there
There all that ſhields and ſwords did bear,
Were routed, and made haſte away:
4 Thou, *Zion*, art a famous place:
Thy glory doth all mounts ſurpaſs,
Where th'earths great robbers lodg their [prey.

5 The valiant men a ſpoil were made,
A Lethargy did them invade;
Their very hands did ſeem miſplac'd.
6 At thy rebuke, O *Jacob*'s God,
Chariot, and Horſe, unmoved ſtood;
A fatal ſleep on both was caſt.

7 Thou,

7 Thou, even thou, deſerveſt fear:
For in thy ſight who may appear,
When once thine anger kindled is?
8 Th' aſtoniſht earth it ſelf did quake,
When thou thy Judgments known did'ſt make,
In dreadfull thunders from the Skies.

9 When God to ſave the meek aroſe,
And through the earth againſt their foes
Their cauſe in judgment did maintain.
10 Surely, the wrath by men expreſt,
Procures thee praiſe: and all the reſt,
That would break forth, thou ſhalt re-ſtrain.
11 Vow to the Lord your God, and bring
Vow'd preſents to the dreadfull King
All ye that round his coaſts remain:
12 Who takes away great Princes lives;
And terrible examples gives,
To all that in the earth do reign.

Pſalm LXXVII.

[*To the Tune of the Lament.*] O Lord in thee, *&c.*

1 I Yet remember well the time,
When with my voice to God I cry'd,
With a loud voice I cry'd to him,
And he to me his ear apply'd.
2 Sore troubles, like a running grief,
My Spirits all night long did waſte:

No

No cordials gave my ſoul relief,
For I all comforts from me chac'd.

3 I thought on God, my mind to eaſe,
But thoughts of God me ſorely pain'd:
O'rwhelming grief my Spirit did ſeiſe,
And ſeiſe me moſt, when I complain'd.
4 Mine eyes in ſlumbers oft I cloſe,
But thoſe ſhort ſlumbers thou doſt break:
My trouble ſo oppreſſive grows,
It even choaks me when I ſpeak.

5 Upon the ancient times I thought,
On times that have been vaniſht long:
6 And former nights, wherein I brought
Eaſe to my ſpirit by a ſong.
Thus, from all company retir'd,
Diſcourſe with mine own heart I had:
And, (as my preſent caſe requir'd,)
A diligent enquiry made.

Part II.

7 Will the Lord quite caſt out of mind
His people, that his aid implore?
Will he, that was ſo very kind,
Shew them no favour any more?
8 Is all his mercy ſo far baniſht,
As ne'r to be recall'd again?
For ever is his promiſe vaniſht?
And ſhall all ages find it vain?

9 Hath

9 Hath he diſus'd his grace ſo long,
As to forget all uſe of it?
And is his Anger wax'd ſo ſtrong,
As to lock up his mercies quite?
10 At laſt I ſaid, theſe doubts, and fears,
Are my diſeaſe. I'll therefore heed
What miracles in former years
The right hand of the higheſt did.

11 The mighty works the Lord hath wrought,
In faithfull memory I'll hold:
And oft revolve with gratefull thought,
The wonders thou haſt done of old.
12 Of all thy acts to meditate,
Shall my ſad hearts diverſion be:
And with my tongue I will relate
What praiſe thy deeds have purchas'd thee.

Part III.

13 Thy ways within thy holy place,
Where thou reſid'ſt, O God, are known:
What God is there, or ever was,
For greatneſs, like the God we own?
14 Thou art the God, whoſe mighty deeds
Thy God heads evidences are:
For that thy ſtrength all Gods exceeds,
In all mens view thou didſt declare.

15 When thou thy people didſt redeem,
Thy mighty Arm thou didſt extend;
Thy

Thy people ſprung from *Joſeph*'s ſtem,
With all from *Jacob* that deſcend.
16 Thee, O my God, the waters ſaw,
Thou to the waters didſt appear:
Thy frightfull preſence did them awe,
The depths themſelves ſo troubled were.

17 The clouds with ſtrugling vapours rent,
Upon the earth diſcharg'd their load:
The Skies did thund'ring noiſes vent,
And ſcatter killing ſhafts abroad. [heard,
18 Thy thund'ring voice from heav'n was
Thy light'nings lent the world its light,
When day was thence by tempeſts ſcar'd:
And th' earth did tremble at the fright.

19 Through the red Sea, thou mad'ſt a way,
Where none before had ever gone.
Through mighty waves thy paſſage lay,
By no remaining foot-ſteps known
20 As great Sheep-maſters lead their ſheep,
By ſhepherds under their command:
Thou led'ſt thy people through the deep,
By *Moſes* his, and *Aaron*'s hand.

Pſalm LXXVIII.

1 UNto my Law with carefull heed
My people bend your ear:
And what ſhall from my mouth proceed,
With due attention hear.

2 My

2 My mouth by way of Parable,
Dark ſayings ſhall unfold:
Which we have heard, and know them well,
Concerning times of old.

3 That which our Anceſtors thought meet
Unto us to reveal,
4 We, from their children think not fit,
Or juſt, we ſhould conceal.
That th' after-age may underſtand
The ſtrength the Lord hath ſhewn:
And all the wonders of his hand
May, to his praiſe be known.

5 For he did all of *Jacob*'s ſeed
By teſtimony bind;
And all that were of *Iſr'el* bred
By Law he ſo enjoyn'd.
6 Our Fathers all he did command
Their ſeed thoſe works to teach;
Whereby (convey'd from hand to hand)
They might all ages reach.

7 Their hopes in God that they might ſet,
And all his Laws obey:
Nor any of his words forget,
Nor chooſe their Fathers way.
For they a rotten-hearted race
Of ſtubborn Rebels were:
A race, whoſe ſpirit unſetled was
In God's moſt holy fear.

9 Whence *Ephraim*'s poſterity
Though arm'd with ſword, and bow;
At the firſt bruſh, to th' enemy
Their turned backs did ſhew.
10 God's Covenant they did not keep;
But diſobey'd his Law:
11 And ſuffer'd out of mind to ſlip
His wonders which they ſaw.

Part II.

12 In *Egypt*, in their Fathers eyes,
Great miracles he wrought:
But chiefly, in the field, that lies
Great *Zoan* round about.
13 Through the divided Sea he made
The way by which they paſt:
The waters on an heap he laid,
Like to a mountain vaſt.

14 A Cloud he ſpred, whiles day was bright,
Before their hoſts to go:
And to give light to them by night,
A cloudy pillar too.
15 Within the ſcorched wilderneſs
The ſolid rocks he clave:
Whence, drink, to help them in diſtreſs,
As from the deep, he gave.

16 He likewiſe made the rock to yield
Great ſtreams for their ſupply:
Streams,

Streams, which like mighty rivers ſwell'd,
They ran ſo plenteouſly.
17 But in that very wilderneſs
More ſinfull yet they were:
And by provoking him t'exceſs
The higheſt God did dare.

18 For to the God that did them feed,
Their hearts tentation gave:
Whiles, for their luſt, not for their need,
They meat of him did crave.
19 Yea, wicked words, to the diſgrace
Of God, they uttered:
For, can he, in this deſart place,
(Said they) a Table ſpread?

20 Behold, the ſtony rock he ſmote
With an effectual blow;
So that the Waters guſhed out
And ſtreams did overflow.
But can he make th' obedient rock
Supply us, too, with bread?
Or thence, with ſuch another ſtroke,
With fleſh his people feed?

21 The Lords hot wrath, when this he heard,
Did againſt *Jacob* ſwell:
And in his breaſt fierce anger ſtirr'd
Againſt his *Iſrael*.
22 Becauſe on God they had deny'd
To fix their confidence:

And would not truſt, though they had tri'd
Almighty Providence.

Part III.

23 Though from the clouds abundant ſtores
For their ſupply he ſent:
And flung wide open heavens doors,
To give his bounty vent.
24 *Manna* from thence on them he rain'd,
Heav'ns corn, for them to eat:
25 With Angels food were men ſuſtain'd;
So fill'd he them with meat.

26 The Eaſtern wind he made to blow
Beneath the heaven wide:
The Southern wind he looſed too
From its accuſtom'd ſide.
27 A ſhow'r of fleſh he ſent ſo thick
That ſcatter'd duſt's not more:
And feather'd fouls, in number, like
The ſand on th' Ocean ſhore.

28 Among their tents, and round about
The Camp where they did dwell;
They took them without net, or ſhot,
God bade them, and they fell.
29 Thus greedily they ate their fill
Of what they luſted for:
30 But yet their luſt continu'd ſtill,
For fill'd, they long'd for more.

They

They ate, but ſcarce had time to chew,
30 For while they ate, they fell:
God's wrath the fatteſt of them ſlew,
Ev'n th' youth of *Iſrael*.
32 But after ſo ſevere a blow,
Far more they ſinned yet:
And greater Infidels did grow,
For all his wonders great.

Part IV.

33 Therefore, their days he made them ſpend
In vain, by ſitting ſtill:
Or, tir'd with travel to no end,
They did their years fulfill.
34 He often ſlew them, and as oft
They pray'd, and did repent:
And after God betimes they ſought,
As truely penitent.

35 Thy call'd to mind, and minded him,
He was their fortreſs known:
And he that *Iſr'el* did redeem,
Was th' higheſt God alone.
36 Yet, whiles their mouths thus ſpake him fair,
'Twas all but flattery:
And though their tongues thus ſugar'd were,
They did their hearts bely.

37 For in their ſpirits full of guile,
They uprightneſs did want:

Nor were they ſtedfaſt all the while,
Unto his Covenant.
38 But filled with compaſſion, he
His mercy did imploy,
To pardon their iniquity,
And did not them deſtroy.

Yea, turn'd his anger many times
Into another path:
Nor did he, for their hainous crimes,
Excite his utmoſt wrath.
39 For he recall'd unto his mind
That fleſh their matter was,
Endow'd with breath, which like the wind,
Ne'r to return, doth paſs.

Part V.

40 How oft did that rebellious race
To him diſpleaſure give?
And in that wild and deſart place,
How oft did they him grieve?
41 Yea, oft to tempting God they fell,
When, with preſumption great,
To th' holy one of *Iſrael*
Their fanci'd bounds they ſet.

42 They loſt the thankfull memory
Of what his hand had wrought:
When therewith he from th' enemy
To them ſalvation brought.
43 What ſigns with his Almighty hand
In *Egypt* he had ſhewn.

What

What wonders in th' adjoyning land
To *Zoan* he had done.

44 How he had turn'd to noiſome blood
Their rivers, till they ſtank:
Yea, loathſome gore fill'd ev'ry flood,
That none their waters drank.
45 By his command, all ſorts of flies
Did ſorely them annoy:
And frogs, in num'rous companies,
Did all the land deſtroy.

46 To Caterpillars teeth he gave
The fruits for which they toil'd:
And what they labour'd hard to ſave,
Devouring locuſts ſpoil'd.
47 With hail their tender Vines he kill'd,
That all their fruit was loſt:
Their fruitfull fig-trees too were ſpill'd
With an untimely froſt.

48 The maſſy hail their Cattel ſeis'd,
As to deſtruction doom'd:
And all their flocks, abroad ſurpriz'd,
By light'ning he conſum'd.
49 Among them evil Angels came
(A troop ſent out from Hell:)
And through their hands, the hotteſt flame
Of anger on them fell.

50 He to his Anger made a path,
Their lives he did not ſpare:

But through life's paſſage, ſent them death,
In peſtilential Air.
51 All the firſt-born in *Egypt* dy'd,
Where the deſtroyer came;
The ſtrength of all that did reſide:
Within the Tents of *Ham*.

Part VI.

52 But thence he led his people dear,
As ſheep kind ſhepherds do:
And did his flock conduct with care
The howling deſart through.
53 He did them thence in ſafety lead,
Secure from cauſe of fear:
But their purſuers covered
With the Sea-waters were.

54 And to his Sanctuaries bound
He led them through the Land:
Ev'n to the holy Hill, whoſe ground
He gave with mighty hand.
55 The Heathens he expell'd and brought
The Tribes of *Iſr'el* in:
Their tents, and lands, he ſet them out
By the dividing line.

56 Yet there, they tempted God moſt high,
And did him angry make:
To keep his Teſtimonies they
No carefull heed did take.
57 But, like their fathers, turned back
With a deceitfull heart:

Like

Like a falſe bow which ſtrength doth lack,
And fails the ſhooters Art.

58 For they provok'd him in exceſs,
With Altars built on high:
And with their graven Images
Inflam'd his jealouſie.
59 When God heard this, his wrath did ſwell
So greatly in his breaſt,
That his beloved *Iſrael*
Thenceforth he did deteſt.

60 His Tent in *Shilo* pitched, then,
He could no more abide:
Where once he choſe to dwell with men,
He loathed to reſide.
61 His ſtrength into Captivity
He did permit to go:
And into th' hand of th' enemy
reſign'd his glory too.

62 And angry with his heritage,
His people ſo abhorr'd;
That he did leave them to the rage
Of the deſtroying ſword.
63 Their young men with the fire were kill'd,
Their maids unmarried liv'd:
64 Their Prieſts were ſlaughter'd in the field,
Nor were their widdows griev'd.

Part VII.

65 As one that's out of ſleep alarm'd,
Then did the Lord ariſe:
And champion like, whom wine hath warm'd,
He charg'd his enemies.
66 In th' hinder parts, he did them ſmite,
There, they were ſorely pain'd:
Whence, when the pain was vaniſht quite,
Perpetual ſhame they gain'd.

67 Beſides, he did in *Joſeph*'s ground
His rifled Tent refuſe:
And *Ephr'im*'s Tribe which once he own'd,
Thenceforth he did not chuſe.
68 But in diſlike of them, at laſt,
To *Judah* he remov'd:
And his fixt ſeat in *Zion* plac'd,
The mountain which he lov'd.

69 And there his glorious houſe did raiſe.
A lofty Palace 'twas,
Firm as the earth, which never ſtrays
From its appointed place.
70 Young *David* too, he did promote,
(A ſervant of his own;)
And from his ſorry ſhepherds cote,
Remov'd him to a throne.

71 Big-belly'd Ews he followed,
When God did him advance,

His

His people *Iſrael* to feed,
His own inheritance.
72 So he, obeying God's command,
With faithfull ſpirit did;
And manag'd them with skilfull hand:
Both ways, an able guide.

Pſalm LXXIX.

[*To the Tune of the Lament.*] O Lord in thee, &c.

Or Pſ. 51. O Lord conſider, &c.

1 O God, the Heathen ſeiſed ſtand
Of that dear Land which thou doſt own.
Thy holy Houſe they have profan'd;
Jeruſalem on heaps is thrown.
2 The bodies of thy ſervants dead
They give to ravenous birds to eat:
And all devouring beaſts they feed
With Saints fleſh as their daily meat.

3 Their precious blood, like water, round
Thy holy City, ſpilt they have:
And no kind hearted man is found,
To give to one of them a grave.
4 By all the Nations dwelling nigh,
We're ſcoft at, as by thee forlorn:
And all that round about us lie,
Our miſeries deride, and ſcorn.

5 How long, O Lord, wilt thou retain
Thine anger? ſhall it ne'r expire?

Whiles any fuel doth remain,
Shall jealouſie in thee be fire?
6 To glut thy wrath on, rather chuſe
Heathens, to whom thou art not known:
And Gentile Kingdoms, that refuſe
Thy holy name to call upon.

Part II.

7 For all thy *Jacob*'s holy race
With open throat they ſwallow down:
And his delightfull dwelling place,
With wrathfull hands have overthrown.
8 Do not, O God, recall to mind,
Th' iniquities of antient date:
But ſpeedily to us be kind;
Before thy kindneſs come too late.

9 For in our low eſtate, we call
On thee, our ſaving God, to ſave:
Raiſe thy names glories from our fall,
That ſtill thou may'ſt that Title have;
And purge our hainous ſins away,
To make thy pard'ning mercy known:
10 For why ſhould heathen Nations ſay,
Whither's the God of *Iſr'el* gone?

For ſhedding of thy ſervants blood,
Let us on them thy vengeance ſee,
Amongſt the heathen foes aloud
Thus may our God proclaimed be.
11 The captives ſighs, we humbly crave,
Let into thy remembrance come:

And let thy mighty power ſave,
Thoſe whom to cruel deaths they doom.

12 Into our neighbours laps repay
Ev'n ſevenfold diſgrace, and ſhame:
For the reproaches, Lord, which they
Have caſt upon thy holy Name.
13 So we thy people, and the flock
Thou feed'ſt, will ever give thee praiſe:
And leave in memory, a ſtock,
To yield thee more in after days.

Pſalm LXXX.

[*To the ſame Tune.*]

1 THou Herd that *Iſrael* doſt keep,
And leadeſt *Joſeph*'s ſeed like ſheep,
Betwixt the Cherubins appear, [hear.
(For there thou dwell'ſt) and thence us
2 To *Ephr'im* and *Manaſſeh* too,
With *Benjamin*, thy glory ſhew:
Stir up thy wonted ſtrength, and where
We need it, let thy help appear.

3 Reſtore us to a better caſe,
And re-poſſeſs us of thy grace:
For, if on us thy face do ſhine,
All our ſalvation's coucht therein.
4 Lord God of Hoſts, how long ſhall we
Signs of thy ſmoking Anger ſee?

So

So that, (for that doth moſt us grieve)
Thy peoples pray'rs thou'lt not receive.

5 Mixt with ſalt tears is all their meat ;
And tears they drink in meaſure great,
6 Our neighbours ſtrife, (ſo made by thee,)
And all our foes joynt-ſcorn are we.
7 Reſtore us to a better caſe,
O God of Hoſts, and clear thy face:
For, if on us thy face do ſhine,
All our ſalvation's coucht therein.

Part II.

8 A noble vine, from *Egypts* Land
Thou broughteſt with thy mighty hand:
And hence thou did'ſt the heathens throw
To plant it, where they long did grow.
9 And as thou mad'ſt it room to ſprout,
In depth of earth thou layd'ſt its root ;
Till thus manur'd, it greatly ſpread,
And all the Land repleniſhed.

10 A cov'ring for the hills it made,
Which it refreſhed with its ſhade :
And its large boughs (ſo big they were)
With goodly Cedars might compare.
11 Thoſe boughs to ſuch a length ſhe ſtretcht,
That to the midland-ſea they reatht :
Her branches too extended wide,
Ev'n to the famous River's ſide.

12 Why

12 Why then, whilſt thou break'ſt down her
Lies ſhe expos'd to violence? [fence,
Each Traveller makes that his way,
And takes her grapes for lawfull prey.
13 The foreſt-Boars devouring ſnout
Makes bare, and undermines her root:
And all the Beaſts the field doth breed,
Upon her tender branches feed.

Part III.

14 Return then, Lord of Hoſts, we pray;
From heaven caſt a look this way:
And let thy tender heart incline,
To viſit thy forſaken vine.
15 That noble Plant with favour own,
Which thy right hand did ſet alone:
And keep that royal ſtem from wrong,
Which for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

16 But now, alas, 'tis hewed down,
And into flaming fire 'tis thrown:
And all its branches are defac'd
By thy diſpleaſures killing blaſt.
17 The man, whom thy right hand did raiſe,
O let that hand ſupport always:
And ſave that ſon of man from wrong,
Whom for thy ſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

18 So will we never turn our back,
Nor any more our God forſake:

Revive

Revive us, and thy holy Name,
By calling on it, we'll proclaim.
19 Reſtore us to a better caſe,
Lord God of Hoſts, and clear thy face:
For when that face on us doth ſhine,
Our ſafety is ſecur'd therein.

Pſalm LXXXI.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 25.] I lift my, *&c.*

1 TO God our ſtrength, aloud
Exalt your ſinging voice:
And to the praiſe of *Jacob*'s God
Let's make a joyfull noiſe.
2 The timbrel hither bring,
And tune it to a ſong:
Unto the Pſaltry let us ſing,
And th' harp that's ſweetly ſtrung.

3 The new Moon doth appear,
Blow up the Trumpet ſhrill:
This ſolemn feaſt from year to year
Muſt be obſerved ſtill.
4 For this a Statute is,
That doth all *Iſr'el* bind:
The holy God of *Jacob* this
Hath for a Law enjoyn'd.

5 This holy ceremony
In's way through *Egypts* Land,

To

To *Joseph* for a Teſtimony
He ſtrictly did command.
Within that land, my ear
An uncouth language fill'd:
A language I was forc'd to hear,
Wherein I was not skill'd.

6 His ſhoulders I did free
From loads that on them lay:
And ſet his hands at liberty
From moulding potters clay.
7 In trouble thou did'ſt call,
Intreating me to ſave:
I ſaved thee: but therewithall
My law in charge I gave.

From thence I did it give,
Whence frightfull thunders fly:
And at the ſtream, where thou did'ſt ſtrive
With me, I did thee try.
8 My people, give an ear,
To what your God doth ſay:
O *Iſrael*, if thou wilt hear
My precepts, and obey:

9 Thou ſhalt not then, receive
A forreign God to thee:
Nor any ſacred worſhip give
To a ſtrange Deity.
10 Sith I, the Lord thy God,
From *Egypt* did thee ſave:

Thou

Thou ſhalt be to the full allow'd
Whatever thou can'ſt crave.

Part II.

11 But ah, alas, my voice
My *Iſr'el* would not hear:
And when I put it to their choice,
Refuſed me to fear.
12 Then juſtly I reſign'd
Them to their ſinfull will:
And they, as their own hearts inclin'd
Its counſels did fulfill.

13 O that with my advice
My people had comply'd;
That *Iſrael* had been ſo wiſe,
As to make me their guide.
14 Then all that them oppoſe,
I ſhould have tamed ſoon:
And turn'd my hand againſt their foes,
Till they were overthrown.

15 Then all that hate the Lord,
Had flatter'd them, at leaſt:
And they their happy days reſtor'd
For ever had poſſeſt:
16 With flow'r of fineſt wheat
By him they had been fill'd:
And honey for their conſtant meat,
The rocks ſhould have diſtill'd.

Pſalm LXXXII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 122.] I did in, *&c.*

1 AMong the mighty men,
God ſtands in Court unſeen,
With earthly Gods he judgeth there:
2 How long therefore, will ye
Partial in judgment be:
And the unrighteous cauſe prefer?

3 Permit no man t' oppreſs
The poor and fatherleſs;
And help th' oppreſſed to their right:
4 Reſcue the needy Poor,
And let them be no more
The wrongfull prey of men of might.

5 But they will nothing know,
But on in darkneſs go;
And th' earths foundations remove:
6 I ſaid, my name ye bear,
Deputed Gods ye are,
And all the Sons of God above.

7 But, as the poor man dies,
So muſt your Deities:
Thus, greateſt Princes ſtill have done.
8 Riſe, then, O God of might,
And judg the earth with right:
For all its Nations are thine own.

Another

[*Another Verſ. of it, To* Pſ. 100.] All people, &c.

1 GOD ſtands among the mighty men,
When they in Court aſſembled are:
Among the Gods he ſits unſeen,
When they their Judgments do declare.
2 How long will ye your pow'r abuſe,
Unjuſtly to ſubvert the Laws?
And where the wicked great man ſues,
Reſpect the perſon, not the cauſe?

3 The poor and fatherleſs defend,
And give th' oppreſſed man his right:
4 The poor and helpleſs man befriend,
And ſave him from the oppreſſours might.
5 They know not, nor for knowledg care;
But blindly judg without remorſe;
So that, all th' earths foundations are,
By them removed out of courſe.

6 I ſaid, deputed Gods ye are,
And all the Sons of God moſt high:
7 But your true State ſhall death declare,
For Princes muſt, like others, die.
8 Riſe then, O God, and judg again
Through th' earth, what men have judged wrong:
For o'r all Realms, to thee, to reign,
Does by inheritance belong.

Psalm LXXXIII.

1 DO not, O God, in our distress,
Thy self to rest compose:
And do not always hold thy peace,
But check thy haughty foes.
2 For lo, thine enemies, O Lord,
Do rage tumultuously:
And those by whom thou art abhorr'd,
Lift their proud heads on high.

3 In crafty counsel they are joyn'd
Against thy people dear:
Against thy hidden ones, combin'd
In secret plots they are.
4 Come, let's, with one consent, said they,
Quite root the Nation out:
That th' odious Name of *Isr'el*, may
For ever be forgot.

5 For with a curs'd unity
They manage their debates:
Against thy holy Majesty
They are confederates.
6 The Tents of spightfull *Edomites*,
And *Ishmael's* savage line,
Do with malicious *Moabites*,
And *Hagar's* seed, combine.

7 *Gebal's*, and *Ammon's* forces, knit
With *Amalek*, conspire:

And

And *Philiſtines* themſelves unite
With them that dwell at *Tyre*.
8 Th' *Aſſyrian* too, is of the knot,
And doth with them contrive;
Whiles to th' inceſtuous race of Lot
He doth aſſiſtance give.

Part II.

9 As *Midian*'s forces periſhed,
So let it fare with them:
As *Siſera*'s and *Jabin*'s ſped
Near *Kiſhon*'s ancient ſtream.
10 At *Endor* in a total rout,
Whoſe numerous troups were kill'd:
And their dead bodies, ſpred about
Like Dung, manur'd the field.

11 Let *Zeeb*'s and *Oreb*'s fate attend
Their Nobles, as their doom:
To *Zeba*'s and *Zalmunna*'s end
Let all their Princes come.
12 Thus may theſe wicked Leaguers fall,
Who proudly boaſting ſaid,
Throughout the land God's Houſes ſhall
Unto our own be laid.

13 Make them, O God, like turning wheels,
And let them never ſtay:
Or like the chaff, which wind diſpells,
And ſcatters ev'ry way.
14 As when fire's kindled in a brake,
There's not a buſh ſcapes free:

Or

Or flames on woody mountains take,
And do not leave a tree.

15 So let thy wrath purſue them hard,
Like a tempeſtuous blaſt:
So let them with thy ſtorm be ſcar'd,
And never ſtand, for haſte.
16 Let their defeated enterpriſe
So fill their face with ſhame:
That turn'd from heathen vanities,
Lord, they may ſeek thy name.

17 Or elſe, by ſore confuſion ſeis'd,
With endleſs griefs be ſpent;
And let them be with ſhame ſurpris'd,
And periſh in th' event.
18 That men may know, the God, whom we
Alone, *Jehovah* call;
The whole earth's ſov'raign Lord to be,
And higheſt over all.

Pſalm LXXXIV.

[*To the Tune of* Pſ. 113.] Ye children, &c.

1 O Lord of Hoſts, how lovely be
Thy Tabernacles unto me!
2 My ſoul doth long, yea, faint for grief,
Driv'n from thy Courts whiles I remain,
My heart, and fleſh cry out for pain,
Whiles abſent from the God of life.

3 Yea,

3 Yea, whiles in undiſturbed neſts,
Each ſparrow there, and ſwallow reſts,
And near thine Altar lays her young,
Enjoy'd by me is their abode,
O Lord of Hoſts, my King, and God,
Whiles I am kept from thence ſo long.

4 O happy men, who dwelling near
Thy holy houſe, are daily there,
Still ſounding forth thy glorious praiſe!
5 Yea, happy he, whoſe ſtrong deſire
To ſee thee, will not let him tire,
Nor feel the length of toylſome ways.

6 Where paſſengers, their thirſt to quell,
In *Baca*'s valley ſink a well:
And rain from heav'n their pits doth fill.
7 Till travelling from ſtrength to ſtrength,
In preſence of their God, at length,
They all appear on *Zion* Hill.

Part II.

8 Lord God of Hoſts, my prayer hear,
And lend to me thy gracious Ear;
Thou God that *Jacob*'s ſeed doſt own:
9 Behold, O God our mighty ſhield,
And thine anointed's count'nance yield
In wonted grace to look upon.

10 For one day ſpent within thy Courts,
Where thy religious flock reſorts,

Unto

Unto my ſoul more comfort gives,
Than do a thouſand ſpent elſewhere:
May I be but a Porter there,
I'll envy no mans bliſs that lives.

The richeſt Tents of wicked men
Would yield me no Tentation then;
Though I might them as Lord, poſſeſs.
11 For God the Lord, both Sun, and ſhield,
Will comfort and protection yield,
When griefs and dangers me oppreſs.

Both grace, and glory, will he give
To ſuch as do uprightly live;
And no good thing to them deny.
12 Wherefore, O Lord of Hoſts, they are
The bleſſed men beyond compare,
Who firmly do on thee rely.

Pſalm LXXXV.

1 THY favour once did viſit, Lord,
Thy ſore afflicted Land;
And *Jacob*'s captiv'd ſeed reſtor'd
From cruel Maſters hand.
2 Thy pardon did thy flock acquit
From their provoking ſin:
And thy indulgence did remit
The errours they were in.

3 Thou

3 Thou madeſt all thy wrath to ceaſe,
And into kindneſs turn:
Thy Anger's heat thou did'ſt ſuppreſs,
And would'ſt not let it burn.
4 Do for us, yet, the like again,
O God of our ſalvation:
Turn us to thee, and then reſtrain
Thy wrathfull indignation.

5 Shall wrath conceiv'd againſt us, rage
For ever in thy breaſt?
Shall Anger reach from Age to Age,
And never be ſuppreſt?
6 Thy people wilt thou ne'r reſtore,
That they may joy in thee?
7 By thy ſole grace, which we implore,
Lord, let us ſaved be.

Part II.

8 I'll hear, what God the Lord will ſay;
For he'll ſpeak words of peace
To all his Saints: Provided, they
Abſtain from fooliſhneſs.
9 Sure, his ſalvation is at hand
To ſuch as do him fear;
To plant his glory in our Land,
Still to inhabit there.

10 Mercy and Truth have once again
There fixt their meeting place:

And

And righteouſneſs and peace therein
Each other do embrace.
11 Truth amongſt men on earth ſhall grow,
As if 'twere planted there:
And righteouſneſs to men below,
From heaven ſhall appear.

12 Yea, with each good and uſefull thing,
God ſhall our Nation bleſs:
And our improved ground ſhall bring
A plentifull increaſe.
13 But when God puts us in this ſtate,
Juſtice ſhall go before:
And teach us how to imitate
The object we adore.

Pſalm LXXXVI.

1 LOrd, bend to me thy gracious ear,
For very poor am I:
2 Preſerve my ſoul, thy ſervant dear,
Lord, doth on thee rely.
3 To thee, Lord, daily do I cry;
Be mercifull to me:
4 Rejoyce thy ſervants ſoul, for I
Do lift it up to thee.

5 For thou, O Lord, art good, and prone
Forgiveneſs to beſtow:
Thy plenteous grace to ev'ry one
That begs it, thou wilt ſhew.

6 When ever I devoutly pray,
Lord, liſten unto me:
7 I'll call on thee in th' evil day,
For thou wilt anſwer me.

8 O Lord, among the heathen Gods,
To thee none equal are:
Betwixt their works, and thine, the odds
Is great, beyond compare.
9 All Nations ſhall appear before
Thee, Lord, who did'ſt them frame:
Devoutly they ſhall thee adore,
And glorifie thy name.

10 For thou in greatneſs do'ſt exceed,
And thou art God alone:
Yea, ev'ry great and wondrous deed
Is by thy power done.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy truth, and by
It's rules my life i'll frame:
Unite my heart to thee, that I
May fear thy holy name.

Part II.

12 O Lord, my God, moſt heartily
To thee, i'll render praiſe:
And unto all eternity,
Thy names due glory raiſe.
13 For thy great mercies ſhew'd to me,
To a vaſt bulk do ſwell:
My ſoul delivered by thee
Was from the loweſt hell.

14 O Lord, the proud and violent
In great aſſemblies riſe;
To ſeek my life: but never meant
T' have thee before their Eyes.
15 But thou, O Lord, art pitifull,
And gratiouſly kind:
In truth and mercy plentifull,
And not to wrath inclin'd.

16 O turn thy face to me, and on
Thy ſervant mercy have:
Thy handmaids ſore diſtreſſed Son
Imploy thy ſtrength to ſave.
17 Some token ſhew for good to me,
To put my foes to ſhame;
When they behold, that helpt by thee,
And comforted I am.

Pſalm LXXXVII.

[*To the Tune of* Pſ. 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 FOunded on th' holy hills doth ſtand
The Temple built by God's command:
2 His *Zion*'s gates therefore, above
All *Jacob*'s dwellings have his love.
3 Whence, glorious things are told abroad
Of thee, thou City of our God,
4 To thoſe that know me, I'll proclaim
Rahab's, and *Babylon*'s great Name.

Tyre, *Ethiopia*, *Paleſtine*,
With all mens praiſes want not mine:
Of each of whom it may be ſaid,
His birth therein ſome great man had.
5 But 'tis of none but *Zion* ſaid,
The higheſt its foundations laid:
And none ſo many men of fame
As call her mother, e'r could claim.

6 Yea, when he nations counts, the Lord
Her Sons with honour ſhall record;
And to each name his pen ſhall add,
This man his birth in *Zion* had.
7 In ſumm, his preſence there inſpires
His praiſes ſung in holy Quires:
And all the ſprings that furniſh me
With holy ſongs, in *Zion* be.

Pſalm LXXXVIII.

1 O God my Saviour, day and night
My cries to thee aſcend:
2 Admit my pray'r into thy ſight,
And to my cries attend.
3 For full of troubles is my ſoul,
My life draws nigh the grave:
4 Among the dead men me enrol,
No ſtrength at all I have.

5 Among

5 Among the dead, by thy hand ſlain,
Who in the pit do lie:
So loſt, that thou doſt nought retain
Of them, in memory.
6 In depths, beneath the loweſt graves,
Thou lay'ſt me far from light:
7 Where overwhelm'd with all thy waves
I feel thy anger's weight.

8 Thou in cloſe priſon lock'ſt me faſt
Admitting none that knew me:
Yea, made me ſo abhorr'd thou haſt,
That even they eſchew me.
9 Mine eyes are ever drencht in tears,
(Such, Lord, my ſorrows be:)
And with out-ſtretched hands, my pray'rs
I daily make to thee.

Part II.

10 Wilt thou ſhew wonders to the dead?
Shall they thy glory raiſe?
11 Or ſhall the grave thy mercies ſpread?
Thy truth deſtruction praiſe?
12 How ſhall thy wond'rous works be ſhewn,
Where nought but night doth dwell?
How ſhall thy righteouſneſs be known
In dark oblivions cell?

13 But, Lord, into thy gracious ears
My earneſt cries I vent:

And ev'ry day, in fervent pray'rs,
My earlyeſt thoughts are ſpent.
14 Wherefore doſt thou, Lord, when I pray,
Reject my ſoul's requeſt?
Why doſt thou turn thy face away,
And leave me thus diſtreſt?

15 Ev'n from my youth, I'm like to die,
With great afflictions rackt,
Thy terrours ſo upon me lie,
They do my mind diſtract.
16 Thy fierce wrath o'r my head doth go,
It's current bears me down:
Thy terrour's deluge ſinks me ſo,
I drown, dear God, I drown.

17 For day by day, like waters great,
They made a mighty tide:
And with united ſtrength beſet
My ſoul on ev'ry ſide.
18 Thou haſt ſent far away all thoſe
That lov'd me cordially:
And my acquaintance, cover'd cloſe,
In dark concealment lie.

[*Another Verſion to the Tune of the Lamentation.*]

O Lord in thee, &c.

1 O Lord, the God that doſt me ſave,
Thy help I never ceas'd to crave!
With mournfull cries, both day and night,
I have appear'd before thy ſight.

2 While

2 Whiles humbly I implore thy grace,
Let me behold thy pleaſed face:
And let thine ear to me be bow'd,
When e'r I raiſe my voice aloud.

3 For with great troubles much oppreſt,
My ſinking ſpirit finds no reſt:
And thoſe few dregs of life, I have
Remaining yet, draw near the grave.
4 I'm counted a companion fit
For men deſcending to the pit:
And like a ſick man I appear
Whoſe ſtrength no cordials can repair.

5 Enroll'd among the ſlain am I,
Who in the grave forgotten lie:
Yea, ev'n by thee forgot they are,
Whoſe hand cut off, and laid them there.
6 Into the loweſt pit beneath,
(The moſt retired room of death,)
Into the depths thou haſt me thrown,
So dark, that light there never ſhone.

7 My ſoul, with all the ſtrength it hath,
Can't bear the burden of thy wrath:
With all thy billows overflown,
Into thoſe depths I ſink, and drown.
8 Thou haſt from me removed far
All that of my acquaintance are:
Made me abhorr'd by them thou haſt,
And in cloſe priſon lockt me faſt.

Part II.

9 I much bewail with weeping eye
Th' afflicted ſtate wherein I lie:
And with out-ſtretched hands, I pray,
And call on thee, Lord, day by day.
10 Wilt thou, (ſay I,) before the dead
Thy miracles of mercy ſpread?
Or ſhall dead men riſe up, and raiſe
Their voice on earth to ſound thy praiſe?

11 How ſhall thy loving kindneſs have
Juſt honours from the ſilent grave?
Or, who thy faithfulneſs ſhall tell
To thoſe, that in deſtruction dwell?
12 Who ſhall thy wonders bring to light
In the dark regions of the night?
And who thy goodneſs ſhall declare
Where all things elſe forgotten are?

13 But I have cry'd, O Lord, to thee;
And ſtill reſolve, with bended knee,
My morning pray'rs, whiles I preſent,
All other ſuitours to prevent.
14 Why doſt thou, Lord, in great diſdain,
Reject my ſoul, and ſlight my pain?
Why, when I ſo implore thy grace,
Hid'ſt thou from me thy ſmiling face?

15 For, from my youth, afflicted I,
Have ever ready been to die:

And

And whiles I'm ſcar'd by them, I find,
Thy terrours e'n diſtract my mind.
16 So fierce thy ſwelling wrath ſtill grows,
That o'r my drowning head it flows:
Thy terrours ſo affrighting be,
They even make an end of me.

17 For they about me, day by day,
On ev'ry ſide cloſe ſiege do lay:
As drowning waves together met,
The ſinking veſſel overſet.
18 My friends, by whom I am belov'd,
Far off, mean while, thou haſt remov'd:
And thoſe to whom I beſt was known,
Conceal'd in darkneſs, me diſown.

Pſalm LXXXIX.

1 TO ſing the mercies of the Lord,
My mouth ſhall never ceaſe:
And to all Ages I'll record
Thy tryed faithfulneſs:
2 For mercy, I have ſaid, ſhall laſt
Unto all Ages ſure:
Thy faithfulneſs thou fixed haſt,
With th'heavens to endure.

3 I with my choſen ſervant, have
(ſaid'ſt thou) a Cov'nant made:

To *David* too, my oath I gave,
Confirming all I ſaid.
4 Thy ſeed will I eſtabliſh ſtill,
To wear their Fathers crown:
And t' all ſucceeding times, I will
Raiſe thee a laſting Throne.

5 Yea, th' heav'ns ſhall ſpeak the praiſes great
Of wonders wrought by thee:
And praiſed, where thy Saints do meet,
Thy faithfulneſs ſhall be.
6 For who, within the heav'ns vaſt ſpace,
May with the Lord compare?
Or who, of all the mightie's race,
To him reſemblance bear?

7 Where Saints aſſemble, greateſt fear
Of God, ſhould all poſſeſs:
And all that round about him are,
Deep rev'rence ſhould expreſs.
8 Lord God of Hoſts, what God may be
For ſtrength, thy equal found?
Or in what God, alike to thee,
Doth faithfulneſs abound?

9 The mighty Sea, when it doth rage,
Is govern'd by thy will:
The waves thereof thou do'ſt aſſwage,
And all their fury ſtill.
10 Quite cruſht by thee, th' *Egyptians* were
And fell among the dead:

Before

Before thy mighty Arm, for fear
Thy foes diſperſed, fled.

Part II.

11 The glorious heav'ns above, are thine;
So is the Earth thine own:
The world, and all that is therein,
Thy hand did found alone.
12 The northern, and the ſouthern coaſt,
Thou both of them, did'ſt frame:
Tabor, and *Hermon* too, ſhall boaſt
Of thy moſt glorious Name.

13 Lord, in thine Arm all power dwells,
Thy hand in ſtrength exceeds:
Yea, thy right hand all hands excells,
For doing mighty deeds.
14 Juſtice and Judgment, on thy Throne
Have fixt their dwelling place:
Mercy and truth, are ever known
To go before thy face.

15 Bleſſed are they that underſtand
Thy ſilver Trump's alarms:
For whiles they march at thy command,
Their hearts thy favour warms.
16 Whence, in thy name throughout the day,
They triumph mightily:
And in thy righteouſneſs, ſhall they
Be lifted up on high.

17 For

17 For in thy help, their forces place
Their hopes to purchaſe praiſe:
And we, aſſured of thy grace,
Our horn aloft will raiſe.
18 For in the higheſt Lord alone,
All our protection lies:
And *Iſrael*'s moſt holy one
Our royal Sov'raign is.

Part III.

19 Once ſaid'ſt thou to thy holy one,
In viſions of the night:
Sufficient help I've laid upon
A Saviour full of might.
20 One choſen from the people, I
Have to my work appointed:
With oil out of my Sanctuary
I *David* have anointed.

21 My potent hand ſhall conſtantly
Eſtabliſh him with might:
And my ſtrong Arm ſhall him ſupply,
With help to keep his right.
22 So that no pow'rfull enemy
With pow'r ſhall him oppreſs:
Nor ſhall he be afflicted by
The Sons of wickedneſs.

23 Yea, all his foes before his eyes
My power ſhall ſubdue:

And

And all his ſpitefull enemies,
My vengeance ſhall purſue.
24 My mercy and fidelity
Shall guard him all his days:
And his victorious horn on high
My glorious name ſhall raiſe.

25 By my appointment his command
Into the Sea ſhall ſtretch:
And the ſucceſs of his right hand
O'r greateſt rivers reach.
26 Thou art my Father, he ſhall cry;
A God thou art to me:
And for my ſafety I will fly
Unto no rock, but thee.

27 All Kings in this he ſhall excell,
That he's my firſt-born term'd:
28 Still in my favour ſhall he dwell,
By Covenant confirm'd.
29 His ſeed ſhall be continu'd ſtill,
To wear their Father's Crown:
And as the days of heav'n, I will
Fix him a laſting Throne.

Part IV.

30 If thoſe that come of *David*'s line,
My righteous Law forſake:
If they my Judgment ſhall decline
For rules of life to take.

31 If by th' ill courſes they purſue
My Statutes be profan'd:
And if they ſhall neglect to do
The things that I command:

32 Then for their ſin I'll make them bear
My rod's ſeverity:
And viſit them with ſtripes ſevere,
For their iniquity.
33 Yet will I ne'r diſſolve the love
I did to him entail:
Nor like them, will I fickle prove,
Or cauſe my faith to fail.

34 My Covenant I will not yield
On any terms to break:
Nor ſhall that ever be repeal'd,
Which once my lips did ſpeak.
35 To *David*, by my holineſs,
Once firmly ſworn was I:
My oath was in theſe terms expreſs;
To *David* I'll not lye.

36 Before me ſhall his royal line
For evermore remain:
Yea, till the Sun ſhall ceaſe to ſhine,
His Throne will I maintain.
37 Though, as the Moon, it oft change face,
It ſhall not be ſuppreſt:
Whiles ſhe in heaven keeps her place,
This truth ſhe ſhall atteſt.

Part V.

38 But from thy preſence thou haſt chac'd
Thine own anointed King:
And in diſpleaſure, haſt him caſt
Off, as a loathſom thing.
39 Thou haſt that Covenant diſown'd,
By which thy ſervant reign'd:
And, throwing it upon the ground,
Thou haſt his crown profan'd.

40 All hedges thou haſt broken down
That did his State aſſure:
His Caſtles thou haſt overthrown
That did his Realm ſecure.
41 There's not a paſſenger goes by,
But ſpoils him as he goes:
And ev'ry one that dwelleth nigh,
On him reproaches throws.

42 The right hand of his haughty Foes
Thou haſt advanced high:
And giv'n great triumphs to all thoſe
That hate him mortally.
43 The edge of his victorious ſword
Is blunted quite by thee:
And in the day of battel, Lord,
Thou ſuff'redſt him to flee.

44 His glory that ſo brightly ſhone,
Is now by thee defac'd:
And levelled his royal Throne
Unto the ground thou haſt.
45 From thee, amidſt his youthfull days
Old Age upon him came:
And thou extinguiſht haſt his praiſe,
And cover'd him with ſhame.

Part VI.

46 How long thy face, Lord, wilt thou vail?
Shall thy wrath ne'r expire?
Shall it burn on, till fuel fail,
Like a conſuming fire?
47 O call to mind, how ſoon our ſpan
Of life muſt have an end:
Why haſt thou formed every man
His days in vain to ſpend?

48 Where is the living man, that may
From death exemption have?
Can he preſerve his life, one day,
From the devouring grave?
49 Where is thy former kindneſs? where,
Lord, is it now withdrawn?
Which, unto *David* thou did'ſt ſwear,
And laid'ſt thy truth to pawn.

50 Remember, Lord, how grievouſly
Reproach'd thy ſervants are:

How

How the great mens reproaches, I
Within my boſome bear.
51 The foul reproaches which have been
Caſt on us by thy foes:
Whereby they blaſt the ways, wherein
Thine own anointed goes.

52 Unto the Lord that is moſt high,
All bleſſing given be:
From henceforth to Eternity;
Amen, Amen, ſay we.

Pſalm XC.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 113.] Ye children, *&c.*

1 FRom Age to Age, thy conſtant grace
Hath been to us, Lord, as a place,
That yields a ſafe and ſure abode:
2 Before thou gav'ſt the hills their birth,
Or mad'ſt this habitable Earth;
Thou wa'ſt, as ſtill thou wilt be, God.

3 But mens frail Sons, when thou do'ſt ſay
Return to duſt, muſt haſte away, [years:
4 Though they ſhould live a thouſand
For all that time before thy ſight,
Like a three hour's ſhort watch by night,
Or yeſterday, when paſt, appears.

5 As men aſleep born by the tide,
To death inſenſibly we ſlide.

Our

Our change in that of Graſs is ſhown,
6 Whiles in the morning of our day,
We flouriſh: but e'r night decay,
Wither, and are, like it, cut down.

7 For thy fierce Anger waſts us quite,
Whence troubles ſore upon us light,
8 When thou doſt ſecret ſins behold:
9 By it, purſu'd, our days we ſpend,
And all our years do quickly end,
And vaniſh like a tale that's told.

Part II.

10 Our days are threeſcore years, and ten;
Fourſcore, perhaps, live ſtrongeſt men:
And yet is ſuch mens firmeſt ſtrength
Nought elſe, indeed, but grief, and pain.
And cannot long it ſelf ſuſtain:
For Age alone will kill at length.

11 Thine Anger's force who knows? for ſuch
It is, as none can fear too much.
12 Then teach our hearts to count our days,
That they may be to wiſedom bent;
13 And for thy ſervant's ſakes, repent,
And turn to them without delays.

14 Thy ſpeedy grace to us apply,
And make us joyfull till we die,
15 With joy that ſome proportion bears
Unto the days wherein thou haſt

Afflicted

Afflicted us in Ages paſt,
And th' evils felt in former years.

16 Thy work unto thy ſervants ſhow,
And let their ſeed thy glory know:
Let the Lord's beauty on us ſhine;
17 And th' actions which in hand we take
Lord, ſtabliſh thou: and ſtable make
What e'r we vertuouſly deſign.

Pſalm XCI.

1 WHoever in the ſecret place
Of th' higheſt doth reſide;
Protected by th' Almightie's grace,
In ſafety ſhall abide.
2 He is my refuge, and my fort,
I, of the Lord, will ſay:
My God, to whom I will reſort,
My faith on him to ſtay.

3 From fowler's ſnares his providence
Shall ſurely ſhelter thee:
And from the noyſome Peſtilence
Thou ſhalt preſerved be.
4 Under his ſhelt'ring wings conceal'd,
Safe ſhalt thou lie, and warm:
His truth ſhall like a buckler, ſhield
Thy breaſt from mortal harm.

5 The

5 The dreadfull terrours of the night
Shall not thy heart diſmay:
Nor ſhall the arrow thee affright
Which flies in open day.
6 The peſtilence thee ſhall not ſcare,
Whoſe walk in darkneſs lies:
Nor that ſad evil ſhalt thou fear,
Which at high Noon deſtroys.

7 When at thy ſide a thouſand fall,
And dead at thy right hand
Ten thouſand lie: th' infection ſhall
From thee at diſtance ſtand.
8 Thine eyes alone imploy'd ſhall be,
To view the ſlaughter made:
And wicked mens reward to ſee,
By heav'ns juſt Judgment paid.

Part II.

9 Becauſe thou haſt the Lord moſt high
Thy habitation made:
(The Lord my fort, to which I fly,
When dangers me invade:)
10 At no time, therefore, ſhalt thou be
Left in an evil caſe:
Nor ſhall one plague, to ſeiſe on thee,
Approach thy dwelling place.

11 For he, whoſe ſervants Angels are,
Shall thee to them commend:

And

And in all ways of thine, with care,
Their charge they ſhall attend.
12 Their hands ſhall under thee be put,
To bear thee up on high:
Leſt any ſtone ſhould hurt thy foot,
That in thy walk doth lie.

13 Thou th' Adder, and the Lion ſtrong,
Shalt boldly tread upon:
The Dragon, and the Lion young
Thy foot ſhall trample down.
14 Becauſe my love doth him enflame,
Deliver him will I:
And ſith he knows my holy Name,
I will advance him high.

15 I'll anſwer him whene'r he calls,
And never him forſake:
I'll ſave, when trouble him befalls,
And his name glorious make.
16 His own deſires, in length of days
Shall fully anſwer'd be:
And my ſalvation, while he ſtays,
He ſhall with pleaſure ſee.

Pſalm XCII.

1 IT's fit we ſhould moſt thankfully
The Lord's deſerts proclaim:
And with our voice, O God moſt high,
Sing praiſes to thy Name.

2 That

2 That we thy kindneſs ſhould expreſs
As ſoon as morning's light:
And celebrate thy faithfulneſs,
At the approach of night.

3 That to the ten-ſtring'd Inſtrument
We ſhould our voices raiſe:
And on the harp, and pſaltry vent
God's meditated praiſe.
4 For, whiles thy work I think upon,
Much gladneſs I conceive:
And the great acts thy hands have done,
To me great triumphs give.

5 How great, O Lord, thy works appear!
Deep do thy counſels lie:
6 To brutiſh men unknown they are,
Fools cannot them eſpie.
7 They can't conceive that wicked men
When like the graſs they ſpring,
And evil doers, when moſt green
They grow, and flouriſhing;

By means of that proſperity
For ever are undone:
8 But thou O Lord art placed high
On thine Eternal throne.
9 For lo, thy foes, deſtroy'd by thee,
For lo, thy foes ſhall die:
And all thoſe men ſhall ſcatter'd be
That work iniquity.

Par

Part II.

10 But as the Unicorns, by thee,
My horn advance ſhall I:
And with freſh oil my head ſhall be
Anointed plenteouſly.
11 Mine ears the news, the proſpect ſhall
Delight my pleaſed eyes:
Whiles wicked adverſaries fall,
Who up againſt me riſe.

12 But, as the palm grows under weight,
The juſt, oppreſt, ſhall flouriſh:
And with the Cedars ſtrive for height,
Which *Lebanon* doth nouriſh.
13 Trees planted in the holy place
Where God the Lord doth dwell:
Still water'd with the dews of grace.
Shall thrive and proſper well.

14 Yea, ev'n (when natures ſtrength decays)
In age much fruit ſhall bring:
And in the winter of their days
Grow fat and flouriſhing.
15 Great proofs, that God's juſt providence
For righteous men takes care:
And that the rock of my defence
Is from injuſtice clear.

Pſalm XCIII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 THE mighty Lord doth reign on high,
And decks himſelf with Majeſty:
The Lord doth gird himſelf with might,
In battel to maintain his right.
Whereby the world doth ſtand ſecure,
And doth unmoveably endure.
2 Thy throne's of equal Age with thee,
Who never did'ſt begin to be.

3 The flouds, O Lord, the flouds do roar,
Their ſwelling waves aſſault the ſhoar:
4 But whiles the higheſt Lord doth reign,
The mighty waves do roar in vain.
5 Thy Teſtimonies firm and ſure,
Our faith againſt all ſtorms ſecure:
And in thy houſe, Lord, holineſs
Is ever, the moſt comely dreſs.

Pſalm XCIV.

1 O God, the God, by whom all wrongs
Juſtly requited are:
O God, to whom revenge belongs,
In majeſty appear.
2 Thou Judge of all the Earth, ariſe,
To do thy people right:

And

And their inſulting Enemies,
As they deſerve, requite.

3 How long, O Lord, ſhall wicked men
Exalt themſelves in pride?
How long ſhall wicked men be ſeen
In triumph thus to ride?
4 How long ſhall they ſpeak haughtily,
Hard things, too hard to bear?
And all that work Iniquity,
Their heads with triumph rear?

5 They cruſh thy people, Lord, at will;
Thy portion they oppreſs:
6 Widow's and Stranger's blood they ſpill,
And ſlay the fatherleſs.
7 And whiles they play the tyrants thus,
The Lord ſees not they cry:
Neither ſhall *Jacob*'s God on us
Caſt a regarding Eye.

8 But, O ye brutes in ſhape of men,
From reaſon take advice:
Ye fooliſheſt of people, when,
O when, will ye be wiſe?
9 Muſt not his hearing perfect be,
Who planted th' hearing Ear?
And, if he gave us Eyes to ſee,
Muſt not his ſight be clear?

10 He that the heathens doth correct,
Can he not ſtill do ſo?

Is want of knowledge his defect,
Who teacheth man to know?
11 No, no, the Lord's moſt piercing ſight
Mans ſecret thoughts deſcries:
And knows them to be vain and ſlight,
When they conceit them wiſe.

Part II.

12 He's bleſt, whom thy correcting hand,
O Lord, doth keep in aw:
And cauſeth him to underſtand
His duty from thy Law.
13 That by thy grace, in ſtormy times,
His ſoul a calm may have:
Whiles Juſtice, for his hainous crimes,
Doth dig the wicked's grave.

14 For ſure, the Lord will not reject
His choſen people quite:
Th' inheritance he will protect,
Which is his own by right.
15 But judgment unto righteouſneſs
Shall yet return again:
And all that upright hearts poſſeſs,
Shall follow in its train.

16 Who will appear my champion, when
Ill-doers me oppreſs?
Or ſtand with me againſt the men
That work unrighteouſneſs?
17 Surely, unleſs the Lord had ſhewn
Himſelf, my ſoul to ſave:

Ere this time long, it had gone down
Into the ſilent grave.

Part III.

18 My foot did ſlip, and I, afraid,
My ſelf for loſt did yield:
When, Lord, thy mercies timely aid
My falling ſoul upheld.
19 Crouds of ſad thoughts within my mind
Oft up and down do roll:
But then, thy comforts ſtill I find,
Delight my troubled ſoul.

20 For ſhall (ſaid I) injuſtice dare
Claim fellowſhip with thee:
Yea, though it mount the Throne, and there
Miſchievous Laws decree?
21 For they combine againſt the good,
With murtherous intent:
Judicially to ſhed the bloud
Of perſons innocent.

22 But in the higheſt Lord alone,
My ſure protection lies:
And God, that takes me for his own,
My rock of refuge is.
23 The Lord, their own, by other mens
Injuſtice will repay:
Yea, by our God, ev'n in their ſins,
They ſhall be ſnatcht away.

Pſalm XCV.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 25.] I lift my, *&c.*

1 COme, let's with one accord
Advance our ſinging voice:
To our ſalvations rock (the Lord)
Let's make a joyfull noiſe.
2 With ſongs of thankfulneſs
Before him let us go:
And in rejoycing Pſalms expreſs
How much to him we owe.

3 Becauſe the Lord alone
A God moſt mighty is:
Yea, King of Gods: For God there's none,
Whoſe greatneſs equals his.
4 The things which lie moſt deep
In th' earth, are in his hand:
And all the ſtrength of mountains ſteep,
He hath at his command.

5 No other owner knows
The Sea, for he it made:
The dry Land too, 's at his diſpoſe,
Who its foundations laid.
6 Adoring let us come,
With bodies bended low:
And kneel before the Lord, to whom
Our very ſelves we owe.

7 Fo

7 For he's our God, and we
Fed by his bounty are:
His ſheep are we, our ſhepherd's he,
Who takes of us the care.
He calls to us, To day,
Whiles yet 'tis at your choice;
With hard'ned hearts let none delay
To hearken to my voice.

8 Act not again the crimes,
(For fear of like ſucceſs,)
Of thoſe provoking tempting times,
Within the Wilderneſs.
9 Your fathers tempting me,
Then try'd what I could bear:
And where they did my wonders ſee,
They prov'd my patience there.

10 With grief, full forty years,
They forced me to ſay,
Alas! in heart this people errs;
They have not known my way.
11 Till I grew ſorely wroth,
And all my kindneſs ceaſt:
And I excluded them by oath
Out of my promis'd reſt.

Pſalm XCVI.

1 LET us the praiſes of the Lord
In a new ſong declare:
And let the ſpacious Earth accord
With us its part to bear.
2 Sing we unto the Lord, I ſay,
And bleſs his holy Name:
His ſaving grace, from day to day,
Let our joint-ſong proclaim.

3 Among the heathens let us ſhew
His excellent renown:
And from us let all people know,
What wonders he hath done.
4 For infinitely great's the Lord;
And ſuch his praiſe ſhould be:
With holy fear to be ador'd
Above all Gods, is he.

5 For all the Gods the Nations own,
Are onely ſuch in Name:
But 'tis the Lord, that's God alone,
For he the heav'n did frame.
6 Honour and Majeſty appear
Before his glorious face:
Beauty, and ſtrength, united are
Within his holy place.

Part

Part II.

7 Let ev'ry family, and tribe,
Give God the honour due:
Unto the Lord, let them aſcribe
Both ſtrength and glory too.
8 Give him the glory, which of right
Unto his Name belongs:
With preſents come into his ſight,
Amidſt religious throngs.

9 Within his beauteous holy Place,
With reverence appear:
Yea, let th' whole earth before his face,
Adore, with awfull fear.
10 Among the heathens be it told,
The Lord doth reign above:
'Tis he, that doth the world uphold,
That nothing it remove.

The people he ſhall judg with right,
11 Let heav'n and earth rejoyce:
Let Seas their roaring waves unite,
To make a joyfull noiſe.
12 Let all the fields, with their increaſe,
A ſenſe of gladneſs ſhew:
And all the trees ſhall do no leſs,
Which in the woods do grow.

13 Such univerſal triumphs ſhall
The Lord at's coming meet:

For he's at hand, the earth to call
Before his judgment ſeat.
On the whole world, he is prepar'd
His righteouſneſs to ſhew:
And by his Law of truth declar'd,
Shall all mens trials go.

Pſalm XCVII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 113.] Ye children, *&c.*

1 REjoyce, O earth, the Lord doth reign;
Let all thy Iſlands entertain
The welcome news with joyfulneſs:
2 With clouds and darkneſs he's ſurrounded,
Upon a throne that's firmly founded
On Judgment, and on righteouſneſs.

3 A flaming fire, before his face,
To burn his enemies, doth paſs;
Which doth devour them ev'ry where:
4 His light'nings ſhot a dreadful light,
Which did the gazing World affright;
The earth it ſaw, and ſhook for fear.

5 The hills, like wax before the flame
Did melt, where e'r his preſence came:
For Lord of all the earth is he.
6 To him too th' heavens witneſs bear,
Whiles they his righteouſneſs declare,
And make all men his glory ſee.

7 Con-

7 Confuſion Idol-ſervers ſeiſe,
That boaſt of graven Images;
And by all Gods be our's ador'd:
8 Such tydings *Zion* joyfull made,
And rend'red *Judah*'s Daughters glad,
When they beheld thy Judgments, Lord.

9 For thou, O Lord, art raiſed high,
Above all earthly Majeſty,
Yea, do'ſt all Gods excell by far:
10 Let then all evil be abhorr'd,
Of ev'ry one that fears the Lord,
By whom Saints ſouls protected are.

From wicked hands he'll ſet them free.
11 Sown for the righteous light ſhall be,
Which upright hearts ſhall reap with
12 Joy then, ye righteous, in the Lord; [joys:
His holineſs in mind record,
And thank him with a cheerfull voice.

Pſalm XCVIII.

[*To the Tune of* Pſ. 100.] All people, *&c.*

1 SIng to the Lord a new made ſong,
For he hath acted wond'rouſly:
His holy Arm, and right hand ſtrong,
Have gotten him the victory.
2 His mighty works hold forth a light,
Wherein his ſaving pow'r is known:

His Juſtice in the heathens ſight
He hath diſplay'd with great renown.

3 His grace and truth to *Iſrael*
He hath at laſt recall'd to mind:
To all that in the earth do dwell
Hath our great God's ſalvation ſhin'd.
4 Let then th' whole earth, with joyfull noiſe,
Unto the Lord their voices raiſe:
Let loudeſt ſhouts expreſs their joys,
And well-tun'd ſongs advance his praiſe.

5 Unto the Lord with utmoſt skill
Tune all your voices Pſalms to ſing:
6 With Trumpets loud, and Cornets ſhrill,
Rejoyce before the Lord the King.
7 Let deepeſt Seas together ſwell,
And breaking, make one roaring noiſe:
Let all that in the world do dwell,
Joyn throats and raiſe one ſhouting voice.

8 From all parts let all rivers meet,
And with clapt-hands together ſound:
Let ecch'ing hills each other greet,
And thoſe joynt-joys at once rebound.
9 Before the Lord; for he is near
The earth with righteouſneſs to try:
And judge the people ev'ry where,
Throughout the world, with equity.

Pſalm XCIX.

1 BEcauſe the Lord Almighty reigns,
Let heathen Nations quake:
He ſits between the Cherubins;
Let th' earth's foundations ſhake.
2 The Lord in *Zion* doth appear,
Cloath'd with great Majeſty:
Advanc'd above all people, there,
His Throne is ſet on high.

3 Let then all people, Lord, thy fame
In ſongs of praiſe expreſs:
For full of terrour is thy Name,
And great in holineſs.
4 Our King in Judgment doth delight:
Thou ſettleſt equity:
Thou ſet'ſt all things in *Jacob* right,
By judging righteouſly.

5 Exalt the Lord our God alone:
And with devotion due
Approach the foot-ſtool of his throne,
For that is holy too.
Thus *Moſes* did, and *Aaron*, when
Among his Prieſts they came:
And *Samuel*, in the croud of men
That call'd upon his Name.

Upon the Lord, with reverence,
They did devoutly call:

He

He heard them from his ſeat, and thence
He gave them anſwers all.
7 His ſeat the cloudy Pillar was,
From whence to them he ſpake:
The Teſtimonies and the Laws
He gave, they never brake.

8 Thou anſwerd'ſt them, O Lord, our God,
In pardons oftentimes:
Ev'n when thou had'ſt advanc'd thy rod,
To ſcourge us for our crimes.
9 Let, then, our God, the mighty Lord,
By all exalted be:
And on his holy hill ador'd:
For greatly holy's he.

Pſalm C.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 148.] Give laud, &c.

1 IN loud ſongs to the Lord
Let's vent our holy mirth:
With joy be he ador'd,
By all that dwell on earth.
2 Before his ſight
Come, let's expreſs
Our thankfulneſs
With all our might.

3 Him for our God let's own,
Who us of nothing made:

He

He did the work alone,
And had from us no aid.
His flock we are,
His paſture ſheep:
Whom he doth keep
And feed with care.

4 Let's ſpeak our thanks aloud,
When into's gates we goe:
And when his Courts we croud,
Pay him the praiſe we owe.
Our thankfulneſs
Let's there proclaim;
And his great Name
For ever bleſs.

5 For good's the Lord, and we
His goodneſs ever taſte:
And when time fails to be,
His mercy ſtill ſhall laſt.
His verity
Our faith ſecures:
For it endures
Eternally.

Pſalm CI.

1 MErcy and Judgment in my ſong
United, Lord, ſhall be:
And, (ſith they both to thee belong,)
I'll ſing of both to thee.

2 I'll

2 I'll wiſely walk by rules ſevere,
(Such as thou likeſt beſt:)
And guide my houſe with heart ſincere:
When wilt thou be my gueſt!

3 I'll carry on no bad deſign,
Nor joyn with them that do:
Their works, who vertues paths decline,
With hatred I'll eſchew.
4 Whom diſcipline will not amend,
Him will I quite diſcard:
No wicked man will I befriend,
Or, in the leaſt, regard.

5 Who ſland'reth others privily,
Shall have no dwelling here:
And him, whoſe heart and looks are high,
Nigh me, I will not bear.
6 The faithfull of the Land alone,
My favour ſhall enjoy:
And, but ſtrict livers, I will none
In my affairs employ.

7 Within my houſe ſhall no man dwell,
That practiſeth deceit:
And him that uſeth lies to tell,
I'll baniſh from my ſight.
8 Of wicked men, with ſpeedy care,
The land throughout I'll rid:
And in God's City none ſhall dare
Hereafter to abide.

Psalm CII.

[*To the Tune of* P. 51.] O Lord consider, *&c.*
Or the Lamentation. O Lord in thee, *&c.*

1 LOrd, hear my pray'r, admit my cry
Into thy presence speedily:
2 Nor let thy face then hidden be,
When times of trouble seise on me.
But when I call, do thou attend,
And a kind answer quickly send.
3 For my sad days resemblance bear
To clouds of smoak, dissolv'd to air.

And as the fire burns furnace-stones;
So doth continual grief my bones.
4 My heart like hay, is withered;
And I forget to eat my bread.
5 My flesh is worn with groaning, thin,
So that my bones cleave to my skin;
6 Like th' Owl, and Pelican am I,
That in the howling desarts cry.

7 The bird that wakes on th' house alone,
So spends his nights as I have done:
8 My foes, as long as day doth last,
Upon me foul reproaches cast:
And they that are quite mad with rage,
Against my life by oath engage.
9 For in my food, when e'r I fed,
I tasted ashes more than bread:

And

And if I drank, my tears fill'd up
The empty'd ſpace within my cup.
10 Becauſe with indignation great,
And kindled wrath thou didſt me treat.
For when thou hadſt advanc'd me, thou
With the ſame hand didſt lay me low.
11 My days are like an ev'ning ſhade,
And I, like wither'd graſs do fade.

Part II.

12 But thou, O Lord, for ever free
From all decay, or change ſhalt be:
And thy great works in memory
Shall live through all Poſterity.
13 Thou ſhalt ariſe, and mercy ſhew
To *Zion* laid in ruines low:
For th' utmoſt time thy ſelf didſt ſet
To favour her, is now complete.

14 Thy ſervants therefore in the ſight,
Ev'n of her hopefull ſtones, delight:
And look on with compaſſion juſt,
Each ſmalleſt handfull of her duſt.
15 Then ſhall ſo great a mercys fame
Make heathen Nations dread thy name:
And all crown'd heads on earth, comply
With thy moſt glorious Majeſty.

16 When *Zions* walls the Lord ſhall rear;
And in his glory ſhall appear;

17 He

17 He ſhall regard the poor forlorn,
And not reject their pray'rs with ſcorn.
18 A mercy, which ſhall juſtly be
Recorded to poſterity:
That ſo the Lord's deſerved praiſe
The children, yet unborn, may raiſe.

19 For from his holy place on high,
He caſt his favourable eye:
From heaven, where his Throne is ſet,
He view'd the earth beneath his feet.
20 When the afflicted captive groans,
To hear his lamentable moans:
And ſet poor ſlaves at liberty,
By cruel maſters doom'd to die.

21 That gratefully they may proclaim
In *Zion*'s gates, the Lord's great Name:
And in *Jeruſalem* declare
How worthy praiſe his actions are.
22 When holy crouds of Nations great
In acts of ſolemn worſhip meet:
And Kingdoms come, with joint accord,
To do their homage to the Lord.

Part III.

23 He weaken'd in the way my ſtrength,
And did contract my Ages length:
24 Then, in the mid'ſt of lifes ſhort day,
O take me not, ſaid I, away:
Thy years, dear God, when mine are paſt,
Throughout all generations laſt.

25 Thou,

25 Thou, when old time had firſt its birth,
Laid'ſt the foundations of this earth.

And the vaſt heav'ns did'ſt ſpread aloft,
Which thine Almighty hands had wrought:
26 Yet they in time ſhall paſs away,
Whereas no time can thee decay:
Yea, they ſhall all become at laſt
Like garments quite by Age defac'd.
And as a veſture chang'd by thee,
Shall at thy pleaſure modell'd be.

27 Whiles thou the ſame (both God, and friend)
Enjoy'ſt an Age without an end:
28 And ſhalt thy faithfull ſervants race
Eſtabliſh ſtill before thy face.

Pſalm CIII.

[*To the Tune of* 113.] Yechildren, *&c.*

1 BLeſt be the Lord, my ſoul, by thee:
And all the pow'rs that are in me,
Excite to bleſs his name will I:
2 My ſoul, bleſs thou the living Lord,
And with a gratefull care, record
His bounties in thy memory.

3 Who all thy hainous ſins forgives,
And heals whate'r diſeaſe thee grieves:
4 Who doth redeem thy life from death.
Whoſe kindneſs ſo to thee abounds,

That

That on all ſides it thee ſurrounds;
And grace thy head encompaſſeth.

5 Who ſatisfies thy craving mouth,
With plenteous goodneſs; and thy youth
Like th' Eagles, is renew'd again.
6 The righteous Lord doth juſtice do,
And executeth judgment true,
When men oppreſt of wrong complain.

7 He made his ſervant *Moſes* know
His ways, and did great wonders ſhow
Before the ſeed of *Iſrael*.
8 The Lord abundant is in grace,
His anger is but ſlow of pace:
And in him doth rich mercy dwell.

9 With us he will not always chide,
Nor doth his kindled wrath abide
For ever burning in his heart:
10 The recompence our ſins did crave
He never yet unto us gave:
Nor paid us after our deſert.

11 To thoſe that him ſincerely fear
As vaſtly large his mercies are,
As is the ſpace 'twixt earth and skies.
12 Our heinous ſins his mercy great
Hath from us at like diſtance ſet,
As from the weſt, th' eaſt quarter lies.

Part

Part II.

13 What pity tender Parents bear
By nature, to their Children dear:
The Lord, to all that fear him, ſhews.
14 For he that us created, can
Beſt underſtand the frame of man:
And that we are but duſt, he knows.

15 Mans fleeting days of life (alas!)
Reſemblance bear to fading graſs,
Which doth with fragrant flower grow:
16 But when the blaſting wind thereon
doth ſharply blow, is quickly gone:
Nor doth its place, it longer know.

17 But the Lord's mercy ever ſtays,
Not ſubject to the leaſt decays,
With them that him devoutly fear.
His righteouſneſs that never ends,
To childrens children he extends,
Who from their loyns deſcended are.

18 This none of them ſhall ever want,
If they obſerve his Covenant,
And mind his precepts to obey:
19 The Lord's eternal Majeſty
Hath fixt his throne on th' heavens high,
And o'r all Kingdoms beareth ſway.

20 Ye Angels that are cloath'd with light,
And do excell in pow'r and might,

Joyn

Joyn all your throats the Lord to bleſs:
Ye, who before his preſence ſtand,
Ready prepar'd at his command,
T' obey his word with cheerfulneſs:

21 Bleſs ye your Lord, and General,
His mighty hoſts, and ſervants all,
Who do his will with joynt-accord:
22 Yea, bleſs the Lord all works of his,
Where e'r his vaſt Dominion lies, [Lord.
And (Soul) with them, bleſs thou the

The ſame Pſalm,

[*To the Tune of* Pſ. 148.] Give laud, *&c.*

1 MY ſoul I thee enjoyn
God's praiſes to proclaim:
Let all thy pow'rs combine
To bleſs his holy Name.
2 His praiſes ſound:
And bear in mind,
How wond'rous kind
Thou haſt him found.

3 Who all thy ſins forgives,
And heals what e'r thee ails,
Whoſe mercy thee relieves,
When death thy life aſſayls.
4 Whoſe love thee crowns,
Whiles ev'ry where

With

With kindneſs dear
He thee ſurrounds.

5 Who doth good things infuſe
Into thy craving mouth:
And Eagle like, renews
The vigour of thy youth.
6 The Lord with right
Doth judge for all
That on him call,
When cruſht by might.

7 To *Moſes* face to face
His ways he did reveal:
And mighty acts of grace
He ſhew'd to *Iſrael*.
8 The Lord great ſtore
Of mercy hath:
And ſlow to wrath
Is evermore.

9 He chides not ev'ry day,
Nor ſtill keeps anger keen:
10 He did us not repay,
As our deſerts have been.
Nor any time
Did he requite
Us, as he might,
For any crime.

11 For thoſe that fear him, find
How great his mercies are:

All thoſe of humane kind
They do excell by far.
As far indeed,
As doth the height
Of heaven bright
The earth exceed.

12 Yea, our tranſgreſſions, we,
By his abundant grace
Remov'd from us do ſee,
At the moſt diſtant ſpace:
As heavens ſide
Towards the Eaſt,
Is from the Weſt
Removed wide.

Part II.

13 The pity Parents kind
Toward their children bear,
Thoſe conſtantly do find
From God, who do him fear.
For, ſurely, he
Well know's our mould,
And mind's, untold,
That duſt we be.

15 For like the flow'ring graſs,
Are man's uncertain days:
Which when ſharp winds do paſs
Upon it, ſoon decays.
16 Away 'tis gone,
And to the place

Where once it was,
No more is known.

17 But the Lord's mercies are
To thoſe that fear him ſure:
And as they ever were,
For ever they endure.
His righteouſneſs
To their next ſeed,
And thoſe they breed,
He doth expreſs.

18 To thoſe that faithfully
His Covenant fulfill;
And mindfull hearts apply
To do his holy will.
19 The Lord's fixt throne
In heaven ſtands,
Whence his commands
All Kingdoms own.

20 Ye Angels bleſs the Lord
Who do excell in might:
Who to his holy word
Still hearken with delight:
And ready ſtand
Always to do
What he to you
Gives in command.

21 Bleſs him his armed hoſts,
Who ſerve him faithfully:

22 Through-

22 Throughout all lands and coasts,
Where his Dominions lye,
Let all him bless;
And with them joyn,
Thou soul of mine,
His praise t' express.

Psalm CIV.

[*To the Tune of the Old* 100 Ps.] All people, &c.

1 BLess, O my soul, the Lord most high.
My God, thou art exceeding great:
Thou cloath'st thy self with Majesty,
Such as beseems thy royal seat.
2 With not to be approached light
Thou art encompast round about:
And the vast roof of heaven bright
Thou like a curtain stretched'st out.

3 The Lord his chambers beams hath laid
On waters hanging in the Air:
The clouds he hath his Chariot made,
Whose wheels the winged winds do bear.
4 Swift spirits are his Angels, and
His servants fiery flame surround:
5 Unmoveable the earth doth stand,
By him to its fixt center bound.

6 Wrapt up at first, within the deep,
As in a garment, lay the land:

Above the tops of mountains ſteep,
Did the ſurrounding waters ſtand:
7 Till, checkt by thy almighty voice,
They fled, and durſt not diſobey:
Thy rattling thunder's frightfull noiſe
Made them in haſte to poſt away.

8 The mountains then, their tops diſplay'd;
And furrow'd vales deſcending low,
A way for th' ebbing waters made,
Into the place thou ſent'ſt them to.
9 There, haſt thou fixt their certain bounds,
Such as they never muſt exceed:
Nor, may they ever paſs thoſe mounds,
The earth again to overſpread.

Part II.

10 Through vales he cut the ſprings a way,
Which run with noiſe among the hills:
11 Where all wild beaſts their thirſt allay,
And untam'd Aſſes drink their fills.
12 Near theſe, each bird of ev'ry wing,
Doth build her artificial Neſt:
There, with their well-tun'd throats they ſing,
And on the ſhady branches reſt.

13 Yea, on the hills, by nature dry,
He from his chambers moiſtneſs drops:
Thy works effects th' whole earth ſupply,
Whereof all parts reap proper crops.
14 He brings forth graſs for Cattels food,
And wholſome herbs which man doth need:

Earths

Earths Iſſue, thus, he thought it good,
Out of their Mother-earth to feed.

15 He gives man thence the cheerfull wine,
Which from ſad hearts doth baniſh grief:
And oyl, to make his face to ſhine,
With bread, the ſtaff of humane life.
16 Ev'n Trees, which God doth ſet alone,
(Quite un-manur'd by humane care,)
The Cedars in dry *Lebanon*,
Yet full of vital moiſture are.

17 Each little bird her dwelling houſe
Within thoſe lofty Cedars makes:
And in the ſtreight-limb'd Fir-trees boughs,
The gratefull Stork her lodging takes.
18 Wild goats, the higheſt hills do chooſe,
Whoſe craggy tops their Caſtles are:
And hollow rocks the Coneys uſe,
And fortify their dwelling there.

Part III.

19 The Moon that often ſhifts her face,
Doth her appointed ſeaſons own:
And when the Sun hath run his race,
He knows his time of going down.
20 In darkneſs thou do'ſt ſhrowd the light,
And then, do all the beaſts of prey
Under the covert of the night,
Forſake the dens they kept by day.

21 Young Lions, then, range here and there,
And boldly hunt their food abroad:
But when they find no prey to tear,
They roar, and call for meat to God.
22 But when the Sun renews the day,
And darkneſs flies his riſing light:
They all together haſte away,
And lurk in dens as dark as night.

23 Then man awaken'd leaves his bed;
And buſily abroad employ'd,
Till ev'ning ſhades on earth are ſpread;
Purſues his labours un-annoy'd.
24 What various arguments afford
Thy works? for with admired skill,
Thou haſt perform'd them all, O Lord;
And with thy wealth th' whole earth doſt [fill.

25 This Sea, too, vaſtly wide, and deep,
Is ſtor'd with creatures great and ſmall:
Which in ſuch multitudes there creep,
No number can compriſe them all.
26 There, mighty ſhips the billows plough,
And ſwiftly paſs from port to port:
And there's *Leviathan*, whom thou
Haſt made, therein himſelf to ſport.

Part IV.

27 Theſe various troups of Sea, and Land,
Wait all on thee for timely food:

28 Thy

28 Thy gifts they gather; and thy hand
Supplies them all with what is good.
29 But when thou doſt thy help deny,
In trouble, pin'd with want, they mourn:
Thou tak'ſt away their breath, they die,
And to their mother-duſt return.

30 Thy ſpirit then thou ſend'ſt abroad,
Which, ſoon creates another race:
Renew'd they are, by thee, O God,
And th' earth puts on another face.
31 Eternally the Lord's renown'd,
And in his works rejoyceth much:
32 With's very look he ſhakes the ground,
And fires the mountains with a touch.

33 Whiles I my vital breath enjoy,
The Lord's praiſe ſhall be ſung by me:
And when I ceaſe from that employ,
At the ſame time i'll ceaſe to be.
34 The ſweeteſt thoughts that e'r I have,
Are thoſe, which on my God I ſpend:
And in that ſervice, to my grave,
Great chearfulneſs ſhall me attend.

35 On ſinners let deſtruction fall;
Let them no more th' earth's burthen be:
But ſoul, praiſe thou the Lord, and call
On all good men to joyn with thee.
To Father, Son, and Spirit, (one
Eternal God, in Perſons three;)

As 'twas before the world begun,
Now, and for ever glory be.

Psalm CV.

1 O thank the Lord, and joyn in pray'r
To call upon his name:
Among the people, let's declare
His deeds of glorious fame.
2 Your gratitude to him profeſs
In Songs, and Pſalms of praiſe:
And all the miracles expreſs
He did in ancient days.

3 That ye his holy name do bear,
Proclaim with boaſting voice:
And let their hearts, who e'r they are,
That ſeek the Lord, rejoyce.
4 Seek ye the Lord, his aid implore,
Before his Ark of might:
And with devotion evermore
Appear before his ſight.

5 Remember ye, with due regard,
The wonders he hath done:
The judgments which his mouth declar'd
Devoutly think upon.
6 Ye ſeed of *Abraham*, that was
His ſervant, and his friend:
And you his choſen *Jacob*'s race,
That from his loins deſcend.

7 He

7 He is the Lord, whoſe judgments ſound
Through all the earth abroad:
Who hath, by ſolemn Cov'nant, bound
Himſelf to be our God.
8 That Cov'nant he in mind retain'd,
Through all the ages paſt:
Which in full force, by his command,
A thouſand more, muſt laſt.

Part II.

9 This Cov'nant with *Abraham*,
He firſt of all, did make:
Next, t' *Iſaac* to perform the ſame,
A ſolemn oath did take.
10 To *Jacob* too, that gracious grant
He did by law aſſure:
And t' *Iſr'el* by his Covenant
For ever did ſecure.

11 All *Canaans* Land (therein ſaid he)
To thee I do aſſign:
To thee divided ſhall it be,
By the ſurveigher's Line.
12 When yet, within that promis'd land,
Few, very few, they were:
Nor could one foot of it command,
For they were ſtrangers there.

13 Whiles nation, after nation, they
As Pilgrims, viſited:
And took one Kingdom in their way,
As to the next it led.

14 He ſuffer'd them no wrong to take,
Where e'r they did reſide:
And even Kings, for their dear ſake,
He did not ſpare to chide.

15 My dear anointed ones, ſaid he,
Touch not to do them wrong:
Nor any Prophet injure ye,
That doth to me belong.
16 Moreover, on that fruitfull Land
He for a famine call'd:
And bread (lifes ſtaff,) by his command,
Throughout it wholly fail'd.

Part III.

17 But t' *Egypt*, whence they bought their food,
Before them *Joſeph* went:
Whom for a ſlave they ſold, but God
Him on his errand ſent.
18 Him in afflicting fetters bound,
Th' *Egyptians* did detain:
And did his tender ankles wound
With a ſtrait Iron-chain:

19 Untill the things he propheſy'd,
By th' iſſue true appear'd:
By God's word long he had been try'd,
But at the laſt was clear'd.
20 The King, who ruled in the Land,
Then ſent, to ſet him free:
21 And truſted all he had in's hand,
Both Realm, and Family.

22 With

22 With full commiſſion, at his will,
His Princes to chaſtiſe:
And teach his Senatours the skill
In Council to adviſe.
23 From famiſht *Canaan*, *Iſrael*,
At laſt, to *Egypt* came:
And *Jacob* for a while did dwell
Within the tents of *Ham*.

Part IV.

24 In *Egypt*, God his ſervants ſeed
Wond'rouſly multiply'd:
So that in ſtrength they did exceed
Thoſe that their growth envy'd.
25 To whom, he gave occaſion thence,
To hate them inwardly;
And to contrive, on that pretence,
To waſte them craftily.

26 Then he his ſervant *Moſes* ſent,
And *Aaron* whom he choſe:
And they from him to *Pharaoh* went,
His meſſage to propoſe.
27 Great ſigns from God, as they were bid
They ſhew'd, when there they came:
And wond'rous miracles they did,
Within the Land of *Ham*.

28 Againſt their Sov'raign Lord's command,
They never did rebell:

He darkneſs ſent upon the Land,
And darkneſs on it fell. [choak'd
29 Their ſtreams he turn'd to bloud, which
The fiſh that there did breed:
30 In rooms of ſtate, frogs crawl'd, and croak'd,
No place from them was freed.

31 He ſpake, and lice with various flies,
Into all *Egypt* came:
32 For rain, he ſent them from the skies,
Hail mixt with ſulph'rous flame.
33 With other Trees, throughout their coaſts,
It vines, and Fig-trees brake:
34 Locuſts, and Catterpillers hoſts
March'd, at the word he ſpake.

35 They came in numbers infinite;
Their teeth, no herb did ſpare:
And through the Land, where they did [light,
They pee'd the Countrey bare.
36 All the Firſt-born that *Egypt* bred,
Fell by the Angels hand:
Their luſtieſt youths were ſmitten dead,
The ſtrength of all the Land.

Part V.

37 With go'd and ſilver, (paid for brick,)
God thence his people ſent:
Not one in all their Tribes, was ſick,
Nor any impotent.
38 Glad *Egypt* was, when rid of thoſe
Whoſe ſtay had coſt them dear:

To

To hire them to be gone, they choſe,
Of whom they liv'd in fear.

39 O'r them, by day a cloud he ſpread,
When the hot Sun ſhone bright:
And with a fiery pillar led
Them in their march by night.
40 They ask'd, and he with numbers great
Of quails the people fed:
And, whiles they had a mind to eat,
From heaven ſent them bread.

41 He ſmote the rock, and thence apace
The waters guſhed out:
And in that dry and thirſty place,
Like rivers ran about.
42 For he, on's holy promiſe, made
To's ſervant *Abr'am*, thought:
43 And forth from *Egypt*, very glad
His choſen people brought.

44 And freely gave to them, and theirs,
The heathens fruitfull ſoil:
And made them th' unexpected heirs,
To all their ſweat, and toil.
45 That they might ſtrictly keep his Laws
And ſtatutes all their days:
Wherefore, as he gives you the cauſe,
Give ye the Lord his praiſe.

Psalm CVI.

1 O Thank the Lord, and give him praiſe,
For very good is he:
His mercy too, from all decays,
Remains for ever free.

2 Where is the man, that can expreſs
The Lord's moſt mighty deeds?
Can any praiſe not make him leſs,
Whoſe worth all praiſe exceeds?

3 Bleſt are the men, who judgments line
Obſerve, and never ſtray:
Whoſe foot-ſteps at no time decline
The juſt and righteous way.

4 Among thy peoples choſen race,
O Lord, remember me:
And let me, through thy ſaving grace,
Be viſited by thee.

5 Thy choſen Nation's happineſs
Let me with gladneſs ſee:
And with the triumphs they expreſs,
Let mine united be.

6 Our fathers have great ſinners been,
And done Iniquity:
And we, their followers in ſin,
Have acted wickedly.

7 Thy wonders done in *Egypts* Land,
And many mercies there,

Becauſe

Becauſe they did not underſtand,
By them forgotten were.
But at the Sea, (where in their need
They had his help beſpoke,)
At the red Sea, they murmured
And did his wrath provoke.

8 Yet then, and there, he did them ſave,
Concern'd for his own name:
A great deliverance he gave,
To raiſe his power's fame.
9 The red Sea likewiſe did he chide,
Which did before him fly:
And through the depths he did them guide,
As through the deſart dry:

10 And ſav'd them from the hand of thoſe,
Whoſe hatred was extreme:
And from the power of their foes
Their lives he did redeem.
11 The waves their foes ſo covered,
Not one was left alive:
12 And then his word they credited,
And praiſe to him did give.

Part II.

13 His works, as ſoon as they were paſt
They ſuddenly forgat:
And for his counſel, (in their haſte,)
They did refuſe to wait.
14 But in the barren wilderneſs
They luſted greedily:

And

And tempted God, with rude addreſs,
Their longings to ſupply.

15 Who granted that (with anger juſt,)
Whereto they had a mind:
But whiles they fed their craving luſt,
They ſurfeited, and pin'd.
16 They grudg'd at *Moſes* in their breaſt,
And in their camp rebell'd:
And againſt *Aaron* th' holy Prieſt
Of God, their envy ſwell'd.

17 Th'earth open'd then, at God's command,
And *Dathan* ſwallowed:
And cover'd the rebellious band
His mate *Abiram* led.
18 A fire likewiſe from heaven came,
Among the factious crew:
And as they ſacrific'd, the flame
Th' uſurping *Levites* ſlew.

19 In *Horeb*, of collected Gold,
An Idol God they made:
And to a calf caſt in a mould,
Religious worſhip paid.
20 Their brutiſh folly thus they ſhew'd;
God, who their glory was,
They chang'd, to the ſimilitude
Of th' Ox that eateth graſs.

21 And did unkindly God forget,
Who had their Saviour been:

Although

Although they had the wonders great,
He wrought in *Egypt*, ſeen.
22 Nor only thoſe, which in the land
Of *Ham* were newly ſhewn:
But thoſe amazing things, his hand
At the red ſea had done.

23 In juſt diſpleaſure, then he ſaid,
He would deſtroy them quite:
And had, if *Moſes* had not ſtay'd
His hand, advanc'd to ſmite.
'Twas he, that ſtood in th' open breach,
God's anger to allay:
And prevalently did beſeech
His wrath to turn away.

Part III.

24 Yea, they the pleaſant land defy'd,
And truſted not his word:
25 But grumbling in their Tents, deny'd
To hearken to the Lord.
26 Therefore, with hand extended high,
By oath he did profeſs,
He would deſtroy them utterly
In that wide Wilderneſs.

27 Among the nations too, he ſware,
To make their ſeed to fall:
Till through all regions, far, and near,
He had diſpers'd them all.
28 With *Baal-Peor*'s ſhame, likewiſe,
They ſhameleſly comply'd:

And

And feasted on the sacrifice
Of dead men deify'd.

29 Thus with their own inventions
His wrath they did provoke:
Till in, upon them all at once,
The plague with fury broke.
30 And then did *Phinehas* Justice do,
With righteous Zeal possest:
He th' impudent offenders slew,
And then th' infection ceast.

31 To him, by God, this zealous deed
Was counted righteousness:
And by all Ages he decreed
It should be thought no less.
32 And at the waters where they chode,
They did him angry make:
So that ev'n *Moses* checkt by God,
Ill fared for their sake.

33 For vext by them, (though wond'rous meek
His constant temper was:)
He unadvisedly did speak
In that provoking case.
34 The heathen Nations they did spare,
Which God forbad to do:
35 For with those heathens mixt they were,
And learn'd their manners too.

36 Yea, serv'd their Idols, till thereby
Great mischiefs them surpris'd:

37 And

37 And made their Sons and Daughters die,
To Devils ſacrific'd.
38 Their childrens blood they offered
To *Canaans* Idols vain:
Which blood of Innocents, ſo ſhed,
The very Land did ſtain.

Part IV.

39 From the foul ways wherein they ſtray'd,
Much guilt they did contract:
And with the Idols, which they made,
Did filthy whoredoms act.
40 Againſt his people then, the Lord
Did with fierce wrath engage:
So that he grievouſly abhorr'd
His choſen heritage:

41 And juſtly gave them for a prey
Into the heathens hand:
Their mortal foes they did obey,
Who had them at command.
42 Their cruel Lords did them oppreſs,
Yet they were forc'd to bear;
And could themſelves no way redreſs,
For ſlaves to them they were.

48 Oft God them ſav'd, but ill advice
They took, and vext him oft:
Till, for their great iniquities,
They very low were brought.
44 Yet cry'd they in their low Eſtate
Unto him, and he heard:

And

And with an heart compaſſionate,
Their ſorrows did regard.

45 And when his Covenant of old
He did recall to mind:
His love, and mercies manifold,
To pity him enclin'd.
46 Nor did he pity them alone,
Himſelf; but all their foes
Under whoſe bondage they did groan,
To pity did diſpoſe.

47 O Lord our God, from heath'niſh coaſts,
Once more, do thou us bring:
To thank thy Name, and make our boaſt
Of thee, whoſe praiſe we ſing.
48 The Lord, the God by *Iſr'el* own'd,
Be bleſt eternally:
Amen, let all the people ſound;
Praiſe ye the Lord moſt high.

Pſalm CVII.

[*To the Tune of the Old* 100 *Pſalm.*] All people, &c.

1 THank we the Lord, for good to us,
And ever mercifull is he:
2 Let the Lord's purchas'd ones, ſay thus,
Thus, we have found him ſtill to be:
3 Thoſe whom he reſcu'd from the hands
Of enemies who them oppreſt:

And

And gather'd from the heathen Lands,
From North to South, from Eaſt to Weſt.

4 Oft they, as ſtrangers, up and down
Wander'd within the deſart wide:
In paths untrod, and found no Town,
Or City, where they might abide.
5 Their bellies were with hunger pin'd, [dry:
And parcht with thirſt their throats were
No ſuſtenance they there could find,
But ready were to faint and die.

6 Then to the Lord with woefull cry
Their dolefull caſe they did expreſs:
And he did hear them readily,
And ſave them out of all diſtreſs.
7 And by a ſtraight and ready way,
He did conduct them, as their guide:
That there they might no longer ſtray,
But find a City where t' abide.

8 O that the Lord might never loſe
His praiſe, when men his goodneſs find;
And ſee the wond'rous works he does,
When to ſtarv'd travellers he's kind!
9 For his kind providence ſupplies
Their hungry appetites with food:
And bountifully ſatisfies
The longing ſoul with what is good.

Part

Part II.

10 Some, in afflicting Irons laid
In the dark ſhades of death reſide:
11 Becauſe his word they diſobey'd,
And th' high God's counſels did deride.
12 Therefore, with great calamities
He humbled their rebellious hearts:
Till plung'd in helpleſs miſeries,
In vain all helpers took their parts.

13 Then, to the Lord, with mournfull cry,
Their woefull caſe they did expreſs:
And he did hear them readily,
And ſave them out of all diſtreſs.
14 He from the dark and diſmall cave,
And ſhade of death they labour'd under,
To them deſired freedom gave,
And brake their iron bands in ſunder.

15 O that the Lord might never loſe
His praiſe, when men have found him kind;
And ſeen the wonders that he does,
For thoſe whom cruel fetters bind.
16 For the cloſe Priſons brazen gates
Wide open fly, at his command:
And the ſtrong bars of iron grates
Are cut in ſunder by his hand.

17
18
19
20
21
22

Part

Part III.

17 Fool-hardy ſinners, oftentimes,
Tranſgreſſing ſore, provoke their God:
When, in ſore ſickneſs, for their crimes,
He lays on them his ſmarting rod.
18 Then do they loath all delicates,
Ev'n thoſe, that lik'd them moſt before:
And drawing near death's diſmal gates,
Deſpair of living any more.

19 But, when unto the Lord they cry,
With ſorrow for their paſt exceſſes:
He doth his ready help apply,
To ſave them out of their diſtreſſes.
20 And heals them with a gracious word,
When Drugs and Doctours cannot ſave:
That paſt their hopes, they are reſtor'd,
And reſcu'd from the gaping grave.

21 O that ſuch men the Lord would praiſe,
And ever keep in gratefull mind,
The wond'rous works he does to raiſe
The weak and ſick, of humane kind.
22 Let them to him ſuch off'rings bring,
As do their gratitude expreſs:
Pſalms, to his honour let them ſing,
And ſpread his works with joyfulneſs.

Part

Part IV

23 They that into the briny flouds
Of the vaſt Sea, in ſhips deſcend;
And both their perſons, and their goods,
To the great waters truſt commend;
24 Beyond all mortals, if they pleaſe,
See the Lord's works diſplayed there:
For often in the deepeſt Seas,
His greateſt wonders acted are.

25 There, ſtormy wind, when he doth bid,
With a tempeſtuous fury raves:
And from the bottom which they hid,
Into vaſt mountains ſwells the waves.
26 On them, ſwift veſſels climb amain,
Untill they ſeem to touch the sky:
But viſit ſoon thoſe vaults again,
Where the wide-yawning deep doth lie.

27 Poor ſaylours hearts then melt for woe,
On the uncertain billows toſs'd:
As drunkards ſtagger to and fro;
And all the Pilots skill is loſt.
28 Then to the Lord, with woefull cries,
Their hopeleſs ſtate they recommend:
And he his ready help applies,
Which doth their ſad diſtreſſes end.

29 The ſtormy winds he lays to reſt,
And calmeth the diſturbed Seas:

So

So that their waves by him ſuppreſt,
Do their tumultuous ſwellings ceaſe.
30 Then, when their ſcaring frights are paſt,
With joyfull hearts they ſhout, and ſing:
And have a proſp'rous gale at laſt,
Them to their wiſhed Port to bring.

31 O may the Lord's due praiſes ſound,
Where ever men his goodneſs find:
And be his wond'rous works renown'd,
Wherein he is to Sea-men kind.
32 Let them therefore his glory raiſe,
Amidſt the congregations great:
And let them celebrate his praiſe,
Where the aſſembled Elders meet.

Part V.

33 A ſoil, where ſtreams and ſprings abound,
He turns into a wilderneſs:
34 And barren makes the fruitfull ground,
For the poſſeſſours wickedneſs.
35 Again, he ſendeth pools, and ſprings,
Into the dry and deſart field:
36 And thither hungry planters brings,
That they may there a City build.

37 Where, ſowing Lands, and planting Vines,
Their wealth by induſtry's increaſt:
38 With plenteous iſſue from their loins,
And fruitfull Cattel they are bleſt.
39 And when, again, they are decreaſt,
And into low condition thrown,

By

By cruel Tyrants force oppreſt;
And under grievous troubles groan.

40 He doth contempt on Princes throw,
Whoſe might the poor doth over-bear:
And makes them wander to, and fro,
In Deſarts where no paths appear.
41 But he doth ſet the poor on high,
Out of his troubles ſore and deep:
And ſpreads his large poſterity,
In families, like flocks of ſheep.

42 The righteous ſhall rejoycing, ſee,
Theſe various turns of providence:
And wicked mouths ſhall ſtopped be,
As deſtitute of all pretence.
43 Who then, is wiſe, and ſeriouſly
To heed theſe things addicts his mind?
For ev'ry ſuch aſſuredly
Shall the Lord's loving-kindneſs find.

Pſalm CVIII.

[*To the ſame Tune.*]

1 MY heart is fixt to ſing thy praiſe,
With cheerfull readineſs, O God:
The glories of thy name to raiſe,
I'll with my glory ſing aloud.
2 Awake, my well-tun'd Harp, awake,
To praiſe the Lord, my Pſaltery:

And

And, in the consort to partake,
(Right early too) awake will I.

3 I'll utter praises, Lord, among
The people to thy holy Name:
And to the Nations, with my song
Thy glorious praise I will proclaim.
4 For to the spacious firmament
Doth thy large spreading mercy stretch:
Thy truth likewise of vast extent,
Unto the lofty Skies doth reach.

5 Do thou exalt thy self, O God,
And rais'd above the heavens high,
Shew forth to all the World abroad,
The glories of thy Majesty.
6 The pow'r of thy right hand extend,
To rescue me thy servant dear:
Unto my pray'r an answer send,
And make thy saving strength appear.

Part II.

7 In strength of th' Oracle Divine
My joyfull triumphs shall be great:
For *Shechem* I'll divide by line,
And *Succoth*'s fruitfull valley mete.
8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* mine,
Ephraim shall support my cause:
To royal *Judah* I'll assign
The pow'r to give the Nations Laws.

9 *Moab* I'll make my washing pot;
I'll over *Edom* cast my shoe:
The coasts of the *Philistines* stout,
Shall yield me glorious triumphs too.
10 But who will me conduct into
The City strongly fortify'd?
And into *Edom*'s Countrey, who
My forces shall with safety guide?

11 Wilt thou not do't for me, O God,
Who did'st in anger us forsake?
And to conduct our hosts abroad,
Wilt thou refuse to undertake?
12 When troubles make us sore afraid,
Let us thy saving health obtain:
For in sad times to give us aid,
We find all humane help is vain.

13 But when our God our helper is,
We valiant acts through him shall do:
For he shall all our Enemies
Under our conquering feet subdue.

Psalm CIX.

1 O God that dost deserve from me
All praise I can express:
Whiles wicked mouths wide open'd be,
O hold not thou thy peace.
2 For wicked and deceitfull men
Talk with large liberty:

Against

Againſt me whiles they vent their ſpleen,
They uſe their Tongues to lie.

3 They likewiſe did beſet me round
With words of bitter ſpite:
And though no cauſe in me they found,
They did againſt me fight.
4 For my good will they were my foes;
Yet I for them did pray:
5 Thus, good with ill, and love they choſe
With hatred to repay.

6 O'r him a cruel Tyrant ſet,
To have him at command:
And at's right hand, to charge him, let
Accuſing Satan ſtand.
7 When he in judgment ſhall appear,
Let him be caſt therein:
And when he mercy begs, his pray'r
Be turned into ſin.

8 His office let another take,
And ſhort'ned be his life:
Do thou his children Orphans make,
And widow'd be his wife.
10 And let thoſe children range abroad,
And wandring beg their bread:
When in their deſolate abode
They can no more be fed.

11 Let the extorting creditor
Snatch all his goods away:

A Stranger be's his Executor,
And on his labours prey.
12 Yea, while ſuch men are mercileſs,
Let no man elſe be kind:
And let his Orphans in diſtreſs,
No where compaſſion find.

Part II.

13 Be none with living Iſſue bleſt
Of all that from him came:
And in the third deſcent, at leaſt,
Extinguiſht be his Name.
14 Let all his father's wickedneſs
Be minded by the Lord:
And how his mother did tranſgreſs,
Still be it on record.

15 Yea, in God's ſight continually
Let that record appear:
Till earth have loſt the memory
That e'r ſuch perſons were.
16 For mercy he forgat to ſhew,
For needy mens relief:
But thoſe to death he did purſue,
Whoſe hearts were crackt with grief.

17 Sith he did curſing moſt affect,
Give thou him what he lov'd:
And bleſſing, which he did reject,
Be far from him remov'd
18 Curſings, wherewith he cloathed was,
Let on himſelf recoil:

Through

Through him may they like water, paſs,
And pierce his bones, like oyl.

19 As Garments, cov'ring ev'ry ſide,
So let them him ſurround:
And as his girdle's ſtraitly ty'd,
Let them on him be bound.
20 Thus may the righteous Lord, the wrongs
Done by my foes repay:
Thoſe that imploy malicious Tongues,
My life to take away.

Part III.

21 But thou, O Lord, do good to me,
By thy great Name inclin'd:
And let my reſcue come from thee,
Becauſe thy mercy's kind.
22 For in great need, O Lord, am I,
With poverty oppreſt:
My heart is wounded grievouſly,
Within my pained breaſt.

23 Like to the ſhadow I am gone,
When it draws near to night:
And locuſt like, toſs'd up and down,
I know not where to light.
24 Through faſting very much, and oft,
My knees are feeble grown:
So very low my fleſh is brought,
That all its fat is gone.

25 Yet in this lamentable caſe,
Reproaches have I born:
My foes beheld my pined face,
And ſhak'd their heads with ſcorn.
26 O Lord, in mercy me relieve,
My God deliver me:
27 Yea, do't ſo, that they may perceive
'Twas done by none but thee.

28 Bleſs thou, and curſe they, how they will,
And when they riſe to fight,
Whiles conqu'ring joys thy Servant fill,
Put them to ſhamefull flight.
29 Aſhamed of the courſe they took,
Be my ſubdued foes:
And in confuſion like a cloak,
Let them themſelves incloſe.

30 My mouth, the Lord to magnifie,
Shall ſing triumphant ſongs:
Yea, give him ample praiſe will I,
Amongſt rejoycing throngs.
31 For when the poor is judged here,
The Lord himſelf ſtands by:
And by juſt Providence doth clear
Whom men have doom'd to die.

Pſalm CX.

[*To the Tune of the Old* 100 *Pſalm.*] All people, *&c.*

1 THE Lord, unto my Lord, thus ſpake;
At my right hand take thou thy ſeat:
Till I thine Enemies ſhall make
A ſtool, whereon to ſet thy feet.
2 A mighty Rod, from *Zion* hill,
The Lord ſhall put into thy hand:
Wherewith (though much againſt their will)
Amidſt thy foes thou ſhalt command.

3 And all thy ſubjects, from the day
Whereon thy royal head is crown'd,
Shall willingly thy Laws obey:
In holineſs ſuch beauty's found!
Nor ſhall ſuch converts then be few,
Born of thy words immortal ſeed:
But numberleſs, like drops of dew,
Which early mornings womb doth ſhed.

4 The Lord his word will never break,
Which he irrevocably ſwore:
By the order of *Melchiſedeck*,
I'll make thee Prieſt for evermore.
5 Th' Almighty Lord at thy right hand,
Who arm'd, for thee appears to fight:
Through mighty Kings who thee withſtand,
Stirr'd up by righteous wrath ſhall ſmite.

6 The heathen ſhall he judg, and ſpread
The bloudy field with bodies ſlain:
And ſmite down thoſe among the dead,
Who over many Countreys reign.
7 Deep ſhall he drink out of the ſtream
That's offer'd to him in his race:
Wherefore with dignity ſupreme
The Lord his raiſed head ſhall grace.

Pſalm CXI.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord, with all my heart,
I'll joyn, to do the ſame:
Where th' upright meet, I'll bear my part,
To glorifie his Name.
2 The works th' Almighty God hath wrought,
Are works of great renown:
To thoſe that love to ſearch them out,
They ſhall be clearly known.

3 Honour and Glory to his Name,
Each work of his procures:
And in records of endleſs fame
His righteouſneſs endures.
4 The Lord his mighty acts hath done;
Still to be kept in mind:
He's full of great compaſſion,
And graciouſly kind.

5 To thoſe that fear him food to eat
He did in plenty grant:

Not

Nor will he any time forget
His holy Covenant.
6 Great works which did his ſtrength engage,
He made his people know:
That th' heathen Nations heritage
He might on them beſtow.

7 The works of his Almighty hands
Are truth and judgment try'd:
And all the things that he commands,
Stedfaſt, and ſure abide.
8 His ſtabliſht Laws, immutably
Do all men, always bind:
For uprightneſs, and verity
In their whole frame are joyn'd.

9 His people he redeem'd, and gave
Them his eternal Law:
Whence, for his holy Name they have
A reverential awe.
10 God's fear the riſe of wiſedom is;
For it preſcribes the ways,
Wherein, who walks, is truly wiſe;
And ever laſts his praiſe.

Pſalm CXII.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord. That man is bleſt
Of him that ſtands in awe:
And feels true pleaſure in his breaſt,
Whiles he obſerves his Law.

2 The upright mans ſuccesfull ſeed
On Earth ſhall mighty grow:
To all that from his loins are bred,
All ſorts of bleſſings flow.

3 His wealth ſhall plenteouſly increaſe,
And fill his houſe with ſtore:
And in its fruits, his righteouſneſs
Shall laſt for evermore.
4 To th' upright in his darkeſt ſtate,
Rejoycing light ſhall riſe:
Who, mercifull, compaſſionate,
And charitable is.

5 A friendly heart the good man bears,
And ready is to lend:
Whiles yet he doth his own affairs
With prudent care attend.
6 An unremov'd proſperity
The righteous here attains:
And in eternal memory
When he's gone hence, remains.

7 Sad tydings, which all others ſcare,
Shall not make him afraid:
His heart is fixt againſt all fear,
For on the Lord 'tis ſtaid.
8 Eſtabliſhed his heart ſhall be,
No fright ſhall it ſurpriſe:
Till his deſire perform'd he ſee
Againſt his Enemies.

9 He

9 His riches ſcatter'd to the poor
Shall yield him endleſs praiſe,
And th' honour he doth thence procure,
His Horn aloft ſhall raiſe.
10 The wicked man ſhall grieve, and grin,
To ſee the juſt prevail:
For very envy ſhall he pine,
Becauſe his wiſhes fail.

Pſalm CXIII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 148.] Give laud, &c.

1 YE Servants of the Lord,
Your maſters praiſe proclaim:
And all with one accord
Give praiſes to his Name,
2 His holy Name
This day let's bleſs,
And never ceaſe
To do the ſame.

3 From the Suns riſe in th' Eaſt,
His praiſes ſhould extend
To the remoteſt Weſt,
Where he his race doth end.
4 Above all men
The Lord is high:
Beyond the Sky
His glory's ſeen.

5 Who to the the Lord our God
Is like, or ever was?
Aloft is his abode;
6 And yet he doth debaſe
Himſelf, to ſpy
How all things go
In th' earth below,
And heavens high.

7 The poor, who all his days
The dunghil did embrace,
He from the duſt doth raiſe
With Princes him to place.
8 With Princes great,
Upon the throne
Among God's own
Dear people ſet.

9 To her that never bare,
He gives a fruitfull womb:
And ſhe that did deſpair,
A Mother doth become.
With children ſtor'd:
And full of joys,
She tunes her voice,
To praiſe the Lord.

Pſalm CXIV.

[*To the Tune of* Pſ. 113.] Ye children, &c.

1 WHen *Iſr'el Egypt* did forſake, [ſpake
And *Jacob*'s ſeed left thoſe that
A Language that did grate their Ear:
2 God's Preſence *Judah* ſanctify'd,
And choſe in *Iſr'el* to reſide;
To ſet up his Dominion there.

3 The Sea beheld him, and the fright
Turn'd it, two ways at once, to flight,
And *Jordan* did in haſte retreat:
4 The lofty mountains skipt like rams,
And little hills like little lambs:
Their fear was ſo exceeding great.

5 What was't, O Sea, that did thee fright?
And, *Jordan*, what put thee to flight,
That in ſuch haſte thou did'ſt retreat?
6 Why did ye mountains skip like rams,
And ye ſmall hills like little lambs?
Of ſuch great fear, the cauſe was great.

7 Yea, tremble ſtill, thou earth, when e'r
The Lord, that made thee, doth appear;
And *Jacob*'s God his face doth ſhow:
8 For he from Rocks a lake doth bring,
And flints diſſolv'd, into a ſpring,
Whenever he commands, do flow.

Pſalm

Psalm CXV.

1 NOt for our own praiſe, Lord, but thine,
We fight our heathen foes:
Thine, not our own praiſe, we deſign,
When we do them oppoſe.
Whiles then in war thou helpeſt us,
Thy truth and grace renown:
2 For why ſhould they reproach us thus,
Whither's your God now flown?

3 But let them know, our God reſides
In heaven his glorious throne:
And well we know, what us betides,
He, as he pleas'd, hath done.
4 But their God's Idols are, by man
Of gold and ſilver wrought:
5 With eyes, and mouths; but neither can
Behold, or utter ought.

6 Fair ears to them the work-man gave,
Which hear not them that call:
And comely noſes too they have,
But do not ſmell at all.
7 With th' hands they have, they handle not,
Their feet do never walk:
And through the hole bor'd for a throat,
They neither breath, nor talk.

8 And ſenſeleſs things, like them, are thoſe
That ſet them up for Gods:

'Twixt

'Twixt men that truſt in ſuch repoſe,
And them, there's little odds.
9 But thou, O *Iſr'el*, in the Lord,
Repoſe thy confidence:
To ſuch as truſt him he'll afford
Both help, and ſure defence.

Part II.

10 Truſt in the Lord let *Aaron*'s ſeed;
He is their help and ſhield:
Truſt in him all, that do him dread,
Like help to ſuch he'll yield.
12 The Lord hath had us in his mind,
And he will bleſs us ſtill:
To *Iſr'el*'s houſe he will be kind,
And it with bleſſings fill.

To *Aaron*'s houſe, that bleſs us all,
His bleſſings he'll afford:
13 And he will bleſs both great and ſmall
Of them that fear the Lord.
14 Increaſe you more and more, ſhall he,
And your Poſterity:
15 The bleſſed of that Lord are ye,
Who made the earth and sky.

16 Heav'n, yea, the heavens, ev'ry one,
Belong unto the Lord:
But earth, (the footſtool of his throne,)
To man he doth afford.
17 Thoſe that the ſilent grave poſſeſs,
Praiſe not the Lord; but we

18 Hence-

18 Henceforth for ever will him bleſs.
For ever prais'd be he.

Pſalm CXVI.

1 THE Lord deſerves my deareſt love,
And he ſhall have it all:
Becauſe his goodneſs did him move
To hear when I did call.
2 Becauſe he did attention give,
And my requeſt fulfill:
The longeſt day I have to live,
I'll call upon him ſtill.

3 When the ſore pangs of dying men
Did my faint heart incloſe:
When helliſh pains me ſeis'd, and when
My ſoul was full of woes:
4 Upon the Lord I call'd for aid,
And urg'd him by his Name:
Deliver, Lord, my ſoul, I ſaid,
And ſoon deliv'rance came.

5 Grace in the Lord, and righteouſneſs
Do equally abound:
Yea, from our God, in mans diſtreſs
Is ſtore of mercy found.
6 The Lord to plain well-meaning men
Will a Protector be:
I was in low condition, when
His mercy helped me.

7 Now

7 Now, ſince (my ſoul) thy ſorrow's paſt,
Return unto thy reſt:
Sith thus to thee, the Lord, at laſt,
His bounty hath expreſt.
8 For, Lord, thou did'ſt, in mercy great,
My ſoul from death recall;
Dry up my tears, and ſtay my feet,
When I was like to fall.

9 Before the Lord's moſt holy face
I'll order all my ways,
Amongſt the living whiles his grace
Shall lengthen out my days.
10 For though I was afflicted ſore,
And ſad complaint did make:
Yet I believ'd; and t' him, therefore,
With good ſucceſs I ſpake.

Part II.

11 I ſaid in haſte, all men will ly;
Not one doth truth retain:
12 For all his favours, how ſhall I
Requite the Lord again?
13 The cup, wherein, at holy feaſts,
We God's ſalvations own,
I'll take, and with the holy gueſts,
His name I'll call upon.

14 The vows with which my ſoul I bound,
Unto the Lord I'll pay:

Whiles

Whiles all his people me ſurround,
Now, on this ſolemn day.
15 The life of ev'ry Saint of his
The Lord doth value high:
But ſets by far the greateſt price,
Upon them, when they die.

16 Unto thy ſervice, me, her ſeed,
Thy handmaid did conſign:
Yea, by thee, Lord, from bondage freed,
I'm rendred doubly thine.
17 I'll give thee a thank-offering,
Such as thy favours claim:
And when I call on thee, will ſing
The praiſes of thy Name.

18 The vows wherewith my ſoul I bound,
Unto the Lord I'll pay:
Whiles all his people me ſurround,
Now, on this ſolemn day.
19 In the Lord's Courts I will them pay;
Yea, in the midſt of thee,
Of thee, *Jeruſalem*, I'll ſay
Praiſe ye the Lord with me.

Pſalm CXVII.

[*To the Tune of* Pſ. 148.] Give laud, *&c.*

1 ALL Nations where ſo e'r
Ye dwell in th'earth abroad:

Sing

Sing praiſes every where
Unto the Lord our God.
And (as y' are bound)
Ye people all,
Both great and ſmall;
His praiſes ſound.

2 For towards us his grace
He daily doth extend:
His love no meaſure has,
His ſaving truth no end.
For to his word
He's ever true
To us, and you;
Praiſe ye the Lord.

Pſalm CXVIII.

1 O Thank the Lord, for good is he,
His mercy ever laſts:
2 Let *Iſrael* now ſay, we ſee,
His mercy never waſt's.
3 Now let the houſe of *Aaron* ſay,
His mercy never ends:
4 Now let all thoſe that fear him, ſay,
No age his mercy ſpends.

5 Unto the Lord, in my diſtreſs
I call'd for helping grace:
Who anſwer'd, and did me releaſe
Into a ſpacious place.

6 Becauſe

6 Becauſe the Lord takes part with me,
I will not be afraid:
For how can man ſucceſsfull be,
To hurt, whom he will aid?

7 The Lord doth on my ſide engage,
My helpers he befriends:
Whence I ſhall ſee, what I preſage,
My haters fearfull ends.
8 'Tis better truſting in the Lord,
Then in mans mortal ſeed:
9 'Tis better truſting on the Lord,
Then Princes, in our need.

10 All Nations round about me came,
And did me ſore annoy:
But in the Lord's Almighty name,
I will them all deſtroy.
11 About me, more than once, they came,
And my deſtruction ſought:
But in the Lord's Almighty name
I'll bring them all to nought.

12 Round me like angry Bees, they ſwarm'd;
But like a feeble flame
Of thorns, I'll quickly quench them, arm'd
With God's Almighty Name.
13 And thou, proud foe, that thought's to kill
Me, with a mortal paſs;
Haſt found, thou could'ſt not have thy will;
For God my helper was.

Part II.

14 My ſtrength is from the Lord, to whom
My ſong I do direct:
And he my Saviour doth become,
When I his help expect.
15 The voice of joy and ſafety dwells,
Where righteous men reſide:
The Lord's right hand their foes repells,
With valour often try'd.

16 The right hand of the Lord excells,
And is exalted high:
All his inſulting foes it quells
And conquers valiantly.
17 I ſhall not yet reſign to death,
What e'r my dangers are:
But live, and with my vital breath,
The Lord's great works declare.

18 The Lord, indeed, hath ſcourg'd me ſore,
With his correcting hand:
But yet, he hath not giv'n me o'r,
To be at death's command.
19 Set open (ye that keep the Keys)
The gates of righteouſneſs:
That I the Lord's deſerved praiſe
May in his houſe expreſs.

20 This Gate, the Lord's moſt holy Gate,
Into his houſe doth lead:

The

The righteous muſt go in thereat,
His holy Courts to tread.
21 Among thoſe righteous ones, I'll be,
And praiſe on thee beſtow:
For thou haſt heard me, and to thee
I all my ſafety owe.

Part III.

22 The ſtone, which, when they look'd thereon,
The builders did diſclaim:
Is now become th' head corner ſtone,
And ſtrength of all the frame.
23 This work, the Lord's Almighty hand
Hath brought to paſs alone:
And we in great amazement ſtand,
To view what he hath done.

24 The day on which this work was wrought,
The Lord hath holy made:
And we thereon, will, (as we ought)
With holy mirth be glad.
25 Now, Lord, thy people humbly crave,
Us with ſalvation bleſs:
Now, Lord, let all our actions have
A proſperous ſucceſs.

26 Upon that King God's bleſſings reſt,
Who cometh in his Name:
From the Lord's Sanctuary bleſt
Be you that him proclaim.
27 From God the Lord thoſe beams are ſhed,
Whoſe light doth us ſurround:

Let's

Let's then to th' horns of th' Altar, lead
Our ſacrifices bound.

28 Thou art my God; and I'll proclaim
Thy everlaſting praiſe:
Thou art my God, whoſe holy Name
My gratefull ſong ſhall raiſe.
29 O Let us thank the Lord, whom we
Still find ſo good a friend:
Whoſe mercies never leſſen'd be,
Nor ever have an end.

Pſalm CXIX.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 113.] Ye children, *&c.*

1 IN a moſt bleſſed ſtate are they,
Who ſhun defilements in their way,
And by God's Law direct their pace:
2 They're bleſt who by thoſe rules do live,
Which his juſt teſtimonies give;
And with their whole heart ſeek his face.

3 Such alſo do the practice fly
Of any known iniquity: [thence.
And keep his ways, ne'r ſtragling
4 Thus, all of us, by thy command,
Oblig'd to keep thy precepts ſtand,
With utmoſt care and diligence.

5 O that, by thy aſſiſting grace
Thy Statutes with a conſtant pace
To walk in, thou would'ſt me direct!
6 Then ſhall no guilty ſhame befall
Thy ſervant, when alike to all
Commands of thine he bears reſpect.

7 And when thou haſt thus learned me,
How righteous all thy Judgments be,
I'll praiſe thee with an upright heart:
8 To keep thy ſtatutes, I'll apply
My utmoſt care and induſtry,
O do not quite from me depart.

Part II.

9 The ſins to youth moſt incident,
How may a man in youth prevent?
To heed thy words his onely way.
10 'Tis after that, that I enquire,
And ſeek thee with an heart entire:
From thy commands ne'r let me ſtray.

11 The treaſure of thy holy word
I've hidden in my heart, O Lord,
To keep me from offending thee.
12 Moſt bleſſed in thy ſelf thou art,
And lov'ſt thy bleſſedneſs t' impart:
Thy ſtatutes therefore teach thou me.

13 Of all the Judgments of thy mouth,
(The Oracle of perfect truth,)
To talk, hath been my buſineſs ſtill.
14 Thy teſtimonies are a path,
Wherein my ſoul like pleaſure hath
To theirs, who have all wealth at will.

15 My thoughts to meditation bent
Upon thy precepts ſhall be ſpent:
And on thy ways my heart I'll ſet.
16 Yea, whiles my mind I thus imploy,
Thy ſtatutes ſhall me fill with joy;
And I will not thy word forget.

Part III.

17 Thy ſervant lives to keep thy word.
Thy favour then to him afford,
That he prolonged life may gain:
18 Clear thou the dimneſs of mine eyes,
Thy Law to look into, and priſe
The wonders which it doth contain.

19 A ſtranger on the earth am I;
O do not then to me deny
The light which thy commandments give:
20 Thy Judgments t' underſtand aright,
I have a longing appetite;
No time without them can I live.

21 Thoſe that preſumptuouſly ſtray,
Not making thy commands their way,

Rebuk'd, and curſed are by thee.
22 Sith then thy Teſtimonies kept
I have, and ne'r beſides them ſtept;
Remove reproach and ſcorn from me.

23 Great Princes cloſe in Council ſet,
Did to deſtroy thy ſervant, treat:
But I thy Statutes thought upon,
24 Thy teſtimonies onely are
The counſel to which I repair:
And my delight's in them alone.

Part IV

25 My ſoul adhereth to the duſt.
Perform thy word whereon I truſt:
And from all dangers ſet me free.
26 My ways to thee I did declare,
And thou to me did'ſt bend thine ear:
Thy holy Statutes teach thou me.

27 The way thy Precepts do command,
Lord, make thou me to underſtand:
Thy wonders ſo ſhall I declare.
28 My ſoul for grief doth melt away:
But my impaired ſtrength's decay
According to thy word repair.

29 The way of lies from me remove;
And out of thy abundant love,
To me thy laws ſound knowledge give.
30 The way of truth by choice I took,

And

And on thy Judgments ſtill did look,
To teach me how I ought to live.

31 Thy teſtimonies conſtantly
Have been the rule I walked by:
Whence let me ne'r with ſhame depart.
32 The race which thy commands enjoyn,
I'll run, and never thence decline,
When e'r thou ſhalt enlarge my heart.

Part V.

33 Thy Statutes, Lord, teach me to know,
That I in their ſtraight way may go:
And to the end I'll it purſue.
34 Give me to underſtand, and I
Shall keep thy law: yea, I'll apply
My heart entirely thereunto.

35 Where thy Commands chalk out my path,
Make me to go: for therein hath
My raviſht ſoul delights entire.
36 Thy teſtimonies ſtill to mind
Lord, render thou my heart inclin'd:
And freed from worldly wealths deſire.

37 Leſt vanity my heart ſurpriſe,
From all vain objects turn mine eyes:
And in thy way enliven me.
38 Thy word unto thy ſervant dear,
Who is devoted to thy fear,
Let, by th' effect, eſtabliſht be.

39 Help me, with reputation clear,
T' eſcape the foul reproach I fear:
For thy good Judgments I confeſs.
40 Behold, thy Precepts do excite
In me a longing appetite:
Quicken me in thy righteouſneſs.

Part VI.

41 As thou to me thy word haſt paſt,
Lord, let thy ſaving mercies haſte
To bring my ſorrows to an end.
42 So ſhall I have an anſwer clear,
To give to him that doth me jeer,
When on thy word I do depend.

43 And ſilence not my mouth, when I
Plead thy words certain verity:
For in thy Judgments hop'd I have.
44 So ſhall thy law obſerved be
With conſtant diligence by me:
No part thereof I'll ever wave.

45 Yea, thus to be obliged, ſtill,
I count true liberty of will:
For I from love thy Precepts ſeek.
46 In preſence, too, of mighty Kings,
Thy teſtimonies are the things
Of which I'll never bluſh to ſpeak.

47 For ſeeing with affection great
My heart on thy Commands is ſet,

Great

Great pleaſure thence to me accrues.
48 Yea, I'll extend my craving hands,
To graſp thy dearly lov'd commands;
And on thy Statutes ever muſe.

Part VII.

49 Thy word of truth, which doth thee bind
Unto thy ſervant, call to mind:
For thou haſt made me hope therein.
50 This, in affliction have I found
My conſolations ſureſt ground,
And oft thereby reviv'd have been.

51 With great deriſion have I met,
From proud and ſcornfull men: but yet
I did not from thy law depart.
52 Thy Judgments, Lord, I thought upon,
Unto our antient Fathers ſhewn,
And cheer'd with them my drooping heart.

53 Though horrours hold on me did take,
For thoſe ungodly wretches ſake,
Who from thy laws obedience fell.
54 Thy Statutes have I made my ſongs,
To cheer me under griefs and wrongs,
While I on earth a ſtranger dwell.

55 I kept thy Law, O Lord, and oft
By night, upon thy Name have thought;
Repay'd, thereby, for want of ſleep.
56 Theſe great advantages I made:

And more than I can utter, had;
Becauſe I did thy Precepts keep.

Part VIII.

57 My ample portion, Lord, thou art,
Whence I'm reſolved in my heart,
That I will keep thy words with care.
58 With heart intire I ſought thy face;
Extend to me thy ſaving grace,
Which in thy word thou doſt declare.

59 Unto thy Teſtimonies I
My wand'ring footſteps did apply,
When I review'd my former ways.
60 To do the things thou did'ſt command,
I did not long debating ſtand:
But haſten'd to't without delays.

61 Upon my goods, the ſpoiling bands
Of robbers laid unrighteous hands:
But I have not forgot thy law.
62 At midnight will I riſe to pay
The thanks to thee; which ev'ry day
Thy righteous judgments from me draw.

63 I chooſe for my companions dear,
All ſuch, as thee ſincerely fear;
And do not from thy precepts ſtray.
64 Thy mercies do themſelves extend
To fill the earth from end to end,
Teach me thy ſtatutes to obey.

Part

Part IX.

65 Thou haſt to me been faithfull, Lord:
For, as thou did'ſt engage thy word,
Thy ſervant favour hath receiv'd.
66 The duty which to thee I owe,
With ſaving reliſh make me know:
For thy commands I have believ'd.

67 When I was from affliction free,
I fondly went aſtray from thee:
But to thy word keep cloſer now.
68 Lord, in thy nature good thou art,
And goodneſs doſt to man impart:
Thy ſtatutes then, teach me to know.

69 The proud againſt me forg'd a lie:
But my whole heart I will apply
Thy precepts to obſerve aright.
70 A brawny fat their hearts doth fence,
Excluding all religious ſenſe:
But in thy law do I delight.

71 I now perceive, 'twas for my good,
That I ſo ſmartly felt thy rod:
Thy ſtatutes thence I learn'd to priſe.
72 For now thy law I dearer hold,
Than bags of ſilver coyn'd or gold,
Although their ſumm ten thouſands riſe.

Part X.

73 I'm made, and fashion'd by thy hands.
The knowledge, then, of thy commands
Enable me to comprehend.
74 Then, those that fear thee, glad shall be,
When e're they cast their eyes on me:
Sith on thy word my hopes depend.

75 I know, O Lord, thou righteous art;
And when thy judgments made me smart,
Thou chast'nedst me with faithfulness.
76 Let thy kind mercies, now, I pray,
Thy servants heart with comfort stay,
Who pleads for it thy word express.

77 To me thy tender mercies send,
Left I my life in sorrows end:
For in thy law delight I find.
78 Confound the proud, who would subvert
Me utterly without desert:
And I will still thy precepts mind.

79 Let all that thy religion own,
And all that taught by thee, have known
Thy Testimonies, turn to me.
80 Still may my heart by such be found
In love unto thy statutes sound;
That I may ne'r ashamed bee.

Part

Part XI.

81 Whiles thou to ſave me doſt delay,
My ſoul, through ſorrow, faints away;
But in thy word my hope is plac't.
82 Mine eyes with looking long, decay,
Whiles on thy word I think; and ſay,
To comfort me, when wilt thou haſte.

83 For like a bottle in the ſmoak,
Quite parcht, and dry'd with grief I look:
And yet in mind thy Statutes bear.
84 How long yet ſhall thy ſervant live,
Expecting, till thou judgment give,
On thoſe that my purſuers are?

85 The proud for me have digged pits;
Whereas thy law no man permits,
Such falſe and treach'rous acts to do.
86 All thy commands are faithfulneſs.
Then help thou me in my diſtreſs,
For wrongfully they me purſue.

87 They had almoſt ſo far prevail'd,
That all my earthly ſuccours fail'd:
Thy Precepts yet, I ne'r declin'd.
88 In tender kindneſs me revive,
And I ſhall keep whiles I'm alive,
Thy teſtimonies in my mind.

Part XII.

89 In heaven, where thou doſt reſide,
For ever doth thy word abide:
Unmoveable, as is thy ſeat.
90 Thy faithfulneſs no age decays:
'Tis firm as earth it ſelf, which ſtays,
Where thou at firſt did'ſt fix it, yet.

91 Both heaven and earth, this day remain,
As at the firſt thou did'ſt ordain:
For all things ſervants are to thee.
92 Had I not pitcht my whole delight
Upon thy law I'd periſht quite,
When thou ſo ſore afflicted ſt me.

93 I'll mind thy Precepts while I live;
For they alone did me revive,
When I to gates of death was brought.
94 My ſelf to thee I do reſign.
O ſave a ſervant, Lord, of thine,
For I thy Precepts ſtill have ſought.

95 My wicked foes in ambuſh lay,
Prepar'd to take my life away:
But I thy teſtimonies mind.
96 Compleateſt creatures, I have found,
Have limits ſet: but th' utmoſt bound
Of thy commads, ne'r hope to find.

Part

Part XIII.

97 O how unalterable is
The love, wherewith thy Law I priſe!
On it I think throughout the day.
98 By thy commands thou mad'ſt me wiſe,
Beyond my crafty'ſt Enemies:
And with me ſtill thoſe leſſons ſtay.

99 All thoſe that teach me, I outgo
In knowledg, ſince my thoughts to know
Thy teſtimonies were inclin'd.
100 More underſtanding have I gain'd,
Than all my Elders have attain'd:
For I thy Precepts kept in mind.

101 I kept my feet, leſt they ſhould ſtray
From thee, to any evil way:
That ſtrictly keep thy words I might.
102 Thy Judgments I did not deſert,
With an unſound, backſliding heart:
For thou inſtructedſt me aright.

103 How ſweet to my ſouls palate, are
Thy heavenly words! more ſweet by far,
They be, then honey to my mouth.
104 Taught by thy ſaving Precepts, I
Get knowledg; and therefore defy
All ways that diſagree with truth.

Part XIV.

105 Thy word's a lamp that ſhineth bright,
And yields my feet a certain light,
Whereby my path I clearly ſee.
106 Thy righteous Judgments keep I will.
For I have ſworn, and will fulfil
The ſolemn oath I made to thee.

107 I'm very much afflicted, Lord:
According to thy faithfull word,
O quicken thou my ſoul again.
108 Thoſe off'rings kindly, Lord, receive,
Which with my mouth I freely give;
And make to me thy Judgments plain.

109 My ſoul is ever in mine hand,
I ſo expos'd to dangers ſtand:
Yet do I not thy law forget.
110 For me the wicked ſnares did lay,
Yet never did I from the way
Thy Precepts taught me, turn my feet.

111 Thy teſtimonies me engage
To take them for my heritage,
For ever, with a joyfull heart.
112 To do thy Statutes, I deſign'd;
And thereunto my heart inclin'd,
With purpoſe never thence to ſtart.

Part XV.

113 All thoughts of ſin and vanity,
With perfect hatred I defy:
But dearly do thy law affect.
114 To me, an hiding-place, and ſhield,
Let thy divine protection yield:
For from thy word I help expect.

115 Ye wicked men from me depart:
For I'm reſolv'd, I'll never ſtart,
From what my God commandeth me.
116 Uphold me, and my life defend;
For I upon thy word depend;
Nor let my hopes defeated be.

117 Do thou, by thy ſupport, aſſure
My ſoul, and it ſhall be ſecure:
And I'll reſpect thy Statutes ſtill.
118 All thoſe that from thy Statutes ſtray,
Thou trampledſt under feet like clay:
Their falſe deſigns thus proſper'd ill.

119 No wicked man in th' earth ſhall ſtay;
Like droſs thou putt'ſt them all away:
Whence I thy teſtimonies love:
120 When thus thy juſtice ſinners doom's,
Upon my fleſh a trembling comes:
Such fear in me thy Judgments move.

Part XVI.

121 My actions have been juſt and right,
To wicked mens oppreſſing might,
Do not therefore abandon me.
122 For my ſecurity engage:
And let not proud oppreſſours rage
Trample down him that ſerveth thee.

123 My very Eye-ſight is decay'd,
With looking for thy ſaving aid;
Whiles thy juſt word is unfulfill'd.
124 In mercy with thy ſervant deal,
(For I to that alone appeal,)
And make me in thy Statutes skill'd.

125 I do my ſelf thy ſervant own,
Make, then, thy teſtimonies known
To me, that I may ſerve thee right.
126 'Tis time, that thou, Lord, interpoſe,
To ſtop the progreſs of thy foes:
For they thy Law have voided quite.

127 Thy dear commands therefore, above
Treaſures of Gold it ſelf, I love,
Of gold, refin'd with utmoſt care.
128 And all thy Precepts I profeſs,
To be throughout, all righteouſneſs:
And t' all falſe ways juſt hatred bear.

Part XVII.

129 Thy teſtimonies I admire.
Wherefore my ſoul with ſtrong deſire,
Them to obſerve exactly, ſtrives.
130 Thy word, at its firſt entrance, ſtreams
Into mans mind with lightſome beams:
And knowledg to the ſimple gives.

131 I panted much, and gaped wide,
Till thy commands me ſatisfy'd:
For love to them did me inflame.
132 Look on me then, with gracious eyes,
Such, as thy goodneſs ne'r denys,
To thoſe that love thy holy Name.

133 My ſteps within thy word retain,
And let no ſinfull habit gain,
A reigning power over me.
134 Thy Precepts ſtrictly keep will I:
From mans oppreſſing cruelty,
If thou in mercy ſhalt me free.

135 Dart on thy ſervant, (of thy grace)
The beams of thy well-pleaſed face:
And teach me what thy Statutes ſay.
136 Salt tears, like Rivers, overflow
My water'd cheeks: it grieves me ſo,
That thy juſt Laws men diſobey.

Part

Part XVIII.

137 Moſt righteous in thy ſelf thou art:
And to thy judgments doſt impart
The image of thy righteouſneſs.
138 Thy teſtimonies too, by thee
To us commanded, righteous be:
And do abound in faithfulneſs.

139 Conſum'd I am with zealous heat,
To ſee mine Enemies forget
Thy words, that ſhould their lives direct.
140 Thy word is by thy ſervant try'd;
And does the ſtricteſt teſt abide:
Whence dearly he doth it affect.

141 Small, and deſpiſed much am I:
Yet am I not induc'd thereby
Thy righteous precepts to decline.
142 An everlaſting righteouſneſs
Thou in thy nature doſt poſſeſs: [thine.
And there's no law for truth like

143 Trouble and grief have ſeis'd my heart;
But thy commands, to me impart
Delights, that rich amends do give.
144 Thy teſtimonies do compriſe
A righteouſneſs that never dies:
Then teach me them, and I ſhall live.

Part

Part XIX.

145 With my whole heart I cry'd to thee.
Incline thine ear, O Lord, to me:
And from thy Statutes I'll not ſwerve:
146 I earneſtly to thee did cry.
Deliver me, I ſaid, and I
Thy teſtimonies will obſerve.

147 I cry'd before the dawning light,
And chas'd the ſhadows of the night,
Upon thy word my hope is plac'd:
148 Yea, e'r the nights laſt watch came on,
Sleep from my wakefull eyes was gone:
The thinking on thy word, it chas'd.

149 Lord, let thy ever tender love
To hear my voice thy bowels move:
After thy Judgments quicken me.
150 Near unto me purſuers draw,
And act deſigns far from thy Law,
For very miſchievous they be.

151 But thou, O Lord, art near me too:
And all thoſe promiſes are true,
Which are annext to thy commands.
152 Thy teſtimonies I do know;
And from them learn'd it long ago,
That their foundation ever ſtands.

Part

Part XX.

153 Lay my affliction to thy heart,
And ſafety unto me impart;
For I retain thy law in mind.
154 Plead thou my cauſe, and ſave me, Lord;
And, as thou haſt engag'd thy word,
Let me thy quickning mercy find.

155 Salvation's diſtant, out of ken,
From the whole race of wicked men,
Who do not by thy Statutes live.
156 Great are thy tender mercies, Lord,
Mixt with thy Judgments in thy word:
O think on them, and me revive.

157 My perſecuting foes increaſe;
Yet do not I one jot the leſs
Thy teſtimonies (Lord) obey.
158 Tranſgreſſours I beheld, and griev'd,
To ſee how oppoſite they liv'd,
To what thy holy word doth ſay.

159 Think, Lord, how I thy precepts love;
And let thy loving kindneſs move
Thy tender heart me to reſtore.
160 No falſhood e'r thy word could ſtain,
And all thy Judgments do remain
Righteous, and firm for evermore.

Part

Part XXI.

161 Princes, to whom no cauſe I gave;
Unjuſtly me purſued have:
But thy pure word doth aw my heart.
162 Such joy doth in my ſoul abound,
As he poſſeſſeth who hath found
Great ſpoils in which none elſe hath part.

163 All ſorts of lies I do deteſt:
But great affection in my breaſt
I bear thy true and holy Law.
164 No leſs than ſeven times a day,
Juſt praiſes to thy name I pay; [draw.
Which thy juſt Judgments from me

165 Thoſe hearts with ample peace are bleſt,
In which thy Laws true love doth reſt:
They ſhall by nothing be diſmay'd.
166 That thy ſalvation I might gain,
Thy promiſe did my hopes ſuſtain:
While thy commandments I obey'd.

167 Kept by my ſoul with ſtricteſt care
Thy holy teſtimonies were:
To them my love ſo ſtrong hath been.
168 I've kept thy teſtimonies, and
The Precepts which thou did'ſt command:
For all my ways by thee are ſeen.

Part

Part XXII.

169 O let my cry to thee come near;
And give me underſtanding clear,
According to thy word, O Lord.
170 Let my juſt ſupplication have
Admittance unto thee; and ſave
Him that depends upon thy word.

171 When in thy Statutes I ſhall be
Inſtructed thoroughly by thee,
My lips thy praiſes ſhall expreſs.
172 Thy word ſhall exerciſe my tongue,
And its commands ſhall be my ſong,
For all of them are righteouſneſs.

173 To give me ſeaſonable aid,
Extend thy hand; for I have made
Thy Precepts my continual choice.
174 An earneſt longing, Lord, I have
Expecting when thou wilt me ſave;
And in thy Law I do rejoyce.

175 Do thou preſerve my ſoul alive.
Due praiſe to thee, then will I give:
And let thy Judgments give me aid.
176 O ſeek thy ſervant, who has not
Thy juſt commandments quite forgot;
Like a loſt ſheep though oft I ſtray'd.

Ano-

[*Another Verſion of the* 119 Pſ. *To the uſual Tune.*]

Bleſſed are they, *&c.*

Part I.

1 BLeſt men are they that heedfull are
To ſhun foul ways of ſin:
Who the Lord's Law with conſtant care
Obſerve to walk therein:
2 Who from his teſtimonies take
The rules that guide their pace:
And their whole hearts whole buſineſs make
The ſeeking of his face.

3 Such men can never with deſign
One wicked action do:
His ways, which wand'ring luſts confine,
They conſtantly purſue.
4 In duty bound, and conſcience,
By thy Command are we,
That kept with ſtricteſt diligence
By us thy Precepts be.

5 O that (thy grace aſſiſting) I
My ways ſo ſtraight could lay:
That from thy Statutes, wilfully,
My ſteps might never ſtray!
6 So ſhall I all the ſhame decline
Which doth looſe lives purſue;
Whiles unto all Commands of thine
A like reſpect I ſhew.

7 From

7 From an heart fill'd with love unfeign'd
Thy praiſe I will declare:
When, taught by thee, I underſtand
How juſt thy Judgments are.
8 With fixed purpoſe of my heart
Thy Statutes keep will I:
O let not, then, thy grace depart,
And leave me utterly.

Part II.

9 What may an youthfull perſon do,
To cleanſe his way, O Lord?
Let him take conſtant heed thereto,
According to thy word.
10 My heart entire, with full deſign
To ſeek thee, I apply'd:
From that which thy commands enjoyn
Let me not wander wide.

11 Thy word moſt faithfully within
My heart laid up have I:
That aw'd by it, I might not ſin
Againſt thy Majeſty.
12 Bleſt art thou, Lord, and bleſſing is
Deriv'd to us from thee:
That I may know the way to bleſs,
Thy Statutes then teach me.

13 Of all the Judgments, from above,
By thine own mouth declar'd,

My

My lips (inſpir'd with holy love)
To ſpeak have never ſpar'd.
14 Whiles in thy Teſtimonies I
Walk with an heart moſt glad,
Its joy abounds, and runs as high,
As if all wealth I had.

15 My meditating thoughts unto
Thy Precepts I'll direct:
And, ſtedfaſtly in them to go,
Thy ways I will reſpect.
16 Upon thy righteous Statutes, I
My whole delight will ſet:
Nor ſhall my faithleſs memory
Thy holy Word forget.

Part III.

17 Thy loving kindneſs unto me
Thy ſervant ſo afford,
That my frail life prolong'd may be,
To keep thy holy word.
18 The veil that hides mine eyes, withdraw,
That ſo I may behold
Th' amazing wonders, which thy Law
In figures doth infold.

19 Whiles upon earth I do reſide,
I'm but a ſtranger there:
O let not thy commands be hid
From me, my courſe to ſteer.
20 My ſoul with long and ſtrong deſire
Sore broken is, and pain'd:

After

After thy Judgments to enquire
No time hath it refrain'd.

21 Rebuk'd by thee, and curs'd they ſtand,
Who, ſwoll'n with haughty pride,
From what thou giv'ſt them in command,
Profanely turn aſide.
22 Thy teſtimonies kept with care
Have ever been by me:
From the reproach and ſcorn I bear,
Do thou then, ſet me free.

23 Great Princes too, conſulting ſate,
Thy ſervants bloud to ſpill:
But I, mean while, did meditate
Thy Statutes to fulfill.
24 Thy teſtimonies too, I'll make
My ſouls entire delight:
And from them daily counſel take,
To guide my life aright.

Part IV.

25 My fainting ſoul unto the duſt
Cleaves faſt through grief, and pain:
Perform thy word, on which I truſt,
And quicken me again.
26 My paſt ways when I did declare,
My voice thine ear did reach:
That I their errours may repair.
To me thy Statutes teach.

27 The

27 The way, wherein thy Precepts lead,
Make me to know, and walk:
Then all thy wond'rous works to ſpread,
My tongue ſhall freely talk.
28 My Soul with heavineſs oppreſt,
Conſumes, and melts away:
O let thy word, on which I reſt,
Repair my ſtrengths decay.

29 All lying ways what e'r they be,
From me do thou remove:
And thy Laws knowledg unto me
Grant of thy tender Love.
30 The certain way of ſaving truth
By choyce mine own I made:
And all the Judgments of thy mouth
Before mine Eyes I laid.

31 Unto thy teſtimonies, I
Did conſtantly adhere:
The ſhame of foul Apoſtaſie,
Lord, let me never bear.
32 I'll run the way with cheerfull pace
By thy Commands enjoyn'd:
Whereto I find my heart (thy grace
Enlarging it) inclin'd.

Part V.

33 O Lord, inſtruct me in the way
Thy Statutes recommend:

And I from it will never ſtray,
But keep it to the end.
34 Grant me to underſtand thy Law,
And I ſhall keep it ſtill:
Yea, my whole heart, poſſeſt with awe
Thereof, ſhall it fulfill.

35 Aſſiſt me by thy grace, to do
What thy Commands enjoyn:
For in that path I joy to go,
Whereto they me confine.
36 Thy teſtimonies to affect,
Do thou incline my heart:
And let no worldly wealths reſpect
From them my love divert.

37 From tempting objects turn my ſight,
Too apt on them to ſtay:
And quicken me with more delight
To travel in thy way.
38 Thy word of promiſe ſtabliſh thou,
Unto thy ſervant dear,
Who hath himſelf by ſolemn vow
Devoted to thy fear.

39 Turn from me the reproach and ſhame
Which I ſo greatly dread:
For (though bad men thy Judgments blame,)
In goodneſs they exceed.
40 Behold, with longing earneſtneſs
Thy Preceps I have ſought:

Quick-

Quicken me in thy righteouſneſs,
T' obey them as I ought.

Part VI.

41 As thou thy faithfull Word haſt paſt
Me from my foes to ſave:
So, Lord, diſpatch to me with haſte
The mercies which I crave.
42 So ſhall I give an anſwer juſt
Unto my ſcornfull foes,
Who me reproach, becauſe my truſt
I in thy word repoſe.

43 And give my mouth ſtill cauſe to plead
In thy true words defence:
For on thy Judgments I have laid
My hope, and confidence.
44 So, what thy Law enjoyneth, I
Will, in no caſe, omit:
But, unto all eternity
Obſerve, and practiſe it.

45 And whiles it doth me moſt confine,
I'll count it liberty:
For ev'ry precept, Lord, of thine
Seek out with care do I.
46 Thy teſtimonies too I'll own,
Ev'n where Kings preſent are:
Nor will I, daunted with their frown,
To ſpeak of them forbear.

47 And ſith on thy Commands my heart
Its deareſt love hath ſet:
Their ſtudy ſhall to me impart
Delights exceeding great.
48 My hands likewiſe I will extend
To each divine command:
And, mov'd by love, my ſtudies bend
Thy Statutes t' underſtand.

Part VII.

49 Recall to mind the word by thee
Unto thy ſervant paſs'd:
On which (thy grace enabling me)
My hope is firmly plac'd.
50 From it, in my affliction, I
Moſt ſolid comfort have:
For when I was about to die,
Reviving ſtrength it gave.

51 With inſolence exceeding great
The proud did me deride:
But from thy Laws ſtrict meaſures, yet,
I have not turn'd aſide.
52 Thy Judgments, Lord, of ancient days
To mind I did recall:
From whence I did great comfort raiſe,
To cheer my heart withall.

53 Great horrour, mixt with pity, ſeis'd
Upon me, when I ſaw

How

How proudly wicked men deſpis'd,
And quite forſook thy Law.
54 Amidſt the many griefs, and wrongs,
I, as a ſtranger, bare
In this lifes pilgrimage; my ſongs
Thy holy Statutes were.

55 To think (O Lord) upon thy Name,
By night I broke my ſleep;
And thereby kept my Soul in frame,
Thy holy Law to keep.
56 Theſe great advantages I made,
(And more than I can ſpeak;)
Becauſe ſuch conſtant care I had,
Thy precepts not to break.

Part VIII.

57 Thou haſt thy ſelf by promiſe made
To be my portion, Lord:
And, with full purpoſe, I have ſaid,
That I would keep thy word.
58 With earneſt fervency, my heart
In pray'r did ſeek thy face:
According to thy word, impart
To me thy ſaving grace.

59 Unto thy teſtimonies, I
My wand'ring footſteps turn'd;
When I my former ways did try,
And for their errours mourn'd.

60 I did not long debating ſtand,
But laid delays aſide:
And unto what thou did'ſt command,
My heart with haſte apply'd.

61 Whole troops of wicked men combin'd,
To make my goods their prey:
Yet ſtill I kept thy Law in mind,
That I might it obey.
62 At midnight from my bed I'll riſe,
To render thanks to thee:
For greatly I thy Judgments priſe,
Becauſe they righteous be.

63 Each one that doth thy precepts mind,
And liveth in thy fear;
I own for my beloved friend,
And my companion dear.
64 Thy mercies, Lord, abundantly
The earth throughout do fill:
Thy Statutes then teach me, that I
May from them know thy will.

Part IX.

65 Moſt favourably thou haſt dealt
With me thy ſervant, Lord:
For I th' effects thereof have felt,
According to thy word.
66 Sound knowledg of all truth's divine
Do thou unto me give:
For I do all commands of thine
With firm belief receive.

66 When

67 When from affliction I was freed,
Out of thy ways I ſtept:
But ever ſince, with greater heed,
Thy holy word I kept.
68 Exceeding good thou art, and doſt
All that is good beſtow:
Then teach thou me, how good, and juſt,
Thy Statutes are, to know.

69 Foul things unto my charge to lay,
The proud did lies invent:
But I thy precepts to obey,
My heart have wholly bent.
70 Their ſtupid hearts in brawny fat
Inclos'd, all ſenſe have loſt:
But thy moſt holy Law is that
Which me delighteth moſt.

71 That thou afflicted'ſt me for good,
I clearly now diſcern:
That, ſcourged by thy chaſt'ning rod;
I might thy Statutes learn.
72 The holy Law thy mouth enjoyn'd,
I now do value more,
Then ſumms of gold and ſilver coyn'd,
When heap'd in greateſt ſtore.

Part X.

73 Thy workmanſhip, O Lord, I am,
And faſhion'd by thy hands:

Inſtruct me then, how I may frame
My life by thy Commands.
74 Who ever fear thee, will be glad
To ſee my troubles end:
Becauſe upon thy word for aid
My hopes did ſtill depend.

75 O Lord, when thou doſt Judgments ſend,
I know, they righteous be:
And thou dealt'ſt like a faithfull friend,
When thou afflicted'ſt me
76 Extend, I pray, thy tender love,
To eaſe thy ſervants pain:
And let thy faithfull word thee move
To comfort me again.

77 O let thy tender mercies draw
Near me, my life to ſave:
For in the ſtudy of thy Law
A great delight I have.
78 Sham'd be the proud, without deſert,
Who me perverſly uſe:
But on thy Precepts I my heart
Engaged have to muſe.

79 My cauſe, let all that love thee, own,
And unto me repair:
With ev'ry one, to whom well known
Thy teſtimonies are.
80 Let me thy Statutes with a ſound
And honeſt heart affect:

So

So ſhall no crime in me be found,
Nor ſhame on me reflect.

Part XI.

81 My fainting ſoul with grief doth droop,
Untill thou do me ſave:
Supported, onely, by the hope
Which in thy word I have.
82 Mines eyes, whiles they long look to ſee
Thy word fulfill'd, decay:
And oft, when wilt thou comfort me?
My earneſt wiſhes ſay.

83 For like a bottle parcht in ſmoke,
Do wrinkled I appear:
Yet do I not forget to look
Into thy Statutes dear.
84 How many days muſt I, expect
The aid thy grace beſtows?
When wilt thou Judgment execute
On my purſuing foes?

85 Whiles my inſulting Enemies
To take me, digged pits,
They dealt with me far otherwiſe,
Then thy juſt Law permits.
86 Strengthen'd with thy fidelity,
All thy Commandments be:
They perſecute me wrongfully;
Help then, and reſcue me.

87 Almoſt of all that e'r I had,
On earth by them bereft;
(To help me in a caſe ſo ſad,)
I ne'r thy precepts left.
88 In tender mercy me revive;
And carefully I'll heed
Thoſe teſtimonies while I live,
Which from thy mouth proceed.

Part XII.

89 In heaven, where thy Throne, O Lord,
For ever ſtandeth faſt,
With equal firmneſs thou thy word
For ever ſetled haſt.
90 And thy unſhaken faithfulneſs
Abides from race to race:
As earth unmov'd doth ſtill poſſeſs
Its firſt appointed place.

91 Thine ordinances plac'd them there,
Where, at this day they ſtand:
For all of them thy ſervants are,
And under thy command.
92 Unleſs thy Law alone had been
My ſouls entire delight;
I had in mine affliction, then,
With ſorrow periſht quite.

93 Thy precepts in my memory
I'll evermore retain:

By

By which, when I was like to die,
Thou quick'ned'ſt me again.
94 Devoted unto thee am I;
Thine own vow'd ſervant ſave:
For I enquired conſtantly
After thy precepts have.

95 My wicked foes my life to ſpill,
Have waited me to take:
But I thy teſtimonies will
My daily ſtudy make.
96 The bounds of all that's excellent
In creatures, I have ſpy'd:
But thy commands, in their extent,
Do ſpread exceeding wide.

Part XIII.

97 O what exceeding love I pay
Unto thy Law moſt dear?
My meditations all the day
On it imployed are.
98 By thy commands which in my breaſt
For ever fixt remain,
Of greater wiſedom I'm poſſeſt,
Then e'r my foes could gain.

99 Thy ſtudy'd teſtimonies made
Me underſtand much more,
Then all the teachers which I had,
E'r underſtood before.

100 Men,

100 Men, far my elders, I exceed
By far, in knowledg deep:
Becauſe I do thy precepts heed,
And diligently keep.

101 That I might keep thy word in mind,
Ne'r from its rules to ſtray;
My feet I thereunto confin'd,
And ſhun'd each evil way.
102 Thy Judgments I did not deſert,
Nor in my duty fail'd:
The Leſſons which thou on my heart
Had'ſt printed, ſo prevail'd.

103 How ſweetly taſte, thy words of truth
To my enlight'ned mind?
A leſs ſweet reliſh doth my mouth
In pureſt honey find.
104 An underſtanding pure, and clear,
I through thy precepts get:
Wherefore, the hatred which I bear
To all falſe ways, is great.

Part XIV.

105 Thy word, to guide my feet aright,
A Candle is to me:
And yields a clear and certain light,
Whereby my path I ſee.
106 By ſolemn oath my ſelf I ty'd,
And will perform it too:

That

That what thy righteous Judgments bid,
I will obſerve, and do.

107 I long have undergone, O Lord,
Afflictions great, and ſore:
According as thy gracious word
Doth bind thee, me reſtore.
108 Theſe offrings kindly, Lord, receive,
(I humbly thee beſeech,)
Which with my vowing mouth I give;
And me thy Judgments teach.

109 My ſoul is ever in my hand,
Expos'd to dangers great:
No dangers yet, wherein I ſtand,
Make me thy Law forget,
110 The wicked an entrapping gin
To take my feet, have laid:
Yet from no precept, Lord, of thine
To ſhun it, have I ſtray'd.

111 Thy teſtimonies do I take,
And with unalter'd choice,
Mine heritage for ever make:
For they my heart rejoyce.
112 With ſtedfaſt purpoſe of my will,
My heart I wholly bend,
To keep thy righteous Judgments, till
My days in death ſhall end.

Part XV.

113 To thoughts that ſinfull are, and vain
Great hatred do I bear:
But for thy Law I do retain
A Love exceeding dear.
114 To me an hiding-place thou art,
And a protecting ſhield:
And, leſt my hopes from thee ſhould ſtart,
Thy word hath them upheld.

115 Depart from me, who e'r ye are
That work iniquity:
For I my God's commands declare
That I'll keep faithfully.
116 According to thy word to me,
Make thou thy grace my prop:
That I may live, and never be
Aſhamed of my hope.

117 Whiles thy ſupporting grace me ſtays,
Secure ſhall I remain:
And to thy Statutes all my days
Firm love I will retain.
118 All thoſe, who from thy Statutes ſtray'd,
Thou troddeſt to the ground:
So that the treacherous plots they laid,
Falſe to themſelves were found.

119 All wicked men, like droſs from gold,
From th' earth thou doſt remove:
Whence

Whence I, their ends, when I behold,
Thy teſtimonies love.
120 My very fleſh with trembling ſeis'd,
For fear of thee, doth quake:
Thy Judgments, when thou art diſpleas'd
My courage ſo doth ſhake.

Part XVI.

121 My dealings towards other men,
Were ever juſt and right:
O do not me abandon, then,
To be oppreſt by might.
122 Whiles with thy ſervant men conteſt,
Do thou for him engage:
And let me never be oppreſt
By their inſulting rage.

123 Mine eyes with long expecting fail,
Whiles thy ſalvation ſtays:
So many fears my faith aſſail,
Becauſe thy word delays!
124 According to thy mercy deal
With him that ſerveth thee:
And, of thy ſpecial grace, reveal
Thy Statutes unto me.

125 Sith I thy ſervant am, I ſay,
Do thou on me beſtow
Such underſtanding, that I may
Thy teſtimonies know.

126 'Tis

126 'Tis time for thee to ſhew thy might,
And therewith, Lord, to aw
Bold ſinners who endeavour quite
T' annul thy ſacred Law.

127 Thy dear commands I love therefore,
So, that to me they are
Of value, more, then gold, yea more
Then fineſt gold can bear.
128 Hence, all thy Precepts I eſteem,
In ev'ry thing they ſay,
Moſt right; and do, for love of them,
Hate ev'ry erring way.

Part XVII.

129 Thy holy teſtimonies are
Fill'd full with wonders deep:
My ſoul therefore, with greateſt care,
Doth them reſolve to keep.
130 The entrance to thy word doth give
Dark ſouls a ſaving light:
The ſimple thence the grace receive,
To know their duty right.

131 My craving mouth I open'd wide,
And panted earneſtly:
Such longing, to be ſatisfy'd
With thy commands, had I.
132 With ſmiling countenance me view;
No other grace I claim,

Then

Then thou, O Lord, art wont to ſhew
To thoſe that love thy Name.

133 My order'd ſteps do thou within
Thy words juſt rules reſtrain:
And ſuffer no habitual ſin
Within my heart to reign.
134 From the unjuſt oppreſſing hand
Of men, ſet thou me free:
So, what thy Precepts do command,
Shall be obſerv'd by me.

135 Cauſe thou thy pleaſed face to ſhine
Upon thy ſervant dear:
And what thy Statutes do enjoyn,
Make plain to me, and clear.
136 Down my drencht cheeks, from weeping eyes,
Rivers of tears do glide;
When I behold, how men deſpiſe
To make thy Law their guide.

Part XVIII.

137 In thee, (I, to thy praiſe confeſs,)
All righteouſneſs doth dwell:
And thine, (O Lord) for uprightneſs,
All Judgments do excell.
138 Thy teſtimonies t' us enjoyn'd,
In righteouſneſs abound:
And are to all that are inclin'd
To keep them, faithfull found.

139 I'm

139 I'm even waſted with the heat
Of zeal, ſtirr'd up by grief,
To ſee my foes thy words forget,
That ſhould direct their life.
140 Thy word, like metall try'd in fire,
So very pure doth prove:
That therefore with a ſtrong deſire,
Thy ſervant doth it love.

141 Small in this world, and mean am I,
And men with ſcorn me treat:
Yet am I not induc'd thereby,
Thy precepts to forget.
142 An everlaſting righteouſneſs
Doth in thy nature dwell:
And that 'tis truth it ſelf, no leſs
Doth make thy Law excell.

143 Such troubles as me ſorely grieve.
Upon my ſoul have ſeis'd:
But thy commands ſuch pleaſures give,
By which all griefs are eas'd.
144 A righteouſneſs that ne'r decays,
Thy teſtimonies have:
Give me to underſtand thy ways,
And I ſhall ſcape the grave.

Part XIX.

145 With all my heart I cry'd aloud,
Lord, hearken to my cry:

And

And from due ſenſe of gratitude,
Thy Statutes keep will I.
146 O ſave thou me, I crying ſaid,
Out of my dangers deep:
Then will I, reſcu'd by thy aid,
Thy teſtimonies keep.

147 With early pray'rs, I did prevent
The dawning of the day:
Which, whiles I did to thee preſent,
Thy word my hopes did ſtay.
148 To me, the nights laſt watch ſeem'd late,
Sleep, earlier left mine eyes:
I, on thy word to meditate
Before 'twas ſet, did riſe.

149 O let thy tender mercy move
Thee, Lord, to hear my voice:
Judg thou my cauſe, and in thy love,
My drooping ſoul rejoyce.
150 Near me, upon a bad deſign,
My perſecutours draw:
But in ſo doing, they decline
The farther from thy Law.

151 And thou too, Lord, art near at hand,
To ſave, whom they wou'd kill:
And, doing what thou doſt command,
Thy truth ſhall keep me ſtill.
152 Thy teſtimonies known to me
Have been for time long paſt:

And

And founded, as they are, by thee,
I know, they ſtill ſhall laſt.

Part XX.

153 On my affliction think, and thence
At liberty me ſet:
For I, through wilfull negligence,
Thy Laws do not forget.
154 Appear, my righteous cauſe to plead,
That I diſcharg'd may be:
And, as thy word hath promiſed,
In mercy quicken me.

155 Salvation is removed far
From all the wicked crew,
Becauſe they ſo neglectfull are
Thy Statutes to purſue.
156 Great are thy tender mercies, Lord,
And juſt thy Judgments be:
Inclined by them both, afford
Thy quick'ning grace to me.

157 My perſecutors many are,
And many foes I have:
Yet, do I not, (induc'd by fear)
Thy teſtimonies wave.
158 When the tranſgreſſours I did view,
Who did thy word forſake;
Oppreſt with grief, and pity too,
My tender heart did ake.

159 Mind,

159 Mind, Lord, with what a tender love
Thy precepts I embrace:
And let thy righteouſneſs thee move,
To give me quick'ning grace.
160 Thy word, through all time paſt, and gone,
From the beginning 's ſure:
And thy juſt Judgments ev'ry one,
For ever ſhall endure.

Part XXI.

161 Princes my Perſecutors were
Who never gave them cauſe:
But yet thy words moſt holy fear
My heart from ſinning aws.
162 Thy word creares a joyfulneſs
In me, as large each way,
As doth the heart of him poſſeſs,
Who findeth ample prey.

163 I hate, and perfectly deteſt
All lies of ev'ry kind:
But for thy Law, within my breaſt,
A perfect love I find.
164 No leſs then ſeven times a day,
Thy praiſes I declare:
This duty I thy Judgments pay,
For very juſt they are.

165 Great is the peace, which all of thoſe
Who love thy Law attends:

Their

Their hearts enjoy ſuch ſweet repoſe,
That nothing them offends.
166 Look'd with firm hope, O Lord, have I
For thy ſalvations aid:
And thy Commandments faithfully
Have, whiles I hop'd, obey'd.

167 I to thy teſtimonies bear
A love that doth exceed:
Whence in my ſoul, an earneſt care
To keep them all, is bred.
168 Thy holy teſtimonies, and
Thy precepts I obey'd:
For all my ways, I underſtand,
Before thy face are laid.

Part XXII.

169 O let the cry I make to thee,
Come near before thee, Lord:
Sound underſtanding give thou me,
According to thy word.
170 And let my ſupplication have
To thee a free acceſs:
According to thy word, me ſave,
Out of my great diſtreſs.

171 Thy Statutes when thou haſt me taught,
(So juſt they are, and good:)
My lips, with thy due praiſes fraught,
Shall utter them aloud.

172 Thy

172 Thy holy word, my tongue ſhall be
Moſt ready to confeſs:
For all commands which come from thee,
Are perfect righteouſneſs.

173 Do thou extend thy mighty hand,
From dangers me to ſave:
For what thy precepts do command,
I freely choſen have.
174 Thy ſaving aid, Lord, I deſir'd
With longing appetite:
And what from me thy Law requir'd,
I did with great delight.

175 My ſoul thy praiſe ſhall ever ſpread,
Preſerve it then alive:
And let thy Judgments in my need,
To me aſſiſtance give.
176 Thy ſervant ſeek, when, like a ſheep,
He ſtrays with wand'ring feet:
For thy commands, ev'n then, to keep,
I do not quite forget.

Pſalm CXX.

1 UNto the Lord I cry'd aloud,
When I was in diſtreſs:
And unto me his ear he bow'd,
And did me thence releaſe.
2 From lips that are enur'd to lye,
O Lord, my life defend:

And

And from the falſe-tongu'd Enemy
To me deliv'rance ſend.

3 What profit can redound to thee,
By doing others wrong?
Or, how ſhalt thou rewarded be
O thou deceitfull tongue?
4 Sharp arrows ſhot by mighty Arms
Shall all thy wounds return:
And thee, that did'ſt ſuch laſting harms,
Juniper coals ſhall burn.

5 Ah, woe is me, that with the race
Of *Meſhech* I abide!
And have a loathſome dwelling place,
Where *Kedar*'s Sons reſide!
6 My ſoul hath long been forc'd to dwell
With him that peace defies:
7 I am for peace: but when I tell
Them ſo; to war they riſe.

Pſalm CXXI.

[*To the tune of* Pſ. 25.] I lift my, &c.

1 I'LL lift expecting eyes
To th' Hills that ſend me aid:
2 My aid doth from the Lord ariſe,
Who earth and heaven made.
3 Thy foot confirm will he
That it ſhall never ſlide:

His

His wakefull eye that keepeth thee,
No ſlumbering nod ſhall hide.

4 Behold, his wakefull eyes
That *Iſrael* doth keep,
No ſlumber ever doth ſurpriſe;
Nor ever can he ſleep.
5 The Lord at thy right hand,
As oft as foes invade,
Doth like a valiant Champion ſtand:
And hides thee like a ſhade.

6 Whence, thee with heat at noon,
The Sun ſhall never ſmite:
Nor ſhall the cold, and wat'ry Moon,
Diſtemper thee by night.
7 The Lord ſhall keep thee ſo,
Thy ſoul ſhall fear no ill:
8 Thou in, and out, ſecure ſhalt go,
By him protected ſtill.

Pſalm CXXII.

[*To the Tune of the* 100 *Pſalm.*] All people, *&c.*

1 WHen men ſaid to me, come, let's get
Up to God's Houſe, I joy'd therein:
2 Our feet, (*Jeruſalem*) we'll ſet
Within thoſe ſacred gates of thine.
3 *Jeruſalem* is well compact;
Each part on other doth depend,

A City built in form exact,
4 Thither, the holy Tribes aſcend.

Thither, the Lord's twelve Tribes aſcend,
(For *Iſr'el*'s Teſtimony's there:)
That on the Lord they may attend,
And gratefully his Name declare.
5 Yea, there are Thrones of Judgment ſeen,
Thrones fixt for *David*, and his ſeed:
6 Pray we, that peace may dwell therein:
For well ſhall all that love her, ſpeed.

7 Let all the good compris'd in peace,
Within thy walls for ever dwell:
And may thy ſtately Palaces
In all proſperity excell.
8 My brethren, and companions dear,
By wiſhing peace to thee, I bleſs:
9 Yea, ſith our Gods fair houſe is there,
I will promote thy happineſs.

Pſalm CXXIII.

[*To the Tune of the Old* 120 Pſ.] In trouble, &c.

1 TO thee I lift mine eyes,
O thou, above the Skies
Who haſt thy fixed ſeat:
2 As on their maſters hand
Their ſervants looking ſtand,
Some favour thence to get.

And

And as the maiden ſtands,
And looketh on her hands
On whom ſhe doth attend:
The Lord our God, ſo wè
Do look unto, till he
His mercy t' us extend.

3 Have mercy on us, Lord:
Some mercy t' us afford.
For none we find elſewhere.
No time are we exempt
From very great contempt,
Which from our foes we bear.

4 Our ſoul is fill'd with ſcorn,
Which daily we have born
From thoſe that quiet ſate:
And haughty Enemies
Do very much deſpiſe
Our very mean eſtate.

The ſame. To the Tune of Pſ. 25.] I lift my, *&c.*

1 TO thee I lift mine eyes
Thy favour to intreat,
Who far above the lofty Skies
Haſt fixt thy royal ſeat.
2 Behold, as ſervants ſtand,
And wiſhtly look upon
Their miſtreſſes or maſters hand
To get ſome gracious boon.

With longing looks, ſo we
Our wiſhes upward ſend,
Unto the Lord our God, till he
His grace to us extend.
3 Have mercy, Lord, we cry
Some favour to us yield:
For with contempt, exceedingly
We, by our foes are fill'd.

4 By thoſe that ſit at eaſe
Fill'd with contempt we are:
And proud mens ſcornfull uſages
With great regret we bear.

Pſalm CXXIV.

[*To the Tune of the Old* 100 Pſ.] All people, *&c.*

HAD not the Lord been on our ſide,
May reſcu'd *Iſrael* now ſay;
2 Or had the Lord his help deny'd,
When men combined us to ſlay:
3 Then, had they ſwallow'd us alive,
Their wrath to ſuch an height was grown:
The flouds with ſuch a force did drive,
The ſtrong tide had our ſoul o'rflown.

4 Then had our ſoul o'rwhelmed been,
When the proud waves ſwell'd to a Sea:
5 But though their greedy teeth were keen,
(The Lord be bleſt) they miſs'd their prey.

6 The

6 The bird that breaks the foulers ſnare,
And thence eſcapes with joyfull flight,
Reſembles us: for thus we are
From broken ſnares eſcaped quite.

7 Our help, (we thankfully declare)
Is in the Lord's moſt holy name:
For he alone did break the ſnare,
Whoſe hand the heav'n and earth did frame.

Gloria Patri.

To Father, Son, and Spirit; one
Eternal God in Perſons three,
As was before the world begun,
Now, and for ever, glory be.

Pſalm CXXV.

1 WHO make the Lord their confidence
Shall be as *Zion* Hill:
Which cannot be removed thence,
But keeps its ſtation ſtill.

2 As th' Hills ſurround *Jeruſalem*;
So doth the providence,
Wherewith the Lord environs them,
His people ever fence.

3 For wicked foes oppreſſing ſcourge
From juſt mens lots ſhall ceaſe:
Leſt them continual ſuff'rings urge
To practiſe wickedneſs.

4 To good and holy men do thou
Thy mercy, Lord, impart:

And let all thoſe thy goodneſs know,
Who are of upright heart.

5 But perverſe ſinners, who, of choice
Forſake true vertues way,
And in the crooked ways of vice
Impenitently ſtray:
The Lord ſhall ſend unto the place,
Where evil-doers dwell:
Whiles he vouchſafes eternal Peace
Unto his *Iſrael*.

Pſalm CXXVI.

[*To the tune of* Pſ. 25.] I liſt my, &c.

1 WHen *Zion*'s captive ſtate
The Lord did turn again:
No idle dream which men relate,
To us could ſeem more vain.
2 But when it did appear
To be a real thing:
Our mouths with laughter filled were,
And loud our tongues did ſing.

The Lord great things hath done
For them, ev'n heathens ſaid;
3 Yea, he hath wrought for us, we own,
Great things our hearts to glad.
4 Full may we, Lord, return,
Like ſtreams in ſouthern Fields.

5 The

5 The ſeed, which whiles men ſow, they
Glad harveſt often yields. [mourn,

6 Who weeping goeth out,
To ſow his ſeed in tears;
Shall joyfully bring home, (no doubt,)
His ſheaves with filled ears.

Pſalm CXXVII.

[*To the Tune of the Old* 100. Pſ] All people, *&c.*

1 IN vain men build the houſe, except
The Lord vouchſafe his helping hand:
In vain, by guards the City's kept,
Except the Lord thoſe guards command.
2 Vain is your late and early care,
To purchaſe hardly earned bread:
When thoſe that God affecteth, are
Within ſuch ſleepleſs labour, fed.

3 The Lord gives children too, to thoſe
Whom he will favour with increaſe:
And 'tis a mercy he beſtows,
When the wombs fruit doth Parents bleſs.
4 Such, as, in youthfull ſtrength begot,
The houſes they increaſe, ſupport:
As arrows by a Giant ſhot,
Againſt the foe, maintain the Fort.

5 Happy's the man, whoſe quiver fill'd
With ſuch keen ſhafts, doth him defend:
To's enemies he ſhall not yield,
Who in the Gate with him contend.

Pſalm CXXVIII.

[*To the Tune of* Pſ. 148.] Give laud, *&c.*

1 THat man God's bleſſing hath,
Whoſe heart his fear doth awe:
That walketh in the path
Preſcribed by his Law.
2 For thou ſhalt feaſt
Upon the gains
Thou earn'ſt with pains,
In plenty bleſt.

3 Thy wife, as thick ſhall breed,
As grapes on wall-vines found:
Like olive-plants, thy ſeed
Thy Table ſhall ſurround.
4 With bleſſings ſtor'd
Lo, thus ſhall he
On all ſides be,
That fears the Lord.

5 The Lord from *Zion* Hill,
His bleſſing ſhall thee give:
And, whiles thou liveſt, ſtill
Jeruſalem ſhall thrive.

6 Thy

6 Thy ſeed's increaſe
Shall pleaſe thee well;
Whiles *Iſrael*
Abounds in peace.

Pſalm CXXIX.

[*To the tune of Pſalm* 113.] Ye children, *&c.*

1 FRom my youth up, full many a day,
May *Iſr'el* now, deliver'd, ſay,
Afflicting foes have me aſſail'd.
2 Full often they, ev'n from my youth,
Afflicted me, to choak my growth;
But hitherto have not prevail'd.

3 Full often did the plowers make
Large furrows on my waled back,
(Sad marks of grievous ſlavery:)
4 But righteous is the higheſt Lord,
Who cut in ſunder ev'ry cord,
That ſerv'd the wicked's cruelty.

5 With ſhame confounded ſtill be thoſe,
That are God's *Zion*'s ſpitefull foes;
And let them all be backward turn'd.
6 Blaſted, and wither'd be their hopes,
Like corn that grows on houſes tops,
Which before harveſt comes, is burn'd.

7 Wherewith no reapers hand is fill'd;
Nor doth it to the binder yield
Enough to make a ſheaf withall:
8 Nor do the trav'lers on the way,
Salute the harveſt men, and ſay,
God's bleſſing on your labours fall.

Pſalm CXXX.

[*To the tune of the Old* 100 Pſ.] All people, *&c.*

1 OUT of the depths of anguiſh, I
To thee, O Lord, aloud do cry.
2 With an attentive patient ear
The voice of my intreaties hear.
3 If thou ſhould'ſt mark iniquities,
Who, Lord, can ſtand before thine eyes?
4 But, that thou kindly fear'd may'ſt be,
There is forgiving grace with thee.

5 My ſoul doth wait upon the Lord:
Its hope is fixed on his word.
6 More waits my ſoul for him, then they
That watch to ſee the dawning day.
Yea, more it waits for him, I ſay,
Then thoſe that wait for dawning day.
7 Hope in the Lord, O *Iſrael*;
For with the Lord doth mercy dwell.

And

And plentifull redemption is
With him; for men that do amiſs.
8 And with redeeming mercy, he
From all their ſins ſhall *Iſr'el* free.

Pſalm CXXXI.

[*To the tune of Pſalm* 25.] I lift my, *&c.*

1 I Have no haughty mind,
O Lord, nor ſcornfull eye:
Nor t'undertake, am I inclin'd
Things for my reach too high.
2 But as the little child
Wean'd from the mothers breaſt:
As the wean'd babe, is meek, and mild,
At her will fed, and dreſt:

So, ſurely, I demean'd
My ſelf, O Lord, to thee:
And did with quietneſs attend,
How thou would'ſt manage me.
3 And ſo let *Iſrael*
Upon the Lord depend;
And all diſtruſtfull thought repell,
Henceforth, till time ſhall end.

Pſalm

Psalm CXXXII.

1 KIng *David*, and his vexing care,
O Lord, remember thou
2 How unto *Jacob*'s God he ſware,
And made this ſolemn vow.
3 I'll in my houſe take no repoſe
Nor ſhall my bed me eaſe:
4 No ſlumber ſhall my eye-lids cloſe,
No ſleep my eyes ſhall ſeiſe:

5 Untill I find a fixt abode,
Wherein the Lord may dwell:
A ſetled houſe for *Jacob*'s God,
That doth in might excell.
6 In *Ephrata*'s adjoyning Field
Thereof we heard a ſound:
And after ſearch, the place beheld,
Within its woody ground.

7 Into his holy Tent, therefore,
Devoutly will we go:
And at his foot-ſtool we'll adore,
With bodies proſtrate low.
8 Riſe, Lord, (we'll ſay) into the place
Where thou may'ſt reſt at length:
And with thy conſtant preſence grace
Thy Ark of mighty ſtrength.

9 Let all thy Prieſts with righteouſneſs
Be cloathed round about:

And

And let thy Saints their joy expreſs
In a triumphant ſhout.
10 Unto thy ſervant *David*'s line
Extend thy promis'd grace:
And cauſe thy favour ſtill to ſhine
On thine Anointed's face.

Part II.

11 The Lord the oath to *David* ſworn
Will never render void:
By th' Iſſue of thy body born,
Thy Throne ſhall be enjoy'd.

12 If thoſe that from thy loins proceed,
My Cov'nant keep with care:
If they my teſtimonies heed,
Which I to them declare:
To thoſe too, that from them ſhall ſpring,
Like favour ſhall be ſhown:
That there ſhall never want a King
Of them, to fill thy Throne.

13 For *Zion* is the choſen Hill,
Whereon the Lord will dwell:
14 I'll there, (ſaid he,) inhabit ſtill,
Becauſe I like it well.
15 So largely will I bleſs her ſtore,
That ſhe ſhall nothing need:
And with ſufficient bread her poor
My providence ſhall feed.

16 He

16 He veſted round about,
Shall with ſalvation be:
And all her Saints aloud ſhall ſhout,
That joyfull ſight to ſee.
17 There, *David*'s horn I'll make to ſprout,
And there I have appointed
A Lamp, (that never ſhall go out,)
To give to mine Anointed.

18 Deſerved ſhame ſhall all of them
That are his foes, ſurround:
But with a crown of great eſteem
His head ſhall ſtill be crown'd.

Another of the ſame.

[*To the tune of the Old* 100 Pſ] All people, *&c.*

1 THY ſervant *David*, Lord, with all
His troubles to remembrance call.
2 How to the Lord he ſware, and how
To *Jacob*'s God he thus did vow:
2 Within my houſe, I will not tread,
Nor reſt my ſelf upon my bed;
4 Mine eyes to ſleep I'll not compoſe,
No ſlumb'ring nod my lids ſhall cloſe:

5 Untill I have a place deſcry'd,
Wherein the Lord may ſtill reſide:
A fixed ſeat, wherein may dwell
The mighty God of *Iſrael*.

6 Fame

6 Fame told us, that near *Ephrata*,
The place by God appointed, lay.
And in th' adjoyning woody ground,
At laſt, by ſearch, the ſpot we found.

7 Within his Tabernacle, where
He now reſides, we'll, then, appear:
And with our bodies bow'd, before
His holy foot-ſtool, we'll adore.
8 Riſe, Lord, (we'll ſay) we thee intreat;
And enter on thy fixed ſeat:
Reſt there, from all removes at length,
Thou, and thy holy Ark of ſtrength.

9 Let all thy Prieſts that make addreſs
To thee, be cloath'd with righteouſneſs:
And all thy Saints, with ſhouts of joy,
To welcome thee, their throats employ.
10 Unto thy ſervant *David*'s race
Vouchſafe t' extend thy promis'd grace:
So that none of them, when they pray
Therein, with ſhame be turn'd away.

Part II.

11 This oath the Lord to *David* paſt,
And will obſerve it to the laſt:
The children that thou doſt beget,
Inherit ſhall thy royal ſeat:
12 And if my Cov'nant they obſerve,
And never from my Doctrine ſwerve:
Thoſe, alſo, that from them deſcend,
Shall fill thy Throne till time ſhall end.

13 For

13 For of all places, *Zion* Hill,
The Lord did chooſe of meer good will:
That 's the beloved ſeat, on which
He, for a dwelling place, did pitch.
14 And, on that Mount, he hath profeſt,
Shall be my everlaſting reſt.
There will I dwell, and not remove,
For I thereon have fixt my love.

15 I'll make all plenty thither flow,
And bleſs the plenty I beſtow:
None of her poor ſhall ever need,
For I will fill them all with bread.
16 The holy Prieſts that there are found,
With my ſalvation I'll ſurround:
And all her Saints with ſhouting voice,
In all theſe bleſſings ſhall rejoyce.

17 From thoſe of *David*'s line there born,
I'll raiſe up my ſalvation's Horn:
For in my Counſel I've appointed
A Lamp from thence for mine Anointed.
18 I'll cloath with ſhame whatever foes
Shall him with fraud or force oppoſe:
But on his head, his royal crown
Shall ever flouriſh with renown.

Pſalm CXXXIII.

[*To the tune of Pſalm* 25.] I lift my heart, *&c.*

1 BEhold, how great delights
And profits thence ariſe;
When thoſe whom Brotherhood unites,
True love together tyes.
2 It comforts, like the ſcent
By that ſweet ointment ſpread:
Which was in his anointing, ſpent
On holy *Aaron*'s head.

There onely 't did not reſt;
But his beard drenched through:
And the upper border of his veſt,
From thence it did bedew.
3 It profits, like the drops
That fall on *Hermon* Hill:
Or thoſe which heaven on the tops
Of *Zion* doth diſtill.

Where a moſt bleſſed dew
The Lord on ſuch men ſends,
Throughout this life, and after, too,
In that that never ends.

Pſalm

A Second Verſion.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 148.] Give laud, *&c.*

1 BEhold, how great delights,
And profits do accrew,
When brotherhood unites
Men linkt in friendſhip too.

2 Delightfull 'tis,
As th' ointment ſhed
On *A'ron*'s head,
Of richeſt price.

That ſacred head alone
Engroſſed not its ſmell:
But from it trickling down,
Upon his beard it fell.
Nor did it reſt,
Till its ſweet dew
Deſcended, to
The bord'ring veſt.

3 It profits, like the drops
Which fall on *Hermon*'s Hill:
Or thoſe on *Zion*'s tops,
Which fatt'ning clouds diſtill.
Where God ſuch friends
With life doth bleſs,
And happineſs,
That never ends.

Pſalm CXXXIV.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 148.] Give laud, *&c.*

1 YE ſervants of the Lord
Who are at his command,
Bleſs him with one accord
Whiles in his houſe ye ſtand,
For its defence,
Throughout the night,
Till morning light
Diſcharge you thence.

2 Lift up in holineſs
Your hands to God on high:
And ſay, the Lord we bleſs,
Who made the Earth and Sky.
3 And may he ſtill
Thee, (*Iſr'el*) bleſs
With happineſs,
From *Zion* Hill.

A Second Verſion.

1 YE Levite-ſervants of the Lord
Your voices jointly raiſe:
And all with one conſent accord,
His holy name to praiſe.
Yea, whiles in courſes, by command,
Ye in his houſe attend;
Each night wherein on watch you ſtand,
In holy worſhip ſpend.

2 With

2 With hands before him ſtretched out
To him make your addreſs:
And rev'rendly, with hearts devout,
Say ye, the Lord we bleſs:
3 *And add*, the Lord who this vaſt frame
Of heav'n and earth did rear,
From *Zion* (where he plac'd his name)
Bleſs thee, his people dear.

Pſalm CXXXV.

[*To the Tune of the Old* 100 Pſ.] All people, *&c.*

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord; and on his name
Beſtow its well deſerved Praiſe,
Ye ſervants of the Lord proclaim
Your maſter, and his glory raiſe.
2 Ye that within that houſe do ſtand,
Wherein the Lord keeps his abode:
Who in his Courts are near at hand,
To do the ſervice of our God:

3 The Lord's deſerved praiſes ſound,
And to his names juſt honour ſing:
For goodneſs doth in him abound,
And praiſing God, 's a pleaſant thing.
4 For *Jacob*, of his meer good pleaſure,
The Lord hath choſen for his own:
And *Iſr'el*, as his proper treaſure,
He keeps unto himſelf alone.

5 For,

5 For, that the Lord is very great,
I, by undoubted proofs, do know:
Our Lord from his Imperial Seat,
Looks, on all Gods, as much below.
6 The Lord, whatever did him pleaſe,
Accordingly, hath brought to paſs:
In heav'n, earth, ſeas, in each of theſe,
His pow'r doth reach the deepeſt place.

7 To ſwell the clouds, his Sun doth drain
Steams from the earths remoteſt ends:
He makes, by light'nings, way for rain,
And winds out of his treaſure ſends.
8 All the firſt-born in *Egypt*'s Land
With one almighty ſtroke he ſlew:
The weight of his deſtroying hand
Fell on the men, and cattle too.

9 Tokens, and wonders he did ſhew,
O *Egypt*, in the midſt of thee:
Ev'n *Pharaoh* felt what he could do,
And all his Court, as well as he.
10 Great Realms he ſmote, and great Kings too,
11 *Sihon*, who th' *Am'rites* did command,
He kill'd and *Og* of *Baſhan* too,
And all that reign'd in *Canaan*'s Land.

12 And all the Lands where they did dwell,
Did for an heritage diſpoſe,
An heritage to *Iſrael*,
Whom he for his own people choſe.

13 For

13 For ever, Lord, thy mighty name
The honour it hath got, retain's:
And the memorial of thy fame,
Through each ſucceſſive Age remains.

Part II.

14 For when his people ſuffer wrong,
The Lord will judg them innocent:
And though he let them ſuffer long,
Yet will he, at the laſt relent.
15 The heathen Idols are, by man,
Of melted gold, and ſilver, wrought:
16 Have eyes, and mouths, but neither can
With them behold, or utter ought.

17 Bor'd ears to them their founder gave,
Which hear not thoſe that on them call:
Organs of breath they ſeem to have;
But through them never breathe at all.
18 And juſt ſuch ſenſeleſs things are thoſe
That make, and ſet them up, for Gods:
'Twixt them, and all that do repoſe
Their truſt in them, there's little odds.

19 O Houſe of *Iſr'el*, bleſs the Lord.
May *Aaron*'s iſſue do the ſame.
20 Let *Levi*'s Tribe his praiſe record,
And all that fear him, bleſs his name.
21 Into the City of our God,
Sound the Lord's praiſe from *Zion* hill:
And through the place of his abode,
Let ev'ry mouth his praiſes fill.

Pſalm

Pſalm CXXXVI.

[*To the proper Tune.*]

1 O Thank the Lord, becauſe
His goodneſs you have try'd:
2 O thank the God that awes
All other Gods beſide.
For we are ſure,
When all times paſt,
His mercy vaſt
Will ſtill endure.

3 The Lord, whom all Lords own,
Pay we our thanks unto:
4 Thank him, whoſe hands alone
Amazing wonders do.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

5 Thank him, whoſe skilfull hand
Did frame the heavens wide:
6 Who ſtretched out the Land,
Above the ſwelling tide.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

7 Who in the firmament
Did make great lights to ſhine:
8 Who the days government
Did to the Sun aſſign.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

9 Who

9 Who did the Sky adorn
With Moon and Stars by night:
10 Who all that firſt were born
In *Egypt*'s Land, did ſmite.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

11 And *Iſrael* he brought
From that oppreſſing Land:
12 And their deliv'rance wrought
With ſtretch'd-out Arm, and hand.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

Part II.

13 On him beſtow your thanks,
Who did the Sea divide:
14 And 'twixt two liquid banks,
His *Iſrael* did guide.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

15 But drowned with its tide,
Proud *Pharaoh*, and his bands:
16 And ſafe his Flock conveigh'd
Through pathleſs deſerts ſands.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

17 Who Princes overthrew,
That out againſt them came:
18 Who valiantly ſlew
Great Kings of mighty fame.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

19 *Sihon*,

19 *Sihon*, that did command
The mighty *Amorite*:
20 And *Og*, that rul'd the Land
Of *Baſhan*, he did ſmite.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

21 And did the Realms aſſign
Wherein they once did dwell,
22 An heritage by line
To's ſervant *Iſrael*.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

23 Who kindly on us thought,
When we were very low:
24 And our redemption wrought,
From th' hands of ev'ry foe.
For we are ſure, *&c.*

25 Who neceſſary food
Unto all fleſh doth give.
26 Thank we therefore the God
Of heav'n, by whom we live.
For we are ſure
When all time's paſt,
His mercy vaſt,
Will ſtill endure.

Pſalm CXXXVII.

[*To the Tune of the Lamentation.*]

O Lord in thee, &c.

1 BY th' hated ſtreams of *Babylon*,
As we poor Captives ſitting were;
We *Zion*'s ruines thought upon,
And with each thought, we dropt a tear.
2 Upon the willows growing nigh,
Our harps, to us now uſeleſs, hung:
(Thoſe harps to whoſe ſweet melody
We formerly God's praiſes ſung.)

3 We hung them by, in great diſdain;
For they who had us captives made,
When they were in a merry vein,
Come play, and ſing, inſulting, ſaid.
Quite out of ſeaſon, they that caſt
Our walls on heaps, our Temple fir'd,
And laid our native countrey waſte,
Of us a *Zion* ſong requir'd.

4 Can we, (we ſaid,) command our hands
To play, with hearts ſo full of woes?
Sing *Zion*'s ſongs in foreign Lands?
Or the Lord's Hymns to cheer his foes?
5 If I, *Jeruſalem*, of thee
So ſlight a memory retain,
May my right hand forgetfull be,
Ever to touch a ſtring again.

6 Or

6 Or if, whiles thou ly'ſt waſte, I ſing,
For greateſt cauſe of private joy:
My tongue unto my palate cling,
Whiles, in that ſort, I it employ.
7 Remember, Lord, the *Edomite*,
Who in *Jeruſalem*'s ſad day,
Cry'd, down, down with it, raſe it quite:
And its foundations open lay.

8 And thou, (whoſe turn will come to fall)
O Daughter of proud *Babylon*:
Bleſt be the man that pays thee all
The miſchief thou to us haſt done.
9 Yea, bleſt ſhall be that righteous hand,
That ſnatcheth up thy little ones;
And, while their mothers wailing ſtand,
Knock's out their brains againſt the ſtones.

[*Another Verſion of the ſame Pſalm.*]

1 NEar the ſwift ſtreams of *Babylon*,
Where we were captives kept,
We ſate, and *Zion* thought upon;
And whiles we thought, we wept.
2 Our ſacred Harps, (with broken ſtrings,
To ſuit our mourning,) were
Hung up by us, as uſeleſs things,
On willows growing there.

3 When they that had us captives made,
(To add to all our wrongs.)

Come, play, and ſing, inſulting, ſaid,
One of your *Zion* ſongs.
4 How can poor ſlaves, at your commands,
Said we, forget our woes?
Sing *Zion*'s Hymns in foreign Lands,
God's ſongs to cheer his foes?

5 If I, (*Jeruſalem*) of thee
Such ſlender thoughts retain:
May my right hand forgetfull be
To touch a ſtring again.
6 Or if, whilſt thou li'ſt waſte, I ſing
For greateſt private joy:
My tongue unto my palate cling,
Whiles thus I it employ.

7 Remember, (Lord) the *Edomite*,
Who, when we ruin'd were,
Said of *Jeruſ'lem*, raſe it quite;
Lay its foundations bare.
8 And thou, (whoſe turn will come to fall)
Daughter of *Babylon*;
Bleſt be the man, that pays thee all
The miſchiefs to us done.

9 Yea, that juſt hand ſhall ſure be bleſt,
That takes thy little ones,
And tears them from their mothers breaſt,
To daſh againſt the ſtones.

Psalm CXXXVIII.

1 MY heart entire, with thy juſt praiſe,
Lord, ſhall ſupply my tongue:
Whiles, before th' earthly Gods, I raiſe
Thine honour with a ſong.
2 Towards thy holy Temple, I
Will proſtrate worſhip thee:
And thy great name to magnifie,
I will employed be.

But chiefly, for thy tender love;
And truth, I'll ſpread thy fame:
For thou, thy word haſt rais'd above
All elſe, that makes thy name.
3 When I did cry, that very day,
Thou anſwer'd'ſt me again:
And when my ſoul did faint away,
Thy ſtrength did it ſuſtain.

4 All earthly Kings, O Lord, ſhall give
To thee deſerved praiſe;
When from thy mouth they ſhall receive
The knowledg of thy ways.
5 Yea, in the Lord's revealed ways
They ſhall rejoyce, and ſing:
For great's his glory, and great praiſe
It to his name ſhall bring.

6 Although the Lord be high, yet he
To th' humble favour ſhews:

Whereas, the men that lofty be,
A great way off he knows.
7 Though I with troubles very great
Encompaſs'd round, do live:
Yet, when I'm moſt diſconſolate,
Thou ſhalt my ſoul revive.

Thy mighty hand thou ſhalt extend
Againſt my wrathfull foes:
And thy right hand ſhall me defend,
From them that me oppoſe.
8 The Lord will perfect, what his word
For me did undertake:
Thy mercy's endleſs: do not, Lord,
Thy handy work forſake.

Pſalm CXXXIX.

[*To the tune of the Old* 100 Pſ.] All people, *&c.*

1 BY ſearch, O Lord, thou haſt me known,
2 Both riſing up, and lying down:
Thou, what I think to take in hand,
Long e'r I think, do'ſt underſtand.
3 Thy piercing eye ſurrounds my bed,
And compaſſeth the paths I tread:
Aſleep, awake, at home, abroad,
Thou knoweſt all my ways, O God.

4 Each word, which with my tongue I vent,
Thou underſtand'ſt, when 'tis but meant:
5 Before,

5 Before, behind, beſet by thee,
Thy graſping hand I cannot flee.
6 Such knowledg full of wonders, I
With all my ſearch cannot deſcry:
So high it is, the thought were vain,
To fancy I could it attain.

7 To what part of the world can I
Go from thy Spirits company?
Or, whither can I take my flight,
To hide me from thy piercing ſight?
8 If up to heaven: there art thou.
Or, if my bed I make below,
Where outer darkneſs ſhrouds me round;
Yet even there, thou wilt be found.

Part II.

9 If riſing mornings wings I take,
And th' utmoſt Seas my dwelling make:
10 Thy hand, that led me thither, ſhould
Ev'n there, thy flying priſ'ner hold.
11 If, with deſign to hide me cloſe,
The ſhades of darkeſt night I chooſe:
Though all things elſe were wrapt in night,
Yet round about me, 'twould be light.

12 No darkneſs hides, what thou wilt ſpy:
Midnight turns noon, before thine eye:
Darkneſs, and light, in this agree,
That they are both alike to thee.
13 My ſecret reins thou know'ſt, for thine
They were, before thou mad'ſt them mine:

Within the womb thou cover'd'ſt me,
Yet did'ſt through its cloſe covering ſee.

14 I'll, to my maker's praiſe proclaim
Th' amazing skill that did me frame:
Though all thy works great wonders are,
I'm ſure, with that, none may compare.
15 Not one ſmall thread eſcap'd thine eye
Of all that rich embroidery,
Wherewith I was throughout compos'd,
Though in th' obſcureſt cell inclos'd.

16 When yet my ſubſtance was unſhap'd,
No duſt of me, thy ſight eſcap'd:
No joynt was loſt, not one miſplac'd,
As if th' account by book were caſt.
No ſhape, at firſt, my matter bare,
Nor was this, here, and that part, there;
But time gave each, proportion due,
And made it, what I wond'ring view.

17 Thy daily thoughts, likewiſe, to me
Of how great price, O Lord, they be!
And if their number I would count,
To what a ſumm muſt they amount!
18 The ſumm would ſurely riſe to more,
Then all the ſands on th' Oceans ſhore:
Thee, whenſoever I awake,
Lord, privy to them all I make.

Part

Part III.

19 Sure, thou, th' all-ſeeing God, wilt ſlay
The wicked: whence, to ſuch I ſay,
Hence, bloudy minded men; for none,
That are by God abhorr'd, I'll own.
20 For wickedly they thee blaſpheme;
Reproaching thee, 's their daily Theme:
And all thy foes with mouth profane,
Do take thy holy name in vain.

21 Don't I, (ſay, Lord, who knoweſt me,)
Hate thoſe, that haters are of thee?
And doth not grief my heart ſurpriſe,
When wicked men againſt thee riſe.
22 Yea, juſt abhorrence fills my breaſt,
So perfectly I them deteſt:
And count them enemies to me,
Who foes profeſſed are to thee.

23 Search me, O God, and throughly know
my heart, if it be thus, or no:
Search ev'ry thought, and ſee, if I
Falſly pretend ſincerity.
24 Search throughly, if thou can'ſt me find
To any wicked way enclin'd.
And if thou ſee'ſt me apt to ſtray,
Lead me in th' everlaſting way.

Pſalm CXL.

1 FRom him that is on miſchief bent,
O Lord, deliver me:
And from th' oppreſſour violent,
Preſerved let me be.
2 From thoſe, who in their hearts prepare
A miſchievous deſign:
Thoſe, who to raiſe unrighteous war
Againſt me, do combine.

3 Whoſe ſharpen'd tongues, like ſerpents, hiſs,
And are with poyſon ſwell'd:
The Adders deadly venome is
Within their lips conceal'd.
3 From wicked hands, and violent,
O Lord, my life aſſure:
Who have, with cruel purpoſe, meant
My downfall to procure.

5 The proud a ſnare for me have hid,
With cords to draw the net, [ſide;
Which they have ſpred by th' high ways
Wherein to catch my feet.
6 Then to the Lord, in pray'r I ſaid,
Thou art my God, by choice:
Hear the requeſts, which I have made
With ſupplicating voice.

7 O Lord, the God, whoſe ſaving might
So ſtrongly reſcu'd me:

My

My head, upon the day of fight
Hath cover'd been by thee.
8 Th' unjuſt deſires, Lord, do not grant,
Which wicked men purſue:
Leſt they in their ſucceſſes vaunt,
Their crafty'ſt plots undo.

9 As for the chiefeſt of all thoſe
That thus beſet me round;
Let the falſe tales which they compoſe,
On their own heads rebound.
10 Show'r burning coals upon them all;
Let fiery wrath them ſeiſe:
And into deep pits may they fall,
Whence they may never riſe.

11 Let none that ſpitefull lies invent,
Firm on the earth abide:
Miſchief ſhall hunt the violent,
Untill he be deſtroy'd.
12 The Lord will righteouſly maintain
(So I my ſelf aſſure:)
The cauſe of each afflicted man,
And right of helpleſs poor.

13 Surely, the righteous thanks unfeign'd
Unto thy name ſhall pay:
And upright men, by thee ſuſtain'd,
Shall in thy preſence ſtay.

Psalm CXLI.

1 IN haſte thine ear to me apply,
For I complain to thee:
When with my voice to thee I cry,
Lord, hearken thou to me.
2 My pray'rs which to heav'n aſcend,
Do thou as incenſe priſe:
And th' hands, which I with them extend,
As th' evening ſacrifice.

3 My mouth, whence ſin too often ſlips,
Lord, watch thou with thy grace:
And keep the portal of my lips,
That thence no evil paſs.
4 To no ill let my heart incline:
Nor let me e'r comply
With wicked men, to practiſe ſin,
Although they treat me high.

5 Let righteous men me rather ſmite,
For that I'll kindly take:
Their juſt reproof ſhall fall ſo light,
My head it ſhall not break.
But as an oyl of great eſteem
I ſhall it ever priſe:
And in requital pray for them,
In their calamities.

Part II.

6 Whene'r their Judges overthrown
In ſtony places are:
My words ſweet reliſh they ſhall own,
And them with pleaſure hear.
7 Our bones about the gaping grave
On all ſides ſcatter'd lie:
As when on th' earth men wood do cleave,
The chips diſperſed fly.

8 But unto thee, O God, the Lord
Mine eyes do I direct:
My truſt is fixed on thy word,
Don't thou my ſoul reject.
9 But help me, that I may eſcape
The ſnare that's laid for me:
And from the evil-doers trap
Let me preſerved be.

10 Into the nets, themſelves have plac'd,
Let wicked hunters fall:
And guide my feet, till I am paſt
The danger of them all.

Pſalm CXLII.

[*To the tune of Pſalm* 25.] I lift my heart, *&c.*

1 UNto the Lord I pray'd,
To him my voice did cry:
Intreating

Intreating him, my ſoul to aid,
My voice I ſtrained high.
2 In a complaining pray'r,
My caſe I did preſent:
And unto him I did declare
The grief I underwent.

3 O'rwhelm'd my ſpirit was,
But thou did'ſt guard my way:
When men, where I was wont to paſs,
A privy ſnare did lay.
4 I lookt on my right hand,
But none would know me there:
Void of all refuge did I ſtand,
None for my ſoul would care.

5 Then, Lord, to thee I cry'd,
Thou ſhalt my refuge be:
And all the time I here reſide,
My portion lies in thee.
6 Unto my cry attend,
For I do much decline:
From my purſuers me defend,
Whoſe ſtrength exceedeth mine.

7 My ſoul from priſon free,
That I may praiſe thy name:
Then ſhall the righteous compaſs me,
Whiles I thy grace proclaim.

Pſalm CXLIII.

[*To the Tune of the* 100. Pſ] All people, *&c.*
Or Lamentation. O Lord in thee, *&c.*

1 THine ear to my devout addreſs
And humble ſupplications bend:
To me in truth, and righteouſneſs,
A quick and gracious anſwer ſend.
2 And let not thy poor ſervant be
By thee in rig'rous Juſtice try'd:
For none that lives, may hope, that he
Shall, on its terms, be juſtify'd.

3 For, by my perſecuting foes
My life unto the ground is thrown:
And ſhut up in the dark, with thoſe
That to the grave long ſince are gone.
4 With overwhelming grief oppreſt,
My ſpirits ſafety's deſperate:
And with amazement, in my breaſt,
My very heart is deſolate.

5 Wherefore, to draw ſome comfort thence,
The days of old, I think upon:
And all the works of providence,
The wonders which thy hands have done.
6 To thee I ſtretch my craving hands,
With fervent importunity:
My ſoul thirſt's for thee, as the Lands
Do gape for rain, when partcht and dry.

Part

Part II.

7 My ſpirit fails. O Lord, attend;
And do not hide thy face from me:
Leſt, like to thoſe that do deſcend
Into the ſilent grave, I be.
8 Glad tydings early let me hear,
From thee, on whom my ſelf I roll:
And let me ſee my duty clear,
For unto thee I lift my ſoul.

9 Deliver me out of the hands
Of ſuch as are my mortal foes:
My help in thy protection ſtands,
Wherein my truſt I do repoſe.
10 Do thou that art my God, inſtruct
Me, in my life thy will t' expreſs:
Thy ſpirit is good, let it conduct
Me to the Land of uprightneſs.

11 To raiſe the honour of thy name,
With quick'ning grace revive thou me:
That I thy Juſtice may proclaim,
Set thou my ſoul from trouble free.
12 And in thy mercy, Lord, to me,
All foes that do my ſoul oppreſs,
Do thou cut off; for unto thee
My ſelf a ſervant I profeſs.

Pſalm CXLIV.

[*To the Tune of the* 100 *Pſalm.*] All people, *&c.*

1 BLeſt be the Lord, my rock of might,
By whom, in ev'ry righteous war,
My unskill'd hands inſtructed are:
And who my fingers taught to fight.
2 My goodneſs, and my fort, is he;
My Tow'r that ſaves me from my foes:
My ſhield, wherein I truſt repoſe:
Who quell's my people under me.

3 What's man, that thou do'ſt not diſdain
Such notice of him, Lord, to take:
Or, what's his Son, that thou ſhould'ſt make
Account of any thing ſo vain?
4 Man, doth reſemble vanity;
(A thing that next to nothing is:)
His days do vaniſh in a trice,
As quick as empty ſhadows fly.

5 Lord, bow thy heavens, and deſcend;
The mountains touch, and they ſhall ſmoak:
6 Diſperſe them with thy light'nings ſtroke,
And killing ſhafts upon them ſpend.
7 Send from above, thy mighty hand;
And reſcue me from waters great,
Which me on ev'ry ſide beſet:
From children of a foreign Land,

8 Whoſe

8 Whoſe promiſes, when e'r they treat,
Proceed from mouths moſt vain and light:
And, when with them their faith they plight,
In their right hands they hide deceit.
9 A new ſong, then, to thee, O God,
I'll on the Pſaltery preſent:
And on a ten ſtring'd inſtrument,
Thy praiſes will I ſing aloud.

Part II.

10 It's God alone, that doth afford
Salvation to the greateſt Kings:
Who to his ſervant *David* brings
Deliv'rance from the hurtfull ſword.
11 Rid me, O Lord, and reſcue me,
From children of a foreign Land; [hand
Whoſe mouth ſpeaks lies, and their right
Is full of fraud, and treachery.

12 That like to plants in fruitfull, ſoyl,
So flouriſh may our youthfull Sons:
Our Daughters be like corner-ſtones,
Carv'd to adorn a princely Pile.
13 That our ſtuff'd granaries may hold
Abundance of all ſorts of grain:
That in our ſtreets our ſheep may ean,
And multiply ten thouſand fold.

14 Our Oxen be to labour ſtrong:
Our Land invaded by no foe:

That

That out of it none captive go;
Or in our ſtreets complain of wrong.
15 Happy's the people, that is found
In ſuch a thriving caſe as this:
Yet, happier far, that people is,
Which by the Lord their God is own'd.

Pſalm CXLV.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 148.] Give laud, *&c.*

1 O Lord, my God, and King,
Thy glory I will raiſe:
And evermore I'll ſing
Thy names deſerved praiſe.
2 Each day, will I
Thy praiſe proclaim:
And bleſs thy name
Eternally.

3 The Lord is great, and he
Great praiſe deſerveth well:
His greatneſs, all that we
Can ſearch out, doth excell.
4 Thy works of fame
Each, ſhall engage
The foll'wing age,
Still to proclaim.

5 Thy glorious Majeſty
With honour I'll declare:

And

And thy works magnifie,
So full of wonders rare.
6 And men ſhall treat
Of th' acts of might
Which I recite,
With terrour great.

7 They ſhall abundantly
What they obſerve, impart:
To keep in memory
How very good thou art.
And with their tongues,
They ſhall expreſs
Thy righteouſneſt,
In gratefull ſongs.

Part II.

8 In grace the Lord excells,
And great compaſſions hath:
Much mercy in him dwells;
And ſlow he is to wrath.
9 His tender love
His creatures all,
In general,
Do daily prove.

10 Lord, all things by thee made,
Some ways thy praiſe expreſs:
But by thy Saints 'tis pay'd
With greateſt willingneſs.
11 Thy ſhall recite
Thy Kingdoms glories:

And

And tell the ſtories
Of all thy might.

12 To ſhew the ſons of men
The mighty Acts of God:
And make the glory ſeen
With which he reigns abroad.
13 Thy throne ſtands faſt.
It's royal ſtate
All ages date
Shall quite out-laſt.

Part III.

14 Thoſe that to fall are prone,
The Lord in mercy ſtays:
And ſuch as are bow'd down
His gracious hand doth raiſe.
15 All look to thee,
When they would eat:
And fill'd with meat
In ſeaſon be.

16 Thy open'd hand them gives
What all their wants ſupplies;
And ev'ry thing that lives,
It fully ſatisfies.
17 Each path of his,
God's Juſtice ſhews:
And all he does,
Moſt holy is.

18 To all that on him call
The gracious God is near:
He's near, I ſay, to all,
That pray with hearts ſincere.
19 Thoſe that him fear,
But ask, and have:
And them to ſave,
Their cry he'll hear.

20 The Lord will thoſe maintain
Whoſe love to him, is true:
But ev'ry wicked man
To ruine he'll purſue.
21 I'll ſpeak his praiſe:
And let all fleſh
Concur to bleſs
His name always.

Pſalm CXLVI.

[*To the tune of Pſalm* 113.] Ye children, *&c.*

1 GIve ye the Lord his praiſes due:
And what thou calleſt others to,
The ſame be done, my ſoul, by thee.
2 My ſong to God ſhall praiſes give,
The longeſt day I have to live:
Yea, till I wholly ceaſe to be.

3 Truſt not in Kings beneficence,
Nor in mens Sons put confidence,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſtrength cannot themſelves defend:
4 Who, when their breath departs, that day
Return to ſenſeleſs lumps of clay,
And all their fine devices end.

5 That man alone's poſſeſt of bliſs
Who makes the God of *Jacob* his;
And truſts for help upon the Lord:
6 Who heav'n and earth, and th' ocean wide,
With all that doth therein reſide,
Fram'd out of nothing by his word.

Who keepeth truth for evermore,
7 And doth oppreſſed men reſtore,
By righteous judgment, to their own:
The Lord on famiſht men beſtows
The food they want: and he doth looſe
Men into loathſome Priſons thrown.

8 The Lord doth give the blind their ſight:
And makes the cripples ſtand upright,
Who are by weakneſs bowed down.
The Lord the righteous doth affect:
9 And helpleſs foreigners protect,
In contreys where they are not known.

The mournfull widows he relieves,
And ſuſtenance to Orphans gives:
But overturn's the wicked's wayes.
10 The Lord, thy God, O *Zion*, reigns:
And through all ages King remains.
Give him therefore Eternal praiſe.

Pſalm

Pſalm CXLVII.

[*To the tune of the Old* 100 Pſ.] All people, *&c.*

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord: for on our God
'Tis good, all praiſe ſhould be beſtow'd:
Yea, cheerfully his praiſe to ſing,
Is both a good and comely thing.
2 *Jeruſalem*, laid waſte, and bare,
The Lord doth graciouſly repair:
And from ſtrange lands wherein they dwell,
Gathers th' out-caſts of *Iſrael*.

3 He broken hearts to health reſtores,
And gently bindeth up their ſores.
4 He, by its name each ſtar doth call:
And knows the number of them all.
5 Great is the Lord, and great his might.
His underſtanding's infinite.
6 The Lord the meek aloft doth raiſe,
And on the ground the wicked lays.

7 Unto the Lord our God expreſs
In cheerfull ſongs your thankfulneſs:
And to the harp's well tuned ſtring,
With raiſed voice his praiſes ſing.
8 He covers th' heav'n with clouds, and there
Rain for the earth he doth prepare.
And on each barren mountain's brow,
In plenty cauſeth graſs to grow.

9 All beaſts with meat he doth ſupply :
And feeds th' young Ravens, when they [cry.
10 The bold and warlike Horſe's might,
Unto the Lord yields no delight.
No man's ſwift legs him joyfull make,
When flying foes they overtake.
11 But he's rejoyc'd, when on his grace
Men fearing him their hopes do place.

Part II.

12 The praiſes of the Lord's great name,
Do thou, *Jeruſalem*, proclaim:
And let thy God's due honours fill
(O *Zion*,) all thy ſacred Hill.
13 Who on thy bars that ſtrength beſtows
Wherewith thy gates repell thy foes:
Thy children too, with bleſſings, he
Doth proſper in the midſt of thee.

14 Whoſe ſafe protection thee ſurrounds,
And ſettles peace in all thy bounds:
Who makes thee to the full to eat
The fatneſs of the fineſt wheat.
15 His word throughout the earth doth run:
And what he bids, is quickly done.
16 His ſnow, whereof each ditch is full,
He ſpreadeth on the earth like wool.

And hoar-froſts, ſprinkled ev'ry where
Like ſcatter'd aſhes doth appear.

17 Rain, t' icy morſels turn'd, and thrown
By him on th' earth, skips up and down.
And who can find the man ſo bold,
That dares out-ſtand his piercing cold.
18 Yet all of theſe obey his Law,
And ſoon are melted by a thaw.

He cauſeth his warm wind to blow,
And makes the ice bound waters flow.
19 His ſtatutes he to *Jacob* ſhews;
His word, and judgments *Iſr'el* knows.
20 No nation in the world, beſide
His favour hath thus dignify'd.
His Judgments onely you have known,
Wherefore praiſe ye the Lord, alone.

Pſalm CXLVIII.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 25.] I lift my heart, &c.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord moſt high:
From heav'n his praiſes ſound:
Yea, from above the ſtarry sky,
Let his loud praiſe rebound.
2 Let all his Angels joyn
Their voices, him to praiſe:
And all the heav'nly hoſts combine,
His glorious name to raiſe.

3 Praiſe him ye Sun, and Moon,
That rule the day, and night:

And

And be to him like honour done,
By all the ſtars of light.
4 Ye heavens, praiſe his name,
Which all heav'ns elſe, exceed:
And all ye waters, do the ſame,
Above the heavens ſpread.

5 Let them extoll the Lord,
And ſpread his glorious fame:
For by his all-creating word
They, what they are, became.
6 For ever fixt hath he
Each of them in its place:
And he hath made a firm decree,
Which none muſt ever paſs.

Part II.

7 Let the Lord's praiſes ſound
Through all the earth below:
Yee whales, and all yee ſeas profound,
His worthy praiſes ſhow.
8 Fire, hail, and fleecy ſnow,
And vapours, praiſe the Lord:
And all ye ſtormy winds, that blow
According to his word.

9 Mountains of greateſt height,
With hills, and hillocks, all
Fruit-bearing trees, which bend with weight,
And cedars ſtraight and tall.
10 Wild beaſts, and cattel tame,
With ev'ry creeping thing:

Birds, of whatever kind, and name,
That exerciſe the wing.

11 Both Kings, and Princes high,
And people that obey:
Sage Judges, that with equity
The peoples cauſes weigh.
12 Young men, and maidens fair,
Old men, and children ſmall:
11 Let the Lord's name, who e'r you are,
Have praiſes from you all.

For there's no other name
So excellent as his
Above th' whole earth, and heavens frame
His glory raiſed is.
14 He alſo very high
His people's horn will raiſe:
Who e'r excell in ſanctity,
From him inherit praiſe.

Thoſe who their pedigree
From *Iſrael* derive:
That near to him related be;
To him due praiſes give.

Pſalm CXLIX.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord. To him let's ſing
A new-compoſed ſong:

Let's

Let's make his worthy praiſes ring,
Amid'ſt the holy throng.
2 Let all the ſeed of *Iſrael*
Unto their maker ſing:
And all that in mount *Zion* dwell,
Be joyfull in their King.

3 Let them to th' harp and timbrel dance,
In praiſe unto his name:
And their melodious voice advance,
His honour to proclaim.
4 For all the Lord's delight is plac'd
Upon his people dear:
The meek, with his ſalvation grac'd,
Moſt glorious ſhall appear.

5 Yea, let the Saints with greateſt joys
This honour entertain:
And on their beds their ſinging voice,
To ſound his praiſes ſtrain.
6 Let their rejoycing throats be fill'd
With praiſes to the Lord:
And let their hands with courage wield
A ſharp two-edged ſword.

7 To pay the heathen in the kind,
And meaſure that they gave:
8 Their Kings in iron chains to bind,
And nobles to enſlave.
9 To execute God's ſentence paſt,
Wherein, upon record,

This honour on all Saints is caſt.
Wherefore praiſe ye the Lord.

Pſalm CL.

[*To the tune of the Old* 100 Pſ.] All people, *&c.*

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord. God's praiſe preſent
Before him in his holy place:
Praiſe him in his ſtrong firmament,
Whoſe Arch includes ſo vaſt a ſpace.
2 Praiſe him for all his acts of might,
Give him, whoſe greatneſs hath no bound,
Praiſe, like himſelf, praiſe infinite.
3 Praiſe him, with warlike Trumpets ſound.

His praiſe with Harp, and Pſalt'ry, ſing;
4 Praiſe him with timbrel, and with dance;
With th' Organ, and well-tuned ſtring,
5 And cymbals loud, his praiſe advance.
Praiſe him with cymbals ſounding high.
6 Let ev'ry thing that breaths accord
The Lord's great name to magnify.
Praiſe, praiſe, for ever, praiſe the Lord.

The End of the Pſalms.

CHURCH-HYMNS

Appointed to be read or ſung at

Morning and Evening Prayer.

Te Deum Laudamus.

The excellent Hymn of St. Ambroſe.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

WE give thee praiſe, O God moſt high
We own thee for our ſov'raign Lord:
O Father, from Eternity
Who art through all the earth ador'd.
The heavens, and all pow'rs therein
Of Angels bleſt, their voices raiſe:
Both Cherubin, and Seraphin,
Eternally do ſound thy praiſe.

They, holy, holy, holy, cry,
Lord God, that do'ſt all Armies ſway:
Who do'ſt thy glorious majeſty
Throughout all heav'n and earth diſplay.
Th' Apoſtles glorious company
Enthron'd with thee, do praiſe thy name:
The glorify'd ſociety
Of holy Prophets, do the ſame.

The martyr's noble Army, gives [crowns:
Thee praiſe, from whom they have their
Thy holy Church, where e'r it lives
Diſpers'd throughout the world, thee owns.
Thee, Father, who in majeſty
Infinite, as thou art, doſt ſhine;
They all adore, and glorifie.
With that true, onely, Son of thine.

That Son, to whom thou haſt ordain'd
All, as to thee, ſhould honour give:
With th' Holy Ghoſt; at whoſe command
Thoſe comforts are, which us revive.
To thee, O Chriſt, all glory be:
(The King, to whom it doth pertain:)
God's Son thou art. Thy Father, thee
Begat, before all time began.

Yet, when loſt man thou cam'ſt to ſave,
And for that end did'ſt man become:
Thou did'ſt thy native glories wave,
And not abhor the Virgins womb.
When thou death's pangs had'ſt triumpht
From heaven long thou did'ſt not ſtay: [o'r,
But, ent'ring there thy ſelf, before,
For all believers mad'ſt a way.

Thou, with the Father's glory deckt,
At God's right hand do'ſt take thy place:
From whence, as Judg, we thee expect;
Whoſe ſentence on us all muſt paſs.

Thy

Thy ſervants therefore, bought by thee,
With thy moſt precious bloud, thee pray;
Help them, that they may quitted be,
In the ſtrict Judgment of that day.

Among the Saints their names record,
Who are with endleſs glory crown'd:
Bleſs all thine heritage, O Lord;
And keep thy people ſafe, and ſound.
Them govern, and advance for ever,
Who, day by day thy praiſe proclaim:
And whiles the world endures, will never
Omit the worſhip of thy name.

Lord, keep us through the preſent day,
That we be not o'rcome by ſin:
Have mercy on us, Lord, we pray,
Upon us, let thy mercy ſhine.
And let th' effects thereof deſcend
On thoſe, who place their truſt in thee:
And, ſeeing I on thee depend,
Lord, let me ne'r confounded be.

The Canticle, Benedicite; *or the* Song of the Three Children (*as it is called.*)

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 148.] Give laud, *&c.*

O Bleſs the Lord on high,
All ye his works moſt rare:

Extol his majeſty,
Who made you what you are.
Above all praiſe
Advance his fame:
And make his name
Renown'd always.

Bleſt may the Lord by you
His mighty Angels, be:
Ye heavens bleſs him too,
Which we, admiring, ſee.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

Bleſs him ye waters bred
Above th'extended skies:
Bleſs him, his forces, ſpred
Through all his royalties.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

Bleſs him, thou glorious Sun,
And Moon that give us light:
The like by you be done,
Ye Stars of heaven bright.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

O all ye ſoaking ſhowers,
And gentle drops of dew,
Bleſs him, that bleſſings pours
Upon the earth by you.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

Ye

Ye winds that do beget
Thoſe fatt'ning drops, him bleſs:
With waſting fire; and heat
Producing fruitfulneſs.
Above all praiſe, &c.

Him let cold winter bleſs,
And ſcorching ſummer too.
Bleſs him, ye froſts, which dreſs
Th' earths plants with hoary dew.
Above all praiſe, &c.

Bleſs him, ye piercing colds,
And froſts, that lock the ground:
With ſnow, and ice, that holds
The ſwifteſt rivers bound.
Above all praiſe, &c.

Bleſs him, both day and night,
That meaſure out our years:
Bleſs him, refreſhing light,
And darkneſs, big with fears.
Above all praiſe, &c.

Bleſs him, ye clouds of th' air
With frightfull thunders ſwell'd:
And light'nings, which us ſcare
From thund'ring clouds expell'd.
Above all praiſe, &c.

The Lord be bleſſed by
Th' earth, which his mercies fill.

Bleſs him, ye mountains high,
With ev'ry little hill.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

Bleſs him, all growing things
Which th' earth in green do cloath:
Bleſs him, ye wells, and ſprings
Conducing to their growth.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

Let ev'ry ſea and floud
Bleſs the great Lord above:
Great whales, with all the crowd
Which in the waters move.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

Let all the fouls that fly,
Joyn notes to bleſs his name:
Bleſs ye his majeſty,
All beaſts too, wild, and tame.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

Bleſs ye the Lord, who e'er
From humane loyns are bred:
Bleſs him, his people dear,
From *Iſr'el* who proceed.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

Bleſs him, ye Prieſts, ordain'd
To feed his Altars fire:
And all, who waiting ſtand
To ſerve, as they require,
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

Bleſs

Bleſs him, juſt ſpirits departed,
And enter'd into peace:
Yea, let all humble-hearted,
And holy men him bleſs.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

O bleſs him *Ananias.*
Let *Miſael* him bleſs:
And, with both, *Azarias,*
Bleſs him, whom all confeſs.
Above all praiſe, *&c.*

Benedictus.

Or the Song of Zacharias.

THE Lord, the God of *Iſr'el*, be
By us, his people, bleſt:
By whoſe redeeming viſit, we
Secure from danger, reſt.
Who our Salvation's mighty Horn;
(Foretold in ancient days)
Of 's ſervant *David*'s lineage born,
Hath now thought fit to raiſe.

According as his promiſe ran,
Proclaim'd by holy men,
Who, ever ſince the world began,
Inſpir'd by him have been.
That we from all our mortal foes
By him ſhould ſaved be:

And from the cruel hands of thoſe
That hate us, ſhould be free.

He call'd to mind his gracious grant
To our fore-fathers paſt:
And his moſt holy Covenant
He hath perform'd at laſt.
The ſacred oath, which ſolemnly
To *Abraham* he gave:
That from the hands of th' Enemy
He would his peop'le ſave:

That free'd from fear of men, in peace,
His work we might attend;
In holineſs, and righteouſneſs,
Untill our lives ſhould end.
And with his Prophets, th' higheſt God
(Dear child) ſhall reckon thee:
Before the Lord, to clear his rode,
Thou ſhalt employed be.

The Doctrine of Salvation, thou,
Shalt to his people preach:
That he'll forgive their ſins, and how,
Thou ſhalt them truely teach.
Proclaiming God's moſt tender love,
Which amply he declares;
In that the day-ſpring from above
To ſinfull men appears.

T' enlighten thoſe dark ſouls that lay
Where death it's ſhadow caſts:

And

And guide our feet into the way
Of peace that ever laſts.

Magnificat.

Or the Song of the Bleſſed Virgin.

HIgh thoughts of thee, O Lord moſt high,
Within my ſoul I have:
And in my Spirit glad am I,
In God that doth me ſave.
For to his handmaids meanneſs, he
Such great regard expreſt:
That, by all follwing Ages, ſhe
Shall be pronounced bleſs.

For he whoſe pow'r is infinite,
(To make me great in fame)
Hath ſhew'n in me his glorious might;
And holy is his name.
And ever do's he Acts of Grace
For ſuch as do him fear:
Great inſtances whereof, from race,
To race, he makes appear.

His mighty Arm he ſtretcheth out,
And haughty men ſubverts:
Diſabling them to bring about
The projects of their hearts.
The mighty, from their lofty ſeat,
Flat to the ground he lays:

And

And humble men to honours great
His gracious hand doth raiſe.

The hungry, he doth richly fill,
With what his needs ſupplies:
But to the rich man's craving will,
What he deſires, denies.
He holp his *Iſr'el* in their need,
As once he did aſſure
Our Father *Abr'am*, and his ſeed,
For ever to endure.

Nunc Dimittis.

Or Simeon's *SONG.*

[*To the Tune of the* 100 *Pſalm.*] All people, *&c.*

THY weary Servant, now, O Lord,
Hopes thou wilt give him his releaſe:
That ſo, according to thy word,
He may depart this world in peace.
My life by thee prolong'd hath been,
Till I thy Jeſus might behold:
But now, ſince him mine eyes have ſeen,
Their love to all ſights elſe, is cold.

For that bleſt Jeſus, long prepar'd
To ſave loſt ſouls of humane race;
Now, at the laſt, thou haſt declar'd,
And ſhew'n before all peoples face:

A glo-

A glorious light, in open view,
To Gentiles, that in darkneſs dwell:
Whence greateſt glory doth accrew
Unto thy people *Iſrael.*

The Hymn of Gloria in Excelſis, *at the End of the Communion Service.*

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

ALL Glory be to God above,
With Peace on all the Earth below:
And may all ſtreams of grace, and love,
To all mankind from heaven flow.
Thanks, bleſſing, glory, worſhip, praiſe,
Great, as thy glory, we preſent,
To thee, the King that heaven ſways,
O Father, God omnipotent.

O Jeſu Chriſt, our Lord, and God,
The Fathers ſole-begotten Son,
Pure Lamb of God that bar'ſt the load
Of ſin for all the World, alone.
Thou whoſe ſufficient ſacrifice
For th' whole Worlds ſins did ſatisfie:
Who pay'd'ſt the meritorious price,
Which all the World was ranſom'd by.

Thou, who, (exalted from the grave,)
Do'ſt at the Fathers right hand ſit:
On us poor ſinners mercy have,
And to thine ears, our pray'rs admit.

For

For to thee, onely, Lord, we bow,
Thou, Chriſt, art th' only holy one;
And in the Father's glory, thou,
With th' Holy Ghoſt, do'ſt reign alone.

Gloria Patri.

Suted to all the former Tunes, both of Pſalms, and Hymns.

[*To the Tune of Pſalm* 100.] All people, *&c.*

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, (One
Eternal God in Perſons Three:)
As was, before the world begun,
Now, and for ever, glory be.

[*To the tune of* Pſ. 113.] Ye children, *&c.*

To ſupply the want of a Stanza, *when the Singers ſhall think fit to break any Part of a Pſalm ſet to that Tune, ſo, as to make it incompleat without it.*

UNto th' Eternal Three and One;
The Father, with his onely Son,
And th' Holy Ghoſt, all glory be:
So 'twas, before all Time begun,
Now is, and when Times glaſs is run,
Shall be to all Eternity.

The

The ſame Hymn adapted, To the Tune of Pſ. 25.

I lift my Heart, *&c.*

LET Father, Son, and Spirit,
(Th' Eternal Three and One:)
All glory now, and ſtill inherit,
As they have ever done.

The ſame to any ordinary Tune, uſed in PSALMS compoſed of EIGHTS, and SIXES.

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, (One
True God in Perſons Three:)
Now, as before the world begun,
And ever, Glory be.

The ſame Hymn, [*To the Tune of* Pſ. 148.]

Give laud, *&c.*

THE Father, and the Son,
And Spirit of Holineſs,
(Th' Eternal Three and One,)
We glorifie and bleſs.
So 'twas, before
Time firſt began,
And ſo remain
Shall evermore.

A Poſt-

A POSTSCRIPT, TO THE Christian Reader.

Christian Reader,

IN *the* Preface, *I acquainted thee, that* [where ever this version of mine runs *out into* Paraphrase, *(let me add here, or* seems to do so,) it is occasioned either by the Context of the verse Paraphrased ; or the general design of the whole Psalm ; or the Emphasis of the original words, and Phrases : or the reference of any Passage to other Scriptures.] *Now, that thou mayst be the better able to judg, how I have kept to these measures : I think it not amiss to give thee, as to each of these particulars, a few* Instances.

1. *As first, for the* Context : *confer Ps.* 2. 4, 6, 9. *and* 2, 3. *Ps.* 11. 2, 3. *with v.* 1. *Ps.* 48. 12, 13. *Ps.* 73. 1. *l.* 1, 2. *with v.* 3, 4, 5. *As also, v.* 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. *Ps.* 75. 2. *with v.* 4, 5, *&c.*

And to this Head, may be reduced, those Emphatical Epithets, *amplifying the subjects to which they are applyed, where the matter treated of, seemed to require them : and several* pregnant Phrases *spred larger, to make them more intelligible, and affecting.*

2. *For*

2. *For the* Design *of the* Psalm. *Confer the* Title *of Ps.* 18. *with* several expressions *in it. And the* Titles *of* other Psalms, *or the* Contents, *by our Translatours prefixed to them, with the* Psalms *to which they are prefixed.*

3. *For* Emphatical Words or Phrases in the original; *he that understands that will see reason, for the rendring,* פלגי מים, *Ps.* 1. 3. parted Streams: שוררי, *Ps.* 5. 8. men watch me: חבלי, *Ps.* 18. 5. strong cords: תתפתל, *v.* 26. wilt wrestle: *so also,* נפת צופים, *Ps.* 19. 10. drops most free. בני אלים *Ps. ps.* 29. 1. ye that from mighty men derive *&c.* צלעי, *Ps.* 35. 15. halting day: כרית, *Ps. ps.* 40. 6. —— didst bore: חלל, *Ps.* 55. 20. profanely transgress: עולה, *Ps.* 74. 23. Ascends: שקמותם, *Ps.* 78. 47. Fig-trees, *seeing that word, in the masculine Termination, is so interpreted Ps.* 105. 33. חללו, *Ps.* 89. 31. profan'd: תנינים, *Ps.* 148. 7. lastly, ὑπερυψοῦτε, *in the* shorter stanza, *so often repeated, in the* Benedicite, Above all praise. *And many other Instances I might add of the same nature, but that this* Postscript *would thereby become too large.*

4. *As to the* Scriptures *related to. Confer Ps.* 8. 2. *& Mat.* 21. 16. *& Luk.* 10. 21. *Ps.* 18. 19. *&* 1 *Sam.* 22. 1. 23. 19. 24. 3. *Ps.* 22. 16. *& Mat.* 27. 35. *v.* 18. *& Joh.* 19. 23, 24. *Ps.* 24 6. *&* 1 *King.* 6. 32, 34. *Ps.* 40. 6. *& Exod.* 21. 6. *Heb.* 10. 5. *v.* 7. *& Heb.* 10. 9, 14. *Ps.* 45. 2. *& Joh.* 7. 46. *Ps.* 51. 7. *& Levit.* 14. 6. *Ps.* 68. 18. *& Eph.* 4. 8. *Ps.* 69. 21. *& Mat.* 27. 48. *Mark.* 15. 23. *Ps.* 78. 48. *& Exod.* 9. 19, 20. *v.* 52. *&*

Deut.

Deut. 32. 10 *Pſ* 83. 9. *& Judg.* 5. 21. *Pſ.* 104. 2. *& 1 Tim.* 6. 16. *Pſ.* 105. 6. *& Iſ.* 41. 8. *Pſ.* 106. 18. *& Num.* 16. 35. *v.* 28. *& Hoſ.* 9. 10 *v.* 30. *& Num.* 25. 6, 7, 8. *v.* 33. *& Num.* 20. 3, 12. *Pſ.* 110. 3. *& 1 Pet.* 1. 28. *Pſ.* 118. 26. *& Luk.* 19. 38. *Pſ.* 134. 1. *& 2 Chron.* 8 14. *v.* 3 *& 1 King.* 14. 21. *Num.* 6. 24. &c. *To which the candid Reader may add (from his own experimental acquaintance with the* Phraſe *of the* Scriptures*) many others of like nature. by which he will be able to juſtifie many* alluſive expreſſions, *wherein I ſee cauſe to recede from the* Phraſe *of the* Proſe Tranſlation, *to comply with the* Text alluded to; *as more emphatically, and ſignificantly anſwering the* genius, ſcope, *or* texture *of the* Pſalms *wherein they are made uſe of by me in this Verſion.*

To conclude. I have through the long ſtay of this Book in the Preſs, had the liberty of taking a more ſtrict review of it, in the ſheets as they were ſent me: and in that review, have noted ſome things which I ſaw cauſe to deſire had been altered in the original Copy *before it was put into the Printer's hands. But ſeeing a great part of it was wrought off without my knowledg: I am fain to take the occaſion of this Poſtſcript, to add ſome of the* chief alterations *here, and adventure them, to the candid Judgment of the Reader, to take, or leave them as he ſees cauſe. For inſtance. Pſ.* 1. 1. *ſome Perſons ſuggeſting their thoughts to me, that it had been better, if I had there obſerved and kept to the very Terms of* [walking, ſtanding, ſitting, ungodly,

godly, ſinners, ſcornfull:] *as alſo* [counſel, way, ſeat,] *as having all of them an Emphatical* Climax, *much heightning the ſenſe: in compliance with them, (though I think the verſion as now it ſtands every jot as good for ſubſtance, yet I offer this alteration of the whole verſe,* Pſ. 1.

V. 1. GReat happineſs that man betides,
Who walks not where th' ungodly guides:
Nor in the way by ſinners worn,
Securely ſtands: nor takes his ſeat,
Where proud men ſtretch their wits to treat
Both God, and godlineſs with ſcorn.

Pſ. 17. 2. [Tribunal] *being a word not readily underſtood by ordinary perſons, alter line* 1. *thus,*

[Before thy judgment ſeat me try]
(ſell.]

Pſ. 18. 38 read [Before my feet they conquer'd

Pſ. 29. 9. *l.* 3. [Bright day thoſe piercing flaſhes---]

Pſ. 32. 2. [He's bleſt to whom the Lord atton'd
Imputeth not iniquity:

And

And he, by whom hypocriſie
Is, from his very heart diſown'd]
(eſt cries,
Pſ. 34. 15. read [And, t' hearken to their earn-
He never doth forbear.]

Pſ. 37. 26. [For he, to needy men to lend,
Is readily inclin'd:
Whence thoſe who from his loyns deſcend
Great ſtore of bleſſings find.]

V. 32. *l.* 1, 2. [The wicked lays fly plots to catch
The juſt and holy man.]

Pſ. 40. 9, 10. [Lo, Lord, thy ſelf canſt teſtifie,
My lips I never ſpar'd.
10. Thy juſtice I did not ſuppreſs
Within my heart inclos'd:
Thy ſaving Grace, and faithfulneſs
I have to all propos'd.]

Pſ. 45.

Pſ. 45 (2 *Verſion.*) v. 16. *l.* 2. read } Sons born of thee *&c.*

Pſ. 48. *v.* 2. (2 *Verſion*) [The Lord abides.]

Pſ. 51. *v.* 5 (3 *Verſion.*) [From my mothers (womb,

Together, ſin, and life, deriv'd.]

Pſ. 52. 9. [Thy work for ever to commend;
My ſong ſhall it recite.:]

Pſ. 55. 13. [But 'twas thou, one, whom---]

V. 20. [With out-ſtretcht hand he fought---]

Pſ. 59. 11. [Slay them not quite, leſt (Lord our [ſhield)

My people it forget.]

Pſ. 102. 7, 8, 9. *alter thus.*

7. The bird that on th' houſe tops alone

Spends wakefull nights, like me doth moan,

8. Yea, all day long no joy I ſee,

Tir'd out with foes reproaching me.

Foes, that like men quite mad, *&c.*
Againſt my life, *&c.*

9. Whence in my food, *&c.*

Pſ. 119 162. *l.* 1. *alter thus.*
Thence doth ſuch joy in me abound.

Pſ. 123. 2. *l.* 1, *&* 2. *thus.* As ſervants looking [ſtand
Unto their maſters hand,
Pſ. 126. 6. *l.* 2. *thus.* And ſow's choice ſeed in [tears:

Thus far, the Preſs had prevented me, before I could make, the laſt review *which I intended, of the original Copy: but from thenceforward I have taken care to prevent it, by ſending up beforehand, the amendments and alterations to be inſerted in the Text it ſelf: as alſo all* ſecond verſions *of any of the remaining Pſalms, except one of Pſ.* 117. *which here I tender thee: Pſ.* 117. [To the tune of *Pſ.* 100.] *All people,* &c.

[1. Let all mankind expreſs their mirth
Unto the Lord in joyfull ſongs:
And pay him from all Lands on earth
The praiſe that unto him belongs.

2. For, from his plenteous mercies ſtore,
Great kindneſs he doth us afford:
His truth, likewiſe, laſts evermore.
For ever, therefore, praiſe the Lord.]

And

And now, I have no more to deſire of thee, Chriſtian Reader, but, that before thou readeſt, thou wilt correct the Errata *of the* Preſs, *as thou art here directed; except, where thou findeſt them corrected to thy hands: which labour, (in the groſſeſt, at leaſt,) I hope, by the care of a friend, thou wilt be in a great meaſure prevented in.*

FINIS.

ERRATA.

IN the Preface p. 13. l. 13. r. *made.* Pſalm 17. 14. line 1. read, *us.* Pſ. 22. 18. (Verſion 1.) l. 1. r. *fee.* Pſ. 38. Title, r. [*To the Tune of Pſ.* 51. O Lord, conſider, &c. or *the Lamentation,* O Lord in thee, &c.] Pſ. 41. 4. l. 3. r. *thou.* Pſ. 48. 4. (Verſ. 2.) l. 2. r. *all together.* v. 9. l. 3. r. *Temples holy place.* Pſ. 50. 2. l. 2. r. *combin'd.* v. 16. l. 4. r. *teach.* Pſ. 51. v. 10. l. 3. (Verſ. 1.) r. *new-create.* Pſ. 66. 9. l. 3. r. *ſtrength.* v. 15. l. 3. r. *nor ram.* Pſ. 68. 32. l. 4. r. *your.* Pſ. 71. 18. l. 1. r. *don't.* l. 6. r. *wrought off.* Pſ. 72. 17. l. 2. r. *evermore.* Pſ. 77. 16. l. 4. r. *ſore.* Pſ. 78. 7. l. 3. r. *works.* v. 35. l. 1. r. *they.* v. 54. l. 4. r. *gain'd.* Pſ. 88. v. 3. l. 4. r. *envy'd.* Pſ. 92. 12. r. *But as Palm-trees grow.* Pſ. 104. 4. r. *flames.* Pſ. 109. 11. l. 3. dele *his.* Pſ. 115. 1. l. 5. r. *Againſt them, then, by aiding us.* Pſ. 118. 13. r. *thought ſt.* Pſ. 119. (1. Verſ.) v. 9. r. *word,* 's. v. 62. l. 2. r. *due.* v. 72. l. 3. r. *to.* v. 147. for, *and chaſed,* read *had chaſed*; or rather, *diſpers'd.* (Verſion 2.) v. 12. l. 3. r. *bliſs.* v. 82. l. 1. r. *mine.* v. 84. l. 3. r. *When ſhall thy Judgments take effect* v. 120. l. 4. r. *do.* Pſ. 126. 5. l. 2. r. *harveſts.* Pſ. 127. v. 2. l. 4. r. *without.* Pſ. 129. 2. l. 2. r. *check.* Pſ. 131. 3. l. 3. r. *thoughts.* Pſ. 132. v. 16. l. 1. (1. Verſion.) r. *Her Prieſts inveſted.* Pſ. 136. 1. l. 6. r. *time's.* Poſtſcript p. 455. l. 4. r. *verſion.*

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